



IN SONGS

NEW AND SELECTED.

By

JOHN M. WHYTE.

SCC
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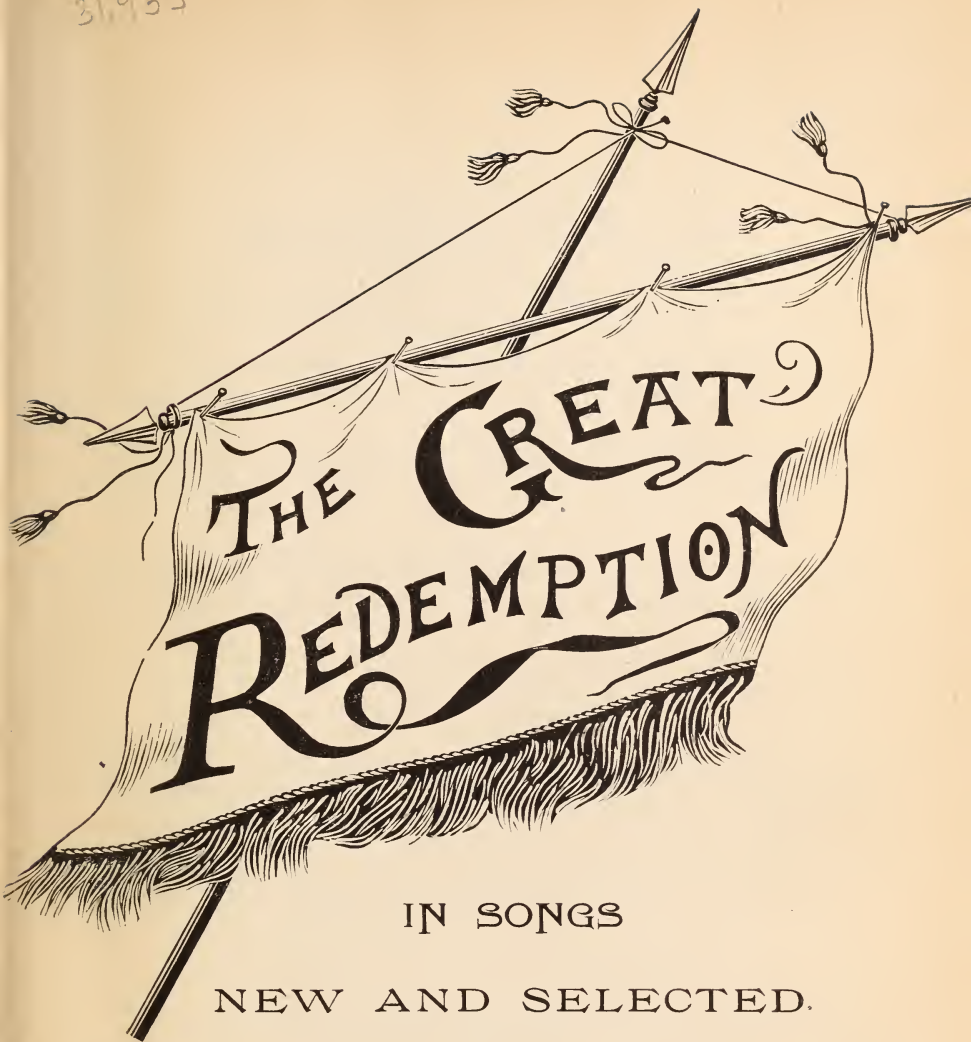
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IN SONGS
NEW AND SELECTED.

BY
JOHN M. WHYTE.

TORONTO:
WILLIAM BRIGGS.
MONTREAL: C. W. COATES. HALIFAX: S. F. HUESTIS.

THE GREAT REDEMPTION.

Oh, earth, earth, earth ! hear the Word of the Lord !

—JEREMIAH.

*Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of
the world !*

—JOHN THE BAPTIST.

*Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and
I will give you rest.*

—JESUS CHRIST.



THIS VOLUME of sacred song is sent forth with the hope that it may share in the great mission for the salvation of the world through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

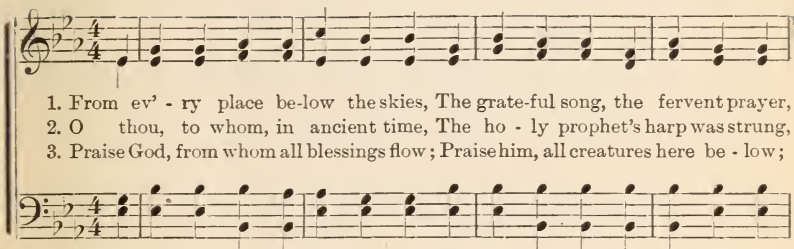
JOHN M. WHYTE.

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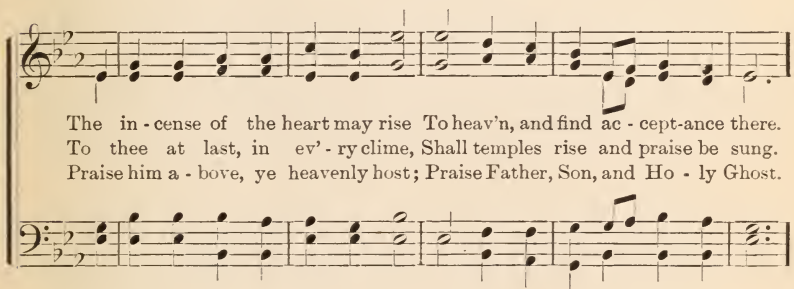
Entered, according to the Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-four, by JOHN MARCHANT WHYTE, Toronto, at the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

PRAISE GOD.

OLD MELODY.

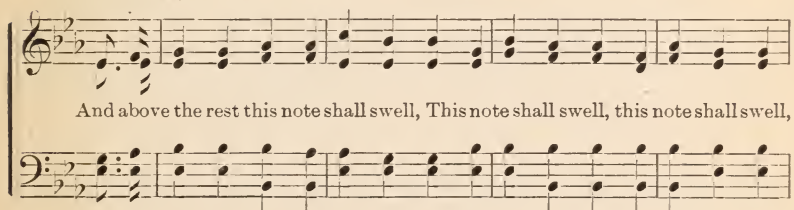


1. From ev' - ry place be-low theskies, The grate-ful song, the fervent prayer,
 2. O thou, to whom, in ancient time, The ho - ly prophet's harp was strung,
 3. Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise him, all creatures here be - low;

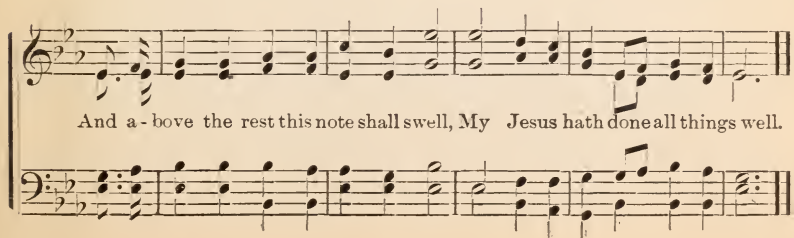


The in - cense of the heart may rise To heav'n, and find ac - cept-ance there.
 To thee at last, in ev' - ry clime, Shall temples rise and praise be sung.
 Praise him a - bove, ye heavenly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

CHORUS.



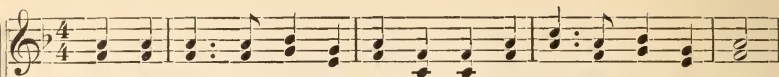
And above the rest this note shall swell, This notes shall swell, this notes shall swell,



And a - bove the rest this note shall swell, My Jesus hath done all things well.

MRS. H. SCRIBNER.

J. M. WHITE.



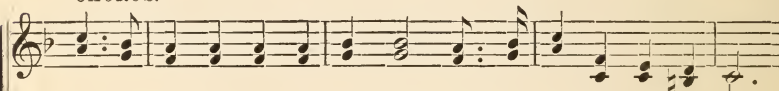
1. Sing, O Sing of my Re-deem-er, One and all the sound pro-long,
2. Ransomed souls break forth in singing Praises to the heav'nly King ;
3. Strike your harps a-new, ye seraphs, Joy-ful notes from gold-en strings ;
4. When we reach the shin-ing portals, And the great white throne surround ;



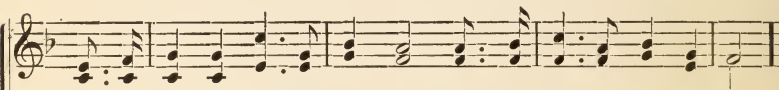
Sure-ly heav'n is com-ing near-er While we feel the power of song.
 While high heaven's arch is ringing, Echo-ing to the songs we sing.
 Glo-ry like a gar-ment wraps us, Heav'n with hal-le-lu-jahs rings.
 With the saints redeemed immor-tal, Then we'll feel the power of song.



CHORUS.



Fills my soul with ho-ly rap-ture, As we join the heavenly lay ;



And my bur-dens grow the light-er, Sing-ing praises on the way.



The hymns on opposite page may be sung to this tune. With the single stanza, use chorus above ; with the double stanza, use latter half of each on chorus.

3

- 1 God, my King, thy might confessing,
Ever will I bless thy name ;
Day by day thy throne addressing,
Still will I thy praise proclaim.
- 2 Nor shall fail from memory's treasure,
Works by love and mercy wrought—
Works of love surpassing measure,
Works of mercy passing thought.
- 3 Full of kindness and compassion,
Slow of anger, vast in love,
God is good to all creation ;
All his works his goodness prove.
- 4 All thy works, O Lord, shall bless thee,
Thee shall all thy saints adore ;
King supreme shall they confess thee,
And proclaim thy sovereign power.

—R. MANT.

4

- 1 Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee ;
Destitute, despised, forsaken,
Then from hence my all shall be.
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, and hoped, and
known ;
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own !
- 2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too ;
Human hearts and looks deceive me ;
Thou art not, like man, untrue ;
And while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate and friends may shun me ;
Show thy face and all is bright.
- 3 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to thy breast ;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
Know, my soul, thy full salvation ;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care ;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
- 4 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith and winged by
prayer ;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee
there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days ;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

—H. F. LYTE.

5

- 1 Hark ! the voice of Jesus calling,
Who will go and work to-day ?
Fields are white, the harvest waiting,
Who will bear the sheaves away ?
Loud and long the Master calleth,
Rich rewards he offers free ;
Who will answer, gladly saying,
" Here am I, O Lord, send me."
- 2 If you cannot cross the ocean,
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door ;
If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say he died for all.

- 3 While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you,
Let none hear you idly saying,
" There is nothing I can do !"
Gladly take the task he gives you,
Let his work your pleasure be ;
Answer quickly when he calleth,
" Here am I, O Lord, send me."

—D. MARCH.

6

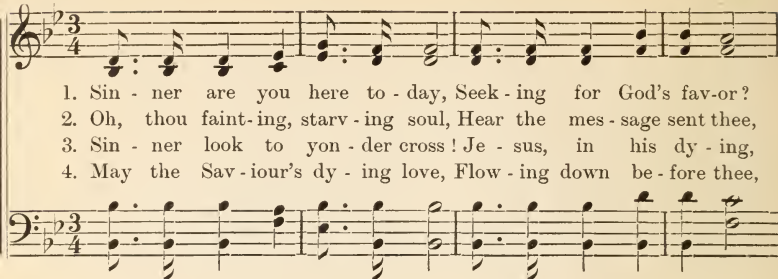
- 1 Hark ! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly warbling in the skies ?
Sure, the angelic host rejoices—
Loudest hallelujahs rise.
Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy ;
" Glory in the highest, glory ;
Glory be to God most high !
- 2 " Peace on earth, good-will from
heaven,
Reaching far as man is found ;
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven ;
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
Christ is born, the great Anointed !
Heaven and earth his glory sing ;
Glad, receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.
- 3 " Hasten, mortals ! to adore him,
Learn his name and taste his joy ;
Till in heaven you sing before him,
Glory be to God most high !"
Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth,
Spread the brightness of his glory,
Till it cover all the earth.

—J. CAWOOD.

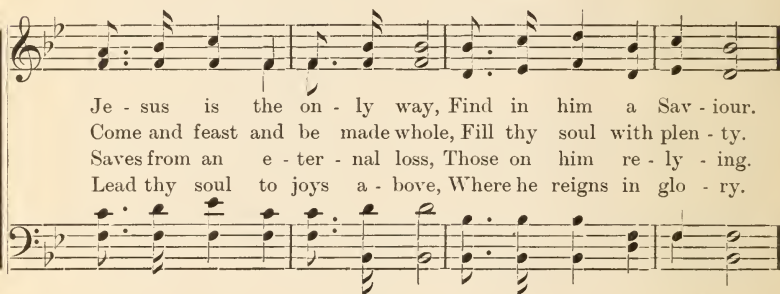
CHRIST WILL NOW FORGIVE.

J. M. W.

J. M. WHYTE.

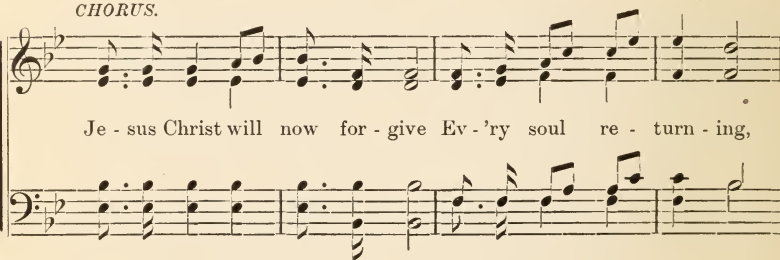


1. Sin - ner are you here to - day, Seek - ing for God's fav-or?
 2. Oh, thou faint-ing, starv-ing soul, Hear the mes - sage sent thee,
 3. Sin - ner look to yon - der cross! Je - sus, in his dy - ing,
 4. May the Sav - iour's dy - ing love, Flow - ing down be - fore thee,

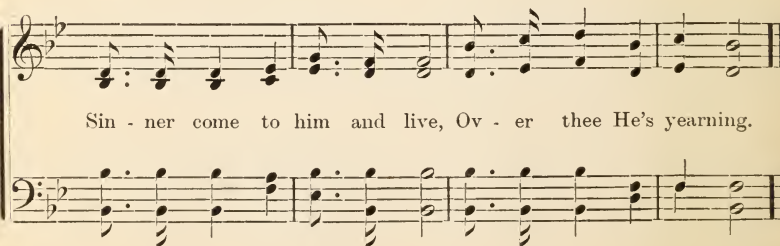


Je - sus is the on - ly way, Find in him a Sav - iour.
 Come and feast and be made whole, Fill thy soul with plen - ty.
 Saves from an e - ter - nal loss, Those on him re - ly - ing.
 Lead thy soul to joys a - bove, Where he reigns in glo - ry.

CHORUS.



Je - sus Christ will now for - give Ev - 'ry soul re - turn - ing,



Sin - ner come to him and live, Ov - er thee He's yearning.

- 1 None but Jesus ever knew
All thy woe and sadness ;
None but him can bring to you
Heaven's joy and gladness.

CHORUS.

None but Jesus can atone,
Can the soul deliver ;
Trust in him, in him alone,
He can save forever.

- 2 None but Jesus could have paid
All the law demanded ;
None but him could have obeyed
All therein commanded.

- 3 None but Jesus came to save
You from sin and sorrow ;
None but him the promise gave
Of a bright to-morrow.

- 4 None but him the cross to bear,
All the shame despising ;
None but him the thorns to wear—
Oh, 'twas love surprising !

- 5 None but him poured out his soul,
Unto death submitting ;
None but him can make thee whole,
All thy sins remitting.

—J. M. WHITE.

- 1 Toiler after worldly gain,
Weary, sad, and lonely ;
Seeking after peace in vain :
Look to Jesus only.

CHORUS.

Look to him who will forgive,
Who alone will own thee ;
Look to Jesus, look and live :
Look to Jesus only.

- 2 Though the world may thee despise,
And thy friends disown thee ;
Look away from earthly ties :
Look to Jesus only.

- 3 Look away to him who died—
To the blessed Jesus ;
He for thee was crucified :
Look away to Jesus.

- 4 Look away from doubt and sin,
Look to Jesus only ;
None can cleanse thy heart within ;
None but Jesus only.

—J. M. WHITE.

- 1 Jesus, fairest of the fair,
Bending now above me ;
When I feel thy tender care,
How can I but love thee ?

CHORUS.

Jesus, fairest of the fair,
Shine thou on before me,
Till I in thy beauty share,
On the hills of glory.

- 2 Jesus, sweetest name on earth,
Or in heaven above me,
Angels sang thy lowly birth—
Let me sing I love thee.

- 3 Jesus, thou hast jewels rare
In thy crown of glory ;
Fain would I be numbered there,
And with them adore thee.

- 4 Jesus, thou bright Morning Star,
Shining far above me—
Jesus, bearing many a scar ;
How can I but love thee ?

- 5 Jesus, waiting thy return
From the skies above me,
I am glad thy love to learn,
I am glad I love thee.

—J. M. WHITE.

- 1 Jesus Christ, thou art the way,
Let me walk beside thee ;
I can never go astray,
With thy hand to guide me.

CHORUS.

Tears and blood mark all the way
Thou hast trod before me ;
And thy footprints every day,
Show the path to glory.

- 2 If the way be dark and drear,
Let no fears o'ertake me ;
If the foe should linger near,
Let not hope forsake me.

- 3 If my sky be clear and bright,
Let me not forget thee ;
Through the day as well as night,
Many snares beset me.

- 4 Jesus, when the billows roll
Cold and sullen o'er me,
Thou wilt bear my ransomed soul
In thine arms to glory.

—J. M. WHITE.

J. L.

REV. JAS. LAWSON. By per.

1. I will fol - low thee my Saviour, Wheresoe'er my lot may be ;
 2. Tho' the road be rough and thorny, Trackless as the foaming sea,
 3. Tho' 'tis lone, and dark and dreary, Cheerless tho' my path may be,
 4. Tho' I meet with trib - u - la-tions, Sore - ly tempted tho' I be ;

Where thou go - est I will fol - low, Yes, my Lord, I'll fol - low thee.
 Thou hast trod this way be - fore me, And I glad - ly fol - low thee.
 If thy voice I hear be - fore me, Fear - less - ly I'll fol - low thee.
 I re - member thou wast tempted, And re - joice to fol - low thee.

CHORUS.

I will fol - low thee my Saviour ; Thou did'st shed thy blood for me ;

And tho' all men should forsake thee, By thy grace I'll follow thee.

5 Tho' thou lead'st me thro' affliction,
 Poor, forsaken, tho' I be ;
 Thou wast destitute, afflicted,
 And I only follow thee.

6 Tho' to Jordan's rolling billows,
 Cold and deep, thou ledest me,
 Thou hast crossed its waves before me,
 And I still will follow thee.

13

- 1 Hail ! thou once despised Jesus !
Hail, thou Galilean King !
Thou didst suffer to release us ;
Thou didst free salvation bring.
Hail, thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame !
By thy merits we find favor ;
Life is given through thy name.
- 2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid ;
By almighty Love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
All thy people are forgiven,
Through the virtue of thy blood ;
Opened is the gate of heaven,
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.
- 3 Jesus, hail ! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide ;
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side.
There for sinners thou art pleading,
There thou dost our place prepare ;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.
- 4 Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive ;
Loudest praises without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits !
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays ;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits ;
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

—J. BAKEWELL.

14

- 1 Saviour, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal ;
Sin and want we come confessing ;
Thou canst save and thou canst heal.
- 2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel-guards from thee surround us ;
We are safe, if thou art nigh.
- 3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee ;
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watchest where thy people be.
- 4 Should swift death this night o'ertake
us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

—J. EDMESTON.

15

- 1 Saviour, while my heart is tender,
I would yield that heart to thee ;
All my powers to thee surrender,
Thine, and only thine, to be.
- 2 Take me now, Lord Jesus, take me,
Let my youthful heart be thine ;
Thy devoted servant make me,
Fill my soul with love divine.
- 3 Send me, Lord, where thou wilt send me,
Only do thou guide my way ;
May thy grace through life attend me,
Gladly then shall I obey.
- 4 Let me do thy will or bear it,
I will know no will but thine ;
Shouldst thou take my life, or spare it,
I that life to thee resign.
- 5 May this solemn dedication
Never once forgotten lie ;
Let it know no revocation,
Published and confirmed on high.
- 6 Thine I am, O Lord, forever,
To thy service set apart ;
Suffer me to leave thee never ;
Seal thine image on my heart.

—J. BURTON.

16

- 1 Jesus, full of all compassion,
Hear a humble sinner's cry ;
Let me see thy great salvation,
Or in dark despair I die.
Guilty, but with heart relenting,
Overwhelmed with helpless grief ;
Prostrate, at thy feet repenting,
Send, O send me quick relief.
- 2 Whither should my soul be flying,
But to him who comfort gives ?
Whither from the dread of dying,
But to him who ever lives ?
Hear, then, gracious Saviour, hear me,
My soul cleaveth to the dust ;
Send the Comforter to cheer me ;
Lo ! in thee I put my trust.
- 3 On the word thy blood hath sealed,
Hangs my everlasting all ;
Let thine arm be now revealed ;
Stay, O stay me, lest I fall.
With thy righteousness and Spirit,
I am more than angels blest ;
Heir with thee, all things inherit—
Peace and joy and endless rest.

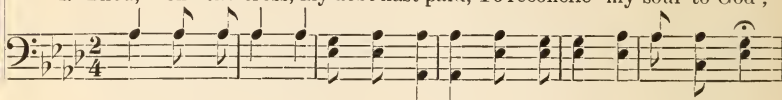
—TURNER.

J. M. W.

J. M. WHYTE.



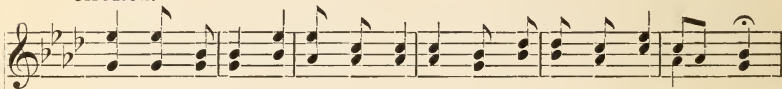
1. O Je - sus, since that dreadful day, When thou wast lifted up to die,
2. The pow'rs of darkness held their sway, And hid thee, Jesus from mine eye;
3. And I have seen thy princely face, As thou didst bow thy head and die:
4. Thou, on the cross, my debt hast paid, To reconcile my soul to God;



Poor, fallen man has owned thy sway; The world has heard thy dying cry.
 But thou hast rent the veil a-way; My soul has heard thy dy-ing cry.
 'Twas full of tender-ness and grace For me, and so to thee I fly.
 My sins on thee, my Lord, were laid; I bear no more the sin-ful load.



CHORUS.



My willing heart shall be thy throne, Thou Prince of Glory slain for me;



Bought with thy blood, I am thine own, Thou dying Lamb of Calva - ry.



18

- 1 When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God ;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down ;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown !
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

—WATTS.

19

- 1 I come, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing blood ;
To rest beneath thy cross, then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.
- 2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
For ever closed to all but thee !
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love for ever there !
- 3 How blest are they who still abide
Close sheltered at thy bleeding side !
Who life and strength from thee derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live.
- 4 What are our works but sin and death,
Till thou thy quickening Spirit breathe?
Thou giv'st the power thy grace to move:
O wondrous grace ! O boundless love !
- 5 How can it be, thou heavenly King,
That thou shouldst us to glory bring ?
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Decked with a never-fading crown ?

—J. WESLEY.

20

- 1 The tempter comes, with guileful art
To snare me in some thought of sin ;
I breathe in prayer one blessed name,
Jesus—"a place to hide me in !"

CHORUS.

- O blessed place to hide me in ;
The only place to hide me in ;
Safe and secure from every sin ;
Jesus—"a place to hide me in !"
- 2 Before the bar of God's just law,
Condemned he tells me I have been ;
I face him with this perfect plea,
Jesus—"a place to hide me in !"

- 3 The winds of sorrow, ruthless, search
The secrets of my heart within ;
Lo ! in the midst a quiet rock,
Jesus—"a place to hide me in !"
- 4 Thy hidden ones ! O Lord, what joy,
What utter peace from self and sin !
It needs no other words than this,
Jesus—"a place to hide me in !"
- 5 O hidden life with Christ in God,
Let me thy blest abiding win ;
The shadow of God's lovingness,
Jesus—"a place to hide me in !"

—ANON.

21

- 1 How shall I follow him I serve ?
How shall I copy him I love ?
Nor from those blessed footsteps swerve,
Which lead me to his seat above ?
- 2 Lord, should my path through suffer-
ing lie,
Forbid it, I should e'er repine ;
Still let me turn to Calvary,
Nor heed my griefs, remembering
thine.
- 3 Oh, let me think how thou didst leave
Untasted every pure delight,
To fast, to faint, to watch, to grieve,
The toilsome day, the homeless
night :
- 4 To faint, to grieve, to die for me !
Thou camest not thyself to please :
And, dear as earthly comforts be,
Shall I not love thee more than
these ?

—J. CONDER.

22

- 1 O happy day that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God ;
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.
- 2 O happy bond that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love !
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.
- 3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done,
I am my Lord's and he is mine ;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.
- 4 High Heaven, that heard the solemn
vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

—DODDRIDGE.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.

1. When Je - sus laid his crown a - side, He came to save me ;
 2. In my poor heart he deigns to dwell, He came to save me ;
 3. With gen - tle hand he leads me still, He came to save me ;
 4. To him my faith with rapture clings, He came to save me ;

When on the cross he bled and died, He came to save me.
 Oh, praise his name, I know it well, He came to save me.
 And trust-ing him I fear no ill, He came to save me.
 To him my heart looks up and sings, He came to save me.

CHORUS.

I'm so glad, I'm so glad, I'm so glad that Je-sus came, And grace is free,

I'm so glad, I'm so glad, I'm so glad that Jesus came, He came to save me.

24

- 1 Plunged in a gulf of dark despair
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.
- 2 With pitying eyes, the Prince of Peace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and, O amazing love!
He flew to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste he sped;
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 O for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak!
- 5 Angels assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold!
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

—I. WATTS.

25

- 1 Joy to the world! the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills,
and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

—I. WATTS.

26

- 1 I know that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me;
A token of his love he gives,
A pledge of liberty.
- 2 I find him lifting up my head;
He brings salvation near;
His presence makes me free indeed,
And he will soon appear.
- 3 He wills that I should holy be,
What can withstand his will?
The counsel of his grace in me
He surely shall fulfil.

- 4 Jesus, I hang upon thy word;
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return and claim me, Lord,
And to thyself receive.
- 5 When God is mine, and I am his,
Of paradise possess,
I taste unutterable bliss,
And everlasting rest.

—C. WESLEY.

27

- 1 Hark! the glad sound, the Saviour
comes!
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart exult with joy,
And every voice be song!
- 2 He comes! the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.
- 3 He comes! the broken hearts to bind,
The bleeding souls to cure;
And with the treasures of his grace
To enrich the humble poor.
- 4 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's exalted arches ring
With thy victorious name.

—DODDRIDGE.

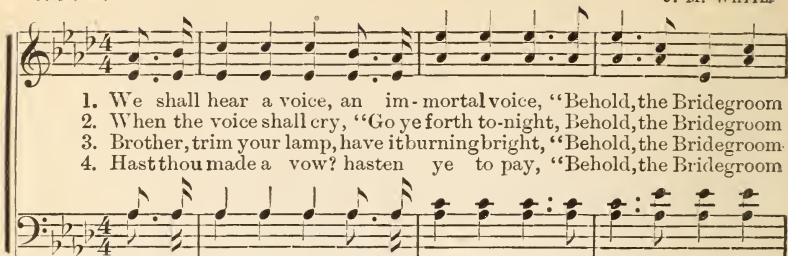
28

- 1 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast!"
- 2 I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in him a resting-place,
And he hath made me glad.
- 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water, thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live!"
- 4 I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream; [vived,
My thirst was quenched, my soul re-
And now I live in him.
- 5 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise
And all thy day be bright!"
- 6 I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till all my journey's done.

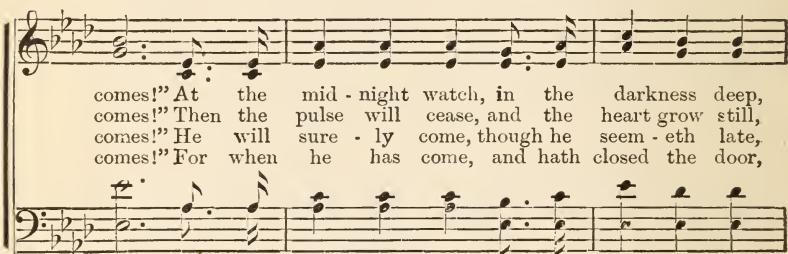
—H. BONAR.

J. M. W.

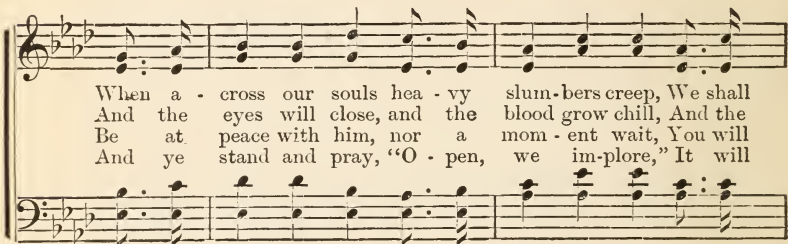
J. M. WHYTE.



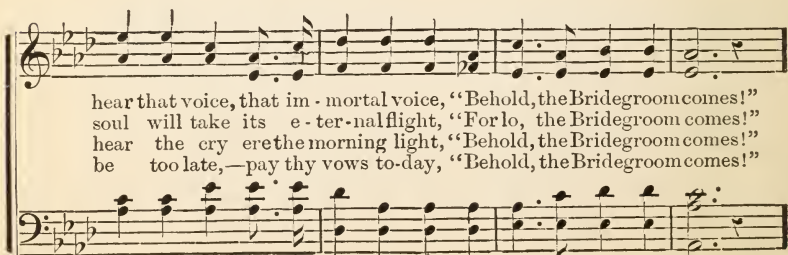
1. We shall hear a voice, an im-mortal voice, "Behold, the Bridegroom
 2. When the voice shall cry, "Go ye forth to-night, Behold, the Bridegroom
 3. Brother, trim your lamp, have it burning bright, "Behold, the Bridegroom
 4. Hast thou made a vow? hasten ye to pay, "Behold, the Bridegroom



comes!" At the mid-night watch, in the darkness deep,
 comes!" Then the pulse will cease, and the heart grow still,
 comes!" He will sure-ly come, though he seem-eth late,
 comes!" For when he has come, and hath closed the door,



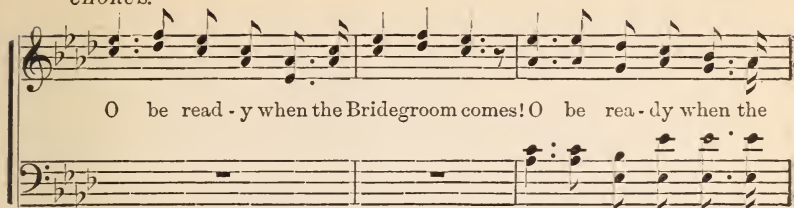
When a-cross our souls hea-vy slum-bers creep, We shall
 And the eyes will close, and the blood grow chill, And the
 Be at peace with him, nor a mom-ent wait, You will
 And ye stand and pray, "O-pen, we im-plore," It will



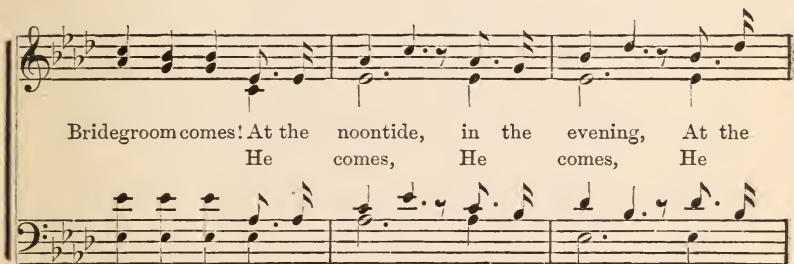
hear that voice, that im-mortal voice, "Behold, the Bridegroom comes!"
 soul will take its e-ter-nal flight, "For lo, the Bridegroom comes!"
 hear the cry ere the morning light, "Behold, the Bridegroom comes!"
 be too late,—pay thy vows to-day, "Behold, the Bridegroom comes!"

BEHOLD, THE BRIDEGROOM COMES!—*Continued.*

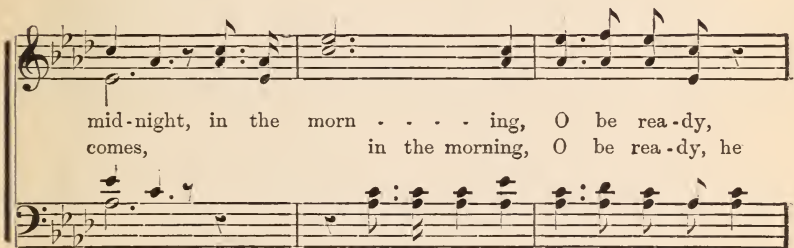
CHORUS.



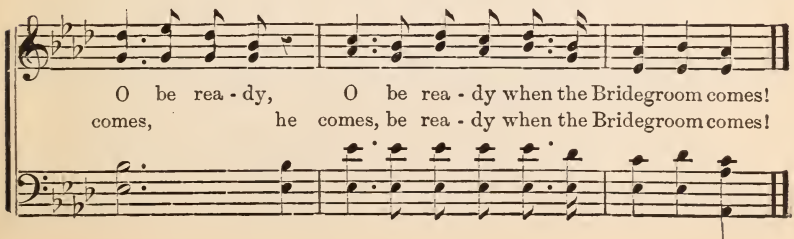
O be read - y when the Bridegroom comes! O be rea - dy when the



Bridegroom comes! At the noontide, in the evening, At the
He comes, He comes, He



mid - night, in the morn - - - ing, O be rea - dy,
comes, in the morning, O be rea - dy, he



O be rea - dy, O be rea - dy when the Bridegroom comes!
comes, he comes, be rea - dy when the Bridegroom comes!

J. M. W.

J. M. WHITE.

1. Like the mu - sic of a fountain Which a thirst - y trav'ler hears,
 2. Though thy heart is crushed and broken, Like a storm-tossed ship at sea,
 3. Though thy song hath nought but sorrow, Like a bird's whose breast is torn;
 4. Look a - way beyond thy sadness, Up to Je - sus turn thy gaze;

Speaks a voice from Calv'ry's mountain, "I am more than all thy fears."
 Sink - ing, dying,—Christ hath spoken, "It is I, look un - to me."
 Fly to Christ, nor wait the morrow, He hath all thy sorrows borne.
 Then thy song shall turn to gladness—Then thy tongue shall sound his praise.

CHORUS.

O ye broken hearts, look upward ! Hear the an - gel
 broken hearts,

voi - ces call - ing, Lift your eyes to Calv'ry's
 call - ing you, Lift your eyes to

Je - sus, Je - sus, Bro - ken heart - ed there for you.

31

- 1 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time ;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.
- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me ;
Still it glows with peace and joy.
- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.
- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified ;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that evermore abide.

—SIR JOHN BOWRING.

32

- 1 Some one knocking, some one pleading,
At the portal of my heart,
Sweetly pleading, oh, so earnest,
Can I say to him, depart ?

CHORUS.

Some one knocking, some one pleading...
at my heart...
Sweetly pleading, oh, so earnest...
earnestly...
Enter in my (blessèd) Saviour...
Saviour...
Never more from me depart.

- 2 Trust in me, he gently whispers,
Sick and sad and sore thou art,
Trust in me, and I will heal thee,
Shall I say to him, depart ?
- 3 I am weary, I am troubled,
Oh, the bitter pain, the smart,
Rest and peace and joy he offers,
How can I bid him, depart ?
- 4 Ah, his love my bosom pierces,
Pierces like a golden dart,
I am friendless, he is mighty,
Dare I say to him, depart ?
- 5 Tarry with me, oh, my Saviour,
Here to thee I yield my heart,
Enter in, I will receive thee,
Never more will say, depart.

—T. N. TIPTON.

33

- 1 Hear the voice of Jesus calling,
Calling, sinner, unto thee,
Tenderly his accents falling,
Open thou the door to me.

CHORUS.

- Hear his voice from heaven calling . . .
calling you,
Tenderly his accents falling . . .
tenderly . . .
'Tis the (blessèd) Saviour calling . . .
calling,
Open thou the door to me.
- 2 Lo ! his feet are pierced and bleeding,
Bearing precious gifts to thee,
See his wounded hands are pleading,
Open weary heart to me.
- 3 It is late and shadows falling,
Darken till you cannot see,
Still you hear him calling, calling,
Open thou the door to me.
- 4 Why that silence so appalling,
Is thy soul within thee dead ?
Has the Saviour ceased from calling ?
Has the Holy Spirit fled ?

—J. M. WHYTE.

34

- 1 When a sinner cries for mercy,
When he strives the way to find,
When he turns for help to Jesus,
When he leaves his sins behind,

CHORUS.

- There is joy among the angels . . .
there is joy,
'Tis a chorus full of glory . . .
full of joy,
Jesus is the (mighty) Saviour . . .
Saviour,
Praise his name for evermore.
- 2 When he finds no earthly rapture
Can his longing spirit fill ;
When he cries, "I'll seek my Saviour,"
And resolves to do his will.
- 3 When he stops and turns to listen
To the voice of mercy sweet,
And the tender notes of pleading
Draw him to the Saviour's feet.
- 4 He receives a Father's welcome,
Who thus bows in penitence ;
There is joy among the angels
Over him who thus repents.

—J. M. WHYTE.

W. C. BROWN.

J. M. WHYTE.

Slowly

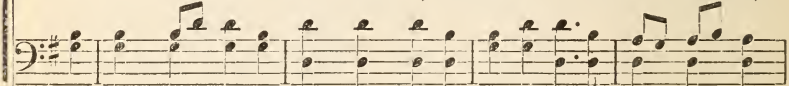
1. Where, where will be the birds that sing A hundred years to come?
 2. Who'll press for gold the yon crowded street A hundred years to come?
 3. We all with-in our graves shall sleep A hundred years to come;



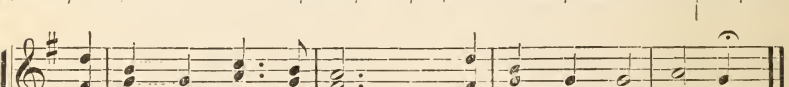
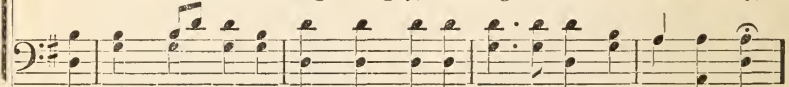
The flow'rs that now in beau-ty spring, A hundred years to come?
 Who'll tread this church with willing feet A hundred years to come?
 No liv-ing soul for us will weep A hundred years to come;



The ro-sy lips, the lof-ty brow, The heart that beats so gaily now,
 Pale, trembling age and fie-ry youth, And childhood with its heart of truth,
 But oth-er men our lands will till, And oth-ers then our streets will fill,



Oh, where will be love's beam-ing eye, Joy's pleasant smile and sorrow's sigh,
 The rich, the poor, on land and sea, Where will the mighty mill-ions be
 While oth-er birds will sing as gay, And bright the sunshine as to-day,



A hun-dred years to come, A hundred years to come?



36

- 1 I soon shall die ! 'tis but a span,
 Alas, 'twixt me and death ;
 The night comes on—my dearest plan
 Of life ends in a breath :
 My clinging fingers lose their grasp,
 And lifeless, let my idol fall ;
 " 'Tis worthless dust," I fainting gasp,
 " 'Tis worthless dust," I fainting gasp,
 " Alas, does death end all?" . . . end all . . .
 " Alas, does death end all?"
- 2 I soon shall die ! bright dreams of life
 But chilling shadows give ;
 There's naught but gloom attends the
 strife
 I make with death to live :

The sweetest pleasures end in pain ;
 My highest hopes rush to their fall ;
 This life from first to last were vain ;
 This life from first to last were vain ;
 Alas ! if death ends all . . . ends all . . .
 Alas ! if death ends all.

- 3 I soon shall die ! oh, dreadful thought,
 To die eternally !
 It may not be, for Christ hath bought
 Eternal life for me ;
 My only Refuge in the storm
 That gathers round, to him I call :
 God will his promises perform,
 God will his promises perform ;
 Christ is my life, my all . . . my all . . .
 Christ is my life, my all.

—J. M. WHITE.

DENNIS.—S.M.



37

- 1 Blest be the tie that binds
 Our hearts in Christian love ;
 The fellowship of kindred minds
 Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne,
 We pour our ardent prayers ;
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
 Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,
 Our mutual burdens bear ;
 And often for each other flows
 The sympathizing tear.
- 4 From sorrow, toil and pain,
 And sin we shall be free ;
 And perfect love and friendship reign
 Through all eternity.

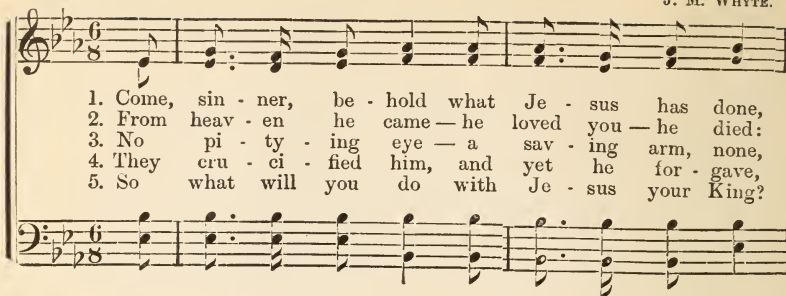
—J. FAWCETT.

38

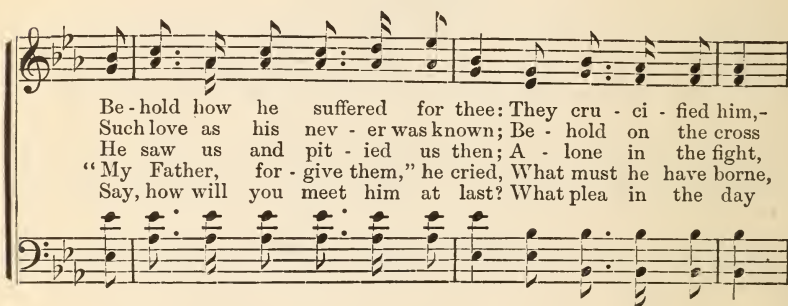
- 1 Our sins on Christ were laid ;
 He bore the mighty load ;
 Our ransom-price he fully paid
 In groans, and tears, and blood.
- 2 To save a world he dies ;
 Sinners, behold the Lamb !
 To him lift up your longing eyes ;
 Seek mercy in his name.
- 3 Pardon and peace abound ;
 He will your sins forgive ;
 Salvation in his name is found,—
 He bids the sinner live.
- 4 Jesus, we look to thee—
 Where else can sinners go ?
 Thy boundless love shall set us free
 From wretchedness and woe.

J. M. W.

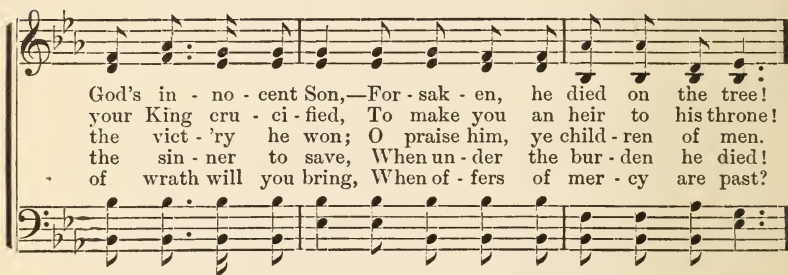
J. M. WHITE.



1. Come, sin - ner, be - hold what Je - sus has done,
 2. From heav - en he came — he loved you — he died:
 3. No pi - ty - ing eye — a sav - ing arm, none,
 4. They cru - ci - fied him, and yet he for - gave,
 5. So what will you do with Je - sus your King?

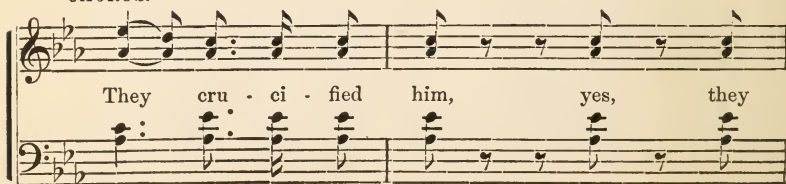


Be - hold how he suffered for thee: They cru - ci - fied him,
 Such love as his nev - er was known; Be - hold on the cross
 He saw us and pit - ied us then; A - lone in the fight,
 "My Father, for - give them," he cried, What must he have borne,
 Say, how will you meet him at last? What plea in the day



God's in - no - cent Son, — For - sak - en, he died on the tree!
 your King cru - ci - fied, To make you an heir to his throne!
 the vict - 'ry he won; O praise him, ye child - ren of men.
 the sin - ner to save, When un - der the bur - den he died!
 of wrath will you bring, When of - fers of mer - cy are past?

CHORUS.



They cru - ci - fied him, yes, they

THEY CRUCIFIED HIM—*Continued.*

Two systems of musical notation. The first system has a treble and bass staff with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'cru - ci - fied him, They nailed him to the tree, And so there he'. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment with the lyrics: 'died, A King cru - ci - fied, To save a poor sin - ner like me.' The piece ends with a double bar line.

40

- 1 Oh, get the sweet love of Christ in
your heart;
Don't mind what the scoffer may say:
You well can afford, while trusting the
Lord,
To let the world laugh as it may.

CHORUS.

His love is so sweet, yes, his love is so
sweet;

It thrills through every part;
For none can compare with Jesus the
fair;

Oh, get his sweet love in your heart.

- 2 If ready you'd be when storm-days
shall come,
To-day is the best time to start;
When skies are all clear, and Jesus is
near;

Oh, get his sweet love in your heart.

- 3 Oh, keep the sweet love of Christ in
your soul,
And never from Jesus depart;
There's nothing so sweet—so rich and
complete—

As Christ and his love in the heart.

—MRS. L. P. HANEY.

41

- 1 There's light in the valley, shadows
have fled,
And flowers in beauty now bloom;
The sunshine of peace is smiling so fair,
And lights up the way to the tomb.

CHORUS.

The darkness hath fled, yes, the dark-
ness hath fled,

The grave hath no more gloom,
For Jesus hath trod the shadowy way;
His light gleams beyond the dark
tomb.

- 2 The waters of sorrow turned into joy;
The river has lost its dark flow;
The cloud that once lower'd dark o'er
my soul
Is bright with the heavenly glow.

- 3 The grave is not dark, the Saviour was
there,
And death has no terror for me,
For Jesus bore all the anguish and pain
When nailed upon Calvary's tree.

—FRANK HOGG.

42

- 1 All glory to him who died on the tree,
He paid the great price for my soul;
He poured out his love on Calvary for
me, [whole.
I am through his sufferings made

CHORUS.

Oh, look unto him, look, to him who
was slain;

Ye nations, look and live;
For no one shall look to Jesus in vain;
But shall life eternal receive.

- 2 My heart was o'erwhelmed with sin
and despair,
I looked not to Jesus in vain;
I fell at his feet and cried to him there,
Oh, save me for whom thou wast slain.

- 3 He laid his kind hand upon my dead
heart, [strife;
And death with him yielded the
Whatever may come, I'll never depart
From him who hath given me life.

- 4 I wish the whole world, so sunken in
woe,
Would look unto him who saved me;
If only mankind their Saviour would
know,
This world would be happy and free.

—J. M. WHITE.

WM. G. COLLINS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.

1. I am glad, oh, so glad, That to Je-sus I came, He has pardoned my
 2. Oh, the ful - ness of joy My Redeem-er to know, And to feel that his
 3. Perfect peace in my heart Je-sus now gives to me, From all fearing and
 4. Saviour, keep me, I pray, Ev-er keep me thine own, Till I join the glad

CHORUS.

sins, I can now praise his name.
 blood Makes me whiter than snow. Halle - lu-jah, Jesus saves me With a
 doubt-ing, My spir - it is free.
 song Of the blest 'round thy throne.

perfect sal-va-tion, Halle - lu-jah, halle - lu-jah, Jesus saves me just now.

44

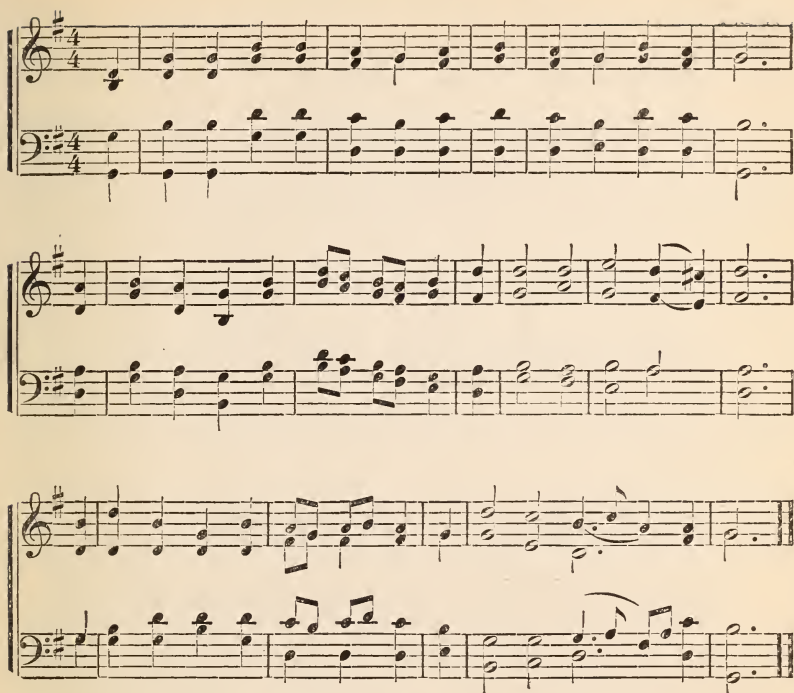
- 1 Boundless mercy and love unto me
 hath been shown,
 And my heart now rejoices in Jesus
 alone.
- 2 What the world could not give, Jesus
 freely bestowed :
 Everlasting release from the debt that
 I owed.
- 3 He hath made me anew, and my soul
 that was dead

Lives on Jesus, my Saviour, the true
 living Bread.

- 4 Perfect peace, perfect rest, in the
 Saviour I find,
 And his love fills my soul with a joy
 undefined.
- 5 Oh, that sinners could see what their
 ransom has cost ;
 That for them Jesus died, and they
 need not be lost.

—J. M. WHITE.

CORONATION.—C.M.



45

- 1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 5 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall;
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all!

—E. PERRONET.

46

- 1 Come, O my God, the promise seal,
This mountain, sin, remove;
Now in my gasping soul reveal
The virtue of thy love.
- 2 I want thy life, thy purity,
Thy righteousness, brought in;
I ask, desire, and trust in thee,
To be redeemed from sin.
- 3 Anger and sloth, desire and pride,
This moment be subdued;
Be cast into the crimson tide
Of my Redeemer's blood.
- 4 Saviour, to thee my soul looks up,
My present Saviour, thou!
In all the confidence of hope,
I claim the blessing now.
- 5 'Tis done: thou dost this moment save,
With full salvation bless;
Redemption through thy blood I have,
And spotless love and peace.

—C. WESLEY.

J. M. W.

J. M. WHYTE.

1. Oh, wan-der-er lost in the dark-ness, En-tangled by ma-ny a snare,
 2. Oh, weary one bearing thy bur-den; Oh, fallen one crushed 'neath thy load,
 3. Oh, hopeless one stained with dishonor; Oh, lost one whom kindred disowns;

And seeking a pathway of safe-ty, A-mid the wild rocks of de-spair.
 The feet un-pro-protected and bleed-ing, And rocky and jagged the road:
 Deceived by the voice of the tempter, Who promised thee titles and thrones.

Oh, do you not see the bright vision, That scatters the darkness of night?
 There's one bending over to help thee Who knoweth thy grief and dis-may;
 Thy substance devour'd by the stranger, Thy heart sick with hope still deferr'd,

The Son of man, seeking the lost ones, And bringing them forth to the light.
 The Son of man, seeking the lost ones, Hath travell'd the very same way.
 The Son of man, seeking the lost ones, Thy pit-i-ful moanings hath heard.

CHORUS.

Sing glo-ry to Je-sus, he's com-ing this way, Bright star of the

OH, WANDERER LOST.—Continued.

morning that her - alds the day. Oh, glo - ry to Je - sus, he
hears the sad cry, "Lord, save or I per - ish, save me or I die."

48

- 1 O, why wilt thou perish, poor sinner?
Why thus be determined to die?
Why barter thy soul for mere pleasure,
A soul that a world could not buy?
O think of the day that is coming,
When thou art laid low in the tomb;
Thy soul will live onward forever:
O think what will then be its doom!

CHORUS.

O, turn to the Saviour, for why will
ye die,
When God, in His mercy, is coming so
nigh?
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says,
Come,
And angels are waiting to welcome you
home.

- 2 O, hear the kind message from heaven:
It comes from thy Father above.
If terror and wrath cannot move thee,
O yield to compassion and love.
God loves thee! God loves thee! poor
sinner;
And sent His own Son from on high,
To die on the cross for the guilty,
That sinners themselves might not die.

- 3 God laid our transgressions upon him;
He suffered God's wrath in our stead;
And, dying, he cried, "It is finished!"
So now we have nothing to dread.
Then come to the Saviour, poor sinners,
There's no other thing you can do;
And if you will only accept him,
He'll give this salvation to you.

—J. GALL.

49

- 1 Say, where is thy refuge, poor sinner,
And what is thy prospect to-day?
Why toil for the wealth that will perish,
The treasures that rust and decay?
O, think of thy soul that forever
Must live on eternity's shore,
When thou in the dust art forgotten,
When pleasure can charm thee no
more.

CHORUS.

'Twill profit thee nothing, but fearful
the cost,
To gain the whole world, if thy soul
should be lost!
'Twill profit thee nothing, but fearful
the cost,
To gain the whole world, if thy soul
should be lost!

- 2 The Master is calling thee, sinner.
In tones of compassion and love,
To feel that sweet rapture of pardon,
And lay up thy treasure above.
O kneel at the cross where he
suffered,
To ransom thy soul from the grave;
The arm of his mercy will hold thee,
The arm that is mighty to save.
- 3 As summer is waning, poor sinner,
Repent ere the season is past;
God's goodness to thee is extended,
As long as the day-beam shall last:
Then slight not the warning repeated,
With all the bright moments that roll;
Nor say, when the harvest is ended,
That no one hath cared for thy soul.

—F. J. CROSBY.

E. A. H.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. Oh, love sur - pass - ing knowledge ! Oh, grace so full and free !
 2. Oh, won - der - ful sal - va - tion ! From sin he makes me free !
 3. Oh, blood of Christ so precious, Poured out on Cal - va - ry !

Fine.
 I know that Je - sus saves me, And that's enough for me !
 I feel the sweet as - sur - ance, And that's enough for me !
 I feel its cleans - ing pow - er, And that's enough for me !

D.S.—I know that Je - sus saves me, And that's enough for me !

REFRAIN.

D. S.

And that's enough for me ! And that's enough for me !

51

- 1 The truth is everlasting ;
 God's word can never fail ;
 Who pleads the name of Jesus,
 Shall in his name prevail.

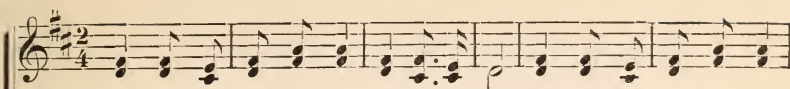
CHORUS.

- I now believe in him,
 I now believe in him,
 He promises to pardon,
 If I believe in him.
- 2 And he that asks receiveth,
 And he that seeks shall find ;
 To him that knocks 'twill open ;—
 'Tis free to all mankind.
 - 3 No name on earth availeth
 To save a soul from sin ;

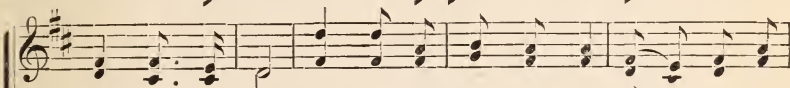
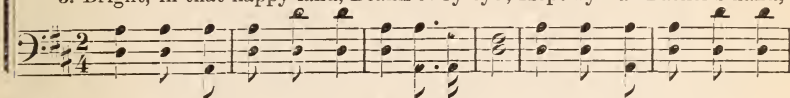
Naught save the blood of Jesus
 Can cleanse the heart within.

- 4 It is a purchased pardon
 By him, who freely gave
 His life to be the ransom,—
 The Mighty One to save.
- 5 'Tis an abundant pardon ;
 'Tis righteous and divine ;
 'Tis ours when we receive it,
 And now I claim it mine.
- 6 He's promised life eternal
 To all who will believe ;
 To him that overcometh,
 A crown of life he'll give.

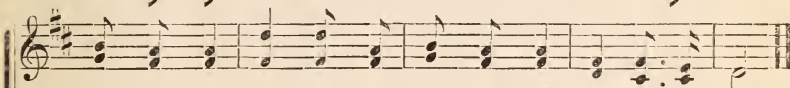
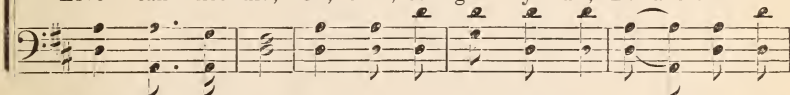
—JOHN M. WHITE.



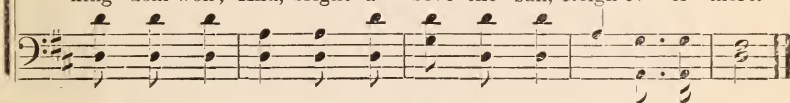
1. There is a happy land, Far, far away, Where saints in glo - ry stand,
2. Come to this happy land, Come, come away; Why will ye doubting stand?
3. Bright, in that happy land, Beams ev'ry eye; Kept by a Father's hand,



- Bright, bright as day: Oh, how they sweet - ly sing, Worthy is our
Why still de - lay? Oh, we shall hap - py be, When, from sin and
Love can - not die; Oh, then, to glo - ry run; Be a crown and



- Sav - iour King; Loud let his prais - es ring For ev - er - more.
sor - row free, Lord, we shall live with thee, Blest ev - er - more.
king - dom won; And, bright a - bove the sun, Reign ev - er - more.



53

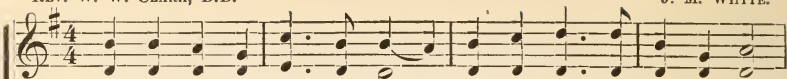
- 1 Father of love and power,
Bless us to-night;
Guard thou our evening hour,
Shield with thy might.
For all thy care this day
Our grateful thanks we pay,
And to our Father pray:
Bless us to-night.
- 2 Jesus, Immanuel,
Bless us to-night;
Come in thy love to dwell
In hearts contrite.
For all our sins we grieve,
But we thy grace receive,
And in thy word believe:
Bless us to-night.
- 3 Spirit of truth and love,
Bless us to-night;
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Shed forth thy light;
Heal every sinner's smart,
Still every throbbing heart,
And thine own peace impart:
Bless us to-night.

54

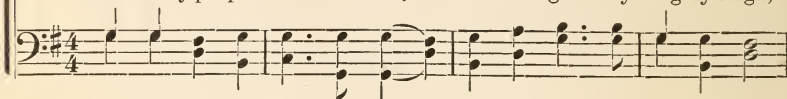
- 1 Come, thou almighty King,
Ancient of days!
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise:
Father, all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of days!
- 2 Come, thou incarnate Word,
On us descend!
Gird on thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend:
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success:
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend!
- 3 Come, holy Comforter,
Spirit of power!
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour:
Thou who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

REV. W. W. CLARK, D.D.

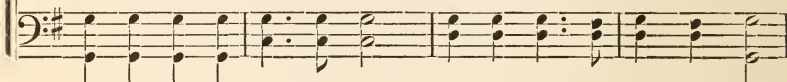
J. M. WHYTE.



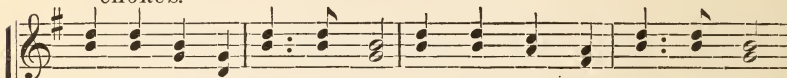
1. O thou Great E - ter - nal Three! Send the promised spir - it down,
 2. Come as in the ancient days, Here the scenes of old re-peat,
 3. Help to preach thy word with pow'r, Shake the un - be - liev - ing heart,
 4. While thy people look to thee, Now be - gin thy king - ly reign,



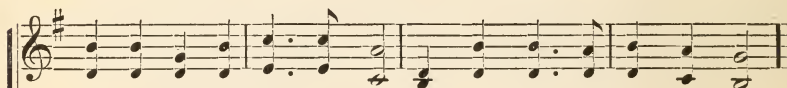
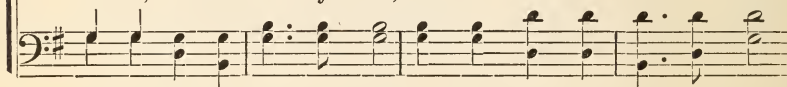
Quick-en now thy church and me, All thy form - er mer - cies crown.
 While to thee our hearts we raise, Bend - ing low - ly at thy feet.
 Come in this ac - cept - ed hour, Crowns of liv - ing fire im - part.
 Let us all thy glo - ry see, Par - a - dise re-store a - gain.



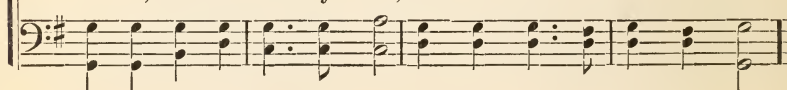
CHORUS.



Fath - er, Son and Ho - ly Ghost, Send an - o - ther Pen - te - cost.



Fath - er, Son and Ho - ly Ghost, Send an - o - ther Pen - te - cost.



56

1 Holy Father, hear my cry;
 Holy Saviour, bend thine ear;
 Holy Spirit, come thou nigh:
 Father, Saviour, Spirit, hear!
 Father, save me from my sin;
 Saviour, I thy mercy crave;
 Gracious Spirit, make me clean:
 Father, Son, and Spirit, save!

2 Father, let me taste thy love;
 Saviour, fill my soul with peace;
 Spirit, come my heart to move:
 Father, Son, and Spirit, bless!
 Father, Son, and Spirit—thou
 One Jehovah, shed abroad
 All thy grace within me now;
 Be my Father and my God!

H. BONAR.

The hymns on opposite page may be sung to this tune. With the single stanza, use chorus above; with the double stanza, use latter half of each on chorus.

57

- 1 Holy Ghost! with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn my darkness into day.
- 2 Holy Ghost! with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long hath sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.
- 3 Holy Ghost! with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine,
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.
- 4 Holy Spirit! all-divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol-throne,
Reign supreme—and reign alone.

—A. REED.

58

- 1 Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!
- 2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stayed;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

—C. WESLEY.

59

- 1 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.
- 2 Could my tears for ever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save and thou alone.
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.
- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

—TOPLADY

60

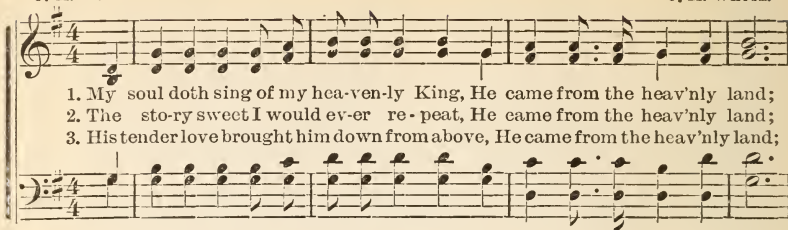
- 1 Take my life and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to thee:
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.
Take my hands and let them move
At the impulse of thy love:
Take my feet and let them be
Swift and beautiful for thee.
- 2 Take my silver and my gold—
Not a mite would I withhold:
Take my intellect and use
Every power as thou shalt choose.
Take my voice and let me sing
Always, only, for my King:
Take my lips and let them be
Filled with messages from thee.
- 3 Take my will and make it thine,
It shall be no longer mine:
Take my heart, it is thine own;
It shall be thy royal throne.
Take my love, my Lord, I pour
At thy feet its treasure store:
Take myself, and I will be,
Ever, only, all for thee.

—MISS HAVERGAL.

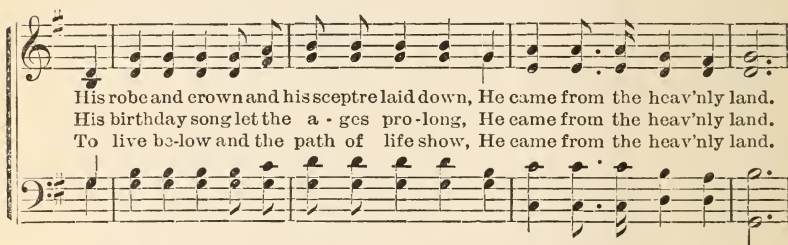
61 HE CAME FROM THE HEAVENLY LAND.

J. M. W.

J. M. WHYTE.

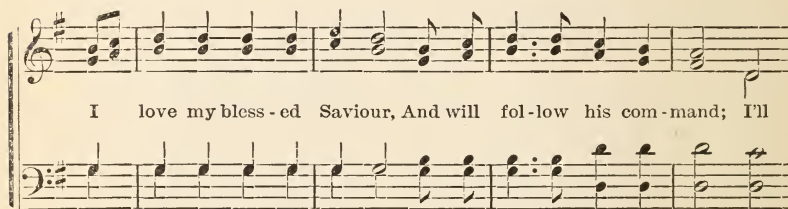


1. My soul doth sing of my hea-ven-ly King, He came from the heav'nly land;
 2. The sto-ry sweet I would ev-er re-peat, He came from the heav'nly land;
 3. His tender love brought him down from above, He came from the heav'nly land;



His robe and crown and his sceptre laid down, He came from the heav'nly land.
 His birthday song let the a - ges pro-long, He came from the heav'nly land.
 To live be-low and the path of life show, He came from the heav'nly land.

CHORUS.



I love my bless-ed Saviour, And will fol-low his com-mand; I'll



try to bring, for my hea-ven-ly King, Some soul to the heav'nly land.

4 Sinless was he, yet to suffer for me,
 He came from the heav'nly land;
 My sinful fall was the cause of it all,
 He came from the heav'nly land.

5 Oh, let us take up the cross for his sake,
 He came from the heav'nly land;
 And day by day walk the heavenly way
 That leads to the heav'nly land.

1 The call is clear, sinner, will you not hear?

Be ready to meet the Lord: [vain?
The call is plain, shall we cry it in
Be ready to meet the Lord.

CHORUS.

Oh, hear the voice of warning
That is sounded from his Word;
The year flies past, and it may be your
last;
Be ready to meet the Lord.

2 Thy time is short, sinner, let me exhort,
Be ready to meet the Lord:
A step! a breath! and you grapple
with death;
Be ready to meet the Lord.

3 The price is paid and the sacrifice
made;
Be ready to meet the Lord: [ceive;
Just now believe and the Saviour re-
Be ready to meet the Lord.

4 Accept his Word, you so often have
heard;
Be ready to meet the Lord:
Do not refuse life eternal to choose;
Be ready to meet the Lord.

—J. M. WHITE.

1 Many the conflict through which my
Lord passed;
He came to redeem my soul:
Ended his sorrowful journey at last;
He died to redeem my soul.

CHORUS.

He is the loving Saviour,
And I yield to his control;
From all the woe that I ever could
know,
He came to redeem my soul.

2 Wounded his head, and his hands, and
his feet;
He came to redeem my soul:
"Finished!" he cries, and his work is
complete;
He died to redeem my soul.

3 Altar, and victim, and priest to atone;
He came to redeem my soul:
Treading the wine-press of vengeance
alone;
He died to redeem my soul.

4 Stained are his garments with tears
and with blood;
He came to redeem my soul: [God;
Jesus, Redeemer, my Lord and my
He died to redeem my soul.

—Arranged by J. M. W.

1 I'm thinking now of our beautiful
home,
That's far up above the sky;
Where friends will meet at the
Saviour's dear feet
And never will say good-bye.

CHORUS.

Jesus is King of glory,
And he'll bring us home at last,
To join the song with the heavenly
throng,
When earth is forever past.

2 Jesus is King of that beautiful land,
That's far up above the sky;
His love and grace, shining down from
his face,
We'll know better by-and-by.

3 Sin cannot enter that beautiful land,
That's far up above the sky; [heat,
No cold winds beat, and no wearisome
And never a tear nor sigh.

4 No jarring note in that beautiful land,
That's far up above the sky;
The new sweet song of the heavenly
throng,
We'll join in it by-and-by.

5 Our loved ones wait in that beautiful
land,
That's far up above the sky; [hills,
Love rules their wills on the heavenly
And we'll meet them by-and-by.

—LILLIAN JACKSON.

1 Following Jesus wherever he goes;
'Tis Jesus alone can save: [close;
Working for Jesus till daylight shall
'Tis Jesus alone can save.

CHORUS.

'Tis Jesus, and him only,
That the righteous Father gave,
My soul to win from the service of sin;
'Tis Jesus alone can save.

2 Loving and serving him all the day long;
'Tis Jesus alone can save: [song;
Till in his kingdom I sing the new
'Tis Jesus alone can save.

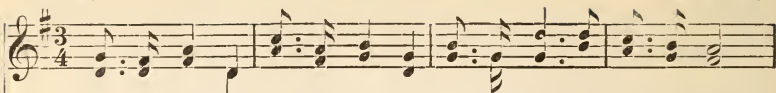
3 When he appeareth, oh, glorious
thought!
'Tis Jesus alone can save: [wrought;
Well may our souls in rapture be
'Tis Jesus alone can save.

4 We shall be like him who cometh again;
'Tis Jesus alone can save: [to reign;
With his ten thousands of thousands
'Tis Jesus alone can save.

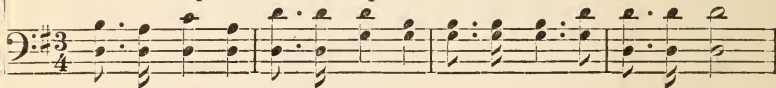
Arranged by J. M. W.

J. M. W.

J. M. WHITE.



1. From the dazzling seats of glo - ry, Came the Son of God to die;
2. I was weary — heavy laden; "Come to me," said he "and rest."
3. When I trusted, simply trusted, Thrilled to life my dy - ing soul;
4. Now he keeps me, ev - er keeps me, Close within his arms of love



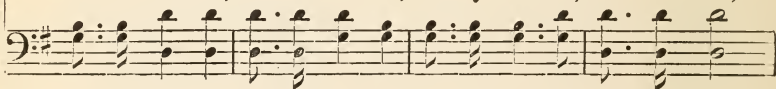
Free - ly gave himself a ransom, For a sin - ner such as I.
 At his feet I laid my burden—Fell up - on my Saviour's breast.
 Praise his name, I love to tell it; Je - sus Christ hath made me whole.
 Sure the peace my Saviour gives me, Must be like to that a - bove.



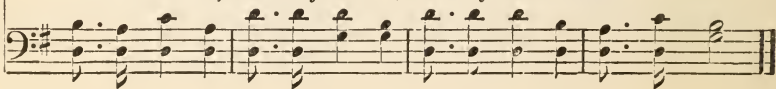
CHORUS.



Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, Wea - ry sin - ner, hear the call;



At the cross lay down thy burden, Let thy Saviour bear it all.



67

- 1 One there is above all others
Well deserves the name of Friend ;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.
- 2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in him to God.
- 3 When he lived on earth abasèd,
Friend of sinners was his name ;
Now above all glory raisèd,
He rejoices in the same.
- 4 Oh, for grace our hearts to soften !
Teach us, Lord, at length to love ;
We, alas, forget too often
What a Friend we have above.

—J. NEWTON.

68

- 1 None but Christ : his merit hides me,
He was faultless,—I am fair ;
None but Christ, his wisdom guides me,
He was outcast,—I'm his care.

CHORUS.

- None but Jesus, none but Jesus,
None but him my sins to bear ;
But for him my soul would languish
In the darkness of despair.
- 2 None but Christ : his Spirit seals me,
Gives me freedom with control ;
None but Christ, his bruising heals me,
And his sorrow soothes my soul.
 - 3 None but Christ : his life sustains me,
Strength and song to me he is ;
None but Christ, his love constrains me,
He is mine and I am his.

—MRS. A. R. COUSIN.

69

- 1 Jesus only, when the morning
Beams upon the path I tread ;
Jesus only, when the darkness
Gathers round my weary head.

CHORUS.

- Jesus only, Jesus only,
Through the night, till morn appears ;
Jesus only, Jesus only,
Through the sweet eternal years.
- 2 Jesus only, when the billows,
Cold and sullen, o'er me roll ;
Jesus only, when the trumpet
Rends the tomb and wakes the soul.
 - 3 Jesus only, when adoring
Saints their crowns before him bring ;
Jesus only, I will, joyous,
Through eternal ages sing.

—E. NASON.

70

- 1 Oh, the love of Christ is boundless,
Wider than the widest sea ;
Reaching to the vilest sinner,
It has found out even me.

CHORUS.

- Jesus saves me, hallelujah,—
Saves my soul from death and sin ;
In the welcome "whosoever,"
Even I am counted in.
- 2 Oh, the love of Christ is deeper
Than the darkest, blackest sin ;
In the welcome "whosoever,"
Even I am counted in.
 - 3 Oh, the love of Christ is higher
Than our aspirations are ;
And he bids each soul come nearer,—
Even me who strayed so far.
 - 4 Oh, this love is everlasting,
Naught can break the tender tie.
One with Christ, I all inherit ;
I am his ; yes, even I.

71

- 1 Tarry with me, O my Saviour !
For the day is passing by ;
See ! the shades of evening gather
And the night is drawing nigh.

CHORUS.

- Tarry with me, O my Saviour !
Down the valley I must go ;
Let my footsteps never waver
As the shadows deeper grow.
- 2 Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,
Paler now the glowing west,
Swift the night of death advances ;
Shall it be the night of rest ?
 - 3 Lonely seems the vale of shadow ;
Sinks my heart with troubled fear ;
Give me faith for clearer vision,—
Speak thou, Lord, in words of cheer.
 - 4 Let me hear thy voice behind me,
Calming all these wild alarms ;
Let me, underneath my weakness,
Feel the everlasting arms.
 - 5 Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
Lord, I cast myself on thee ;
Tarry with me through the darkness ;
While I sleep still watch by me.
 - 6 Tarry with me, O my Saviour !
Lay my head upon thy breast
Till the morning ; then awake me,—
Morning of eternal rest !

—MRS. C. S. SMITH.

J. M. W.

J. M. WHITE.

1. O brother, have you told how the Lord forgave? Let us hear you
 2. When toiling up the way, was the Saviour there? Let us hear you
 3. Was ev - er on your tongue such a blessed theme? Let us hear you
 4. The battles you have fought, and the vict'ries won, Let us hear you

tell it ov - er once a - gain; Thy coming to the cross, where he
 tell it ov - er once a - gain; Did Je - sus bear you up in his
 tell it ov - er once a - gain; 'Tis ev - er sweeter far than the
 tell it ov - er once a - gain; 'Twill help them on the way who have

died to save, Let us hear you tell it ov - er once a - gain.
 ten - der care? Let us hear you tell it ov - er once a - gain.
 sweetest dream, Let us hear you tell it ov - er once a - gain.
 just be - gin, Let us hear you tell it ov - er once a - gain.

Are you walking now in his blessed light? Are you cleansed from
 Nev - er have you found such a friend as he, Who could help you
 There are aching hearts in the world's great throng, Who have sought for
 We are striv - ing now with the hosts of sin, Soon with Christ our

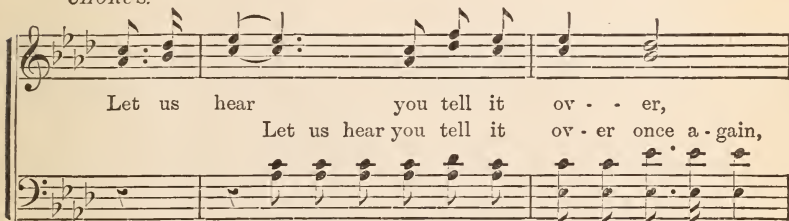
ev - 'ry guilt - y stain? Is he your joy by day, and your
 'midst the toil and pain; O all the world should hear what he's
 rest, and all in vain; Hold Je - sus up to them by your
 Saviour we shall reign; Ye ransomed of the Lord, try a

LET US HEAR YOU TELL IT—Continued.

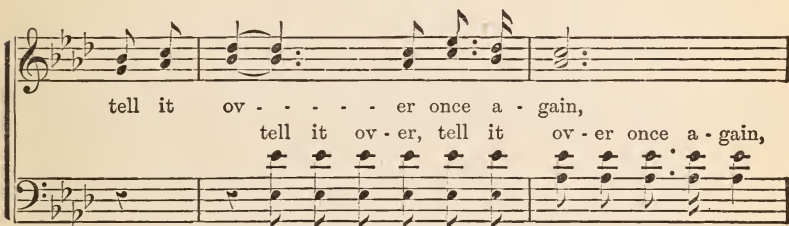


song by night? Let us hear you tell it ov - er once a - gain.
 done for thee; Let us hear you tell it ov - er once a - gain.
 word and song; Let us hear you tell it ov - er once a - gain.
 soul to win; Let us hear you tell it ov - er once a - gain.

CHORUS.



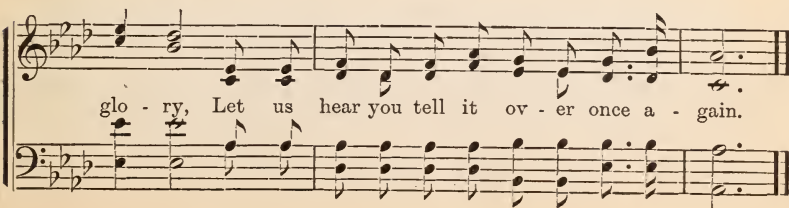
Let us hear you tell it ov - - er,
 Let us hear you tell it ov - er once a - gain,



tell it ov - - - - er once a - gain,
 tell it ov - er, tell it ov - er once a - gain,



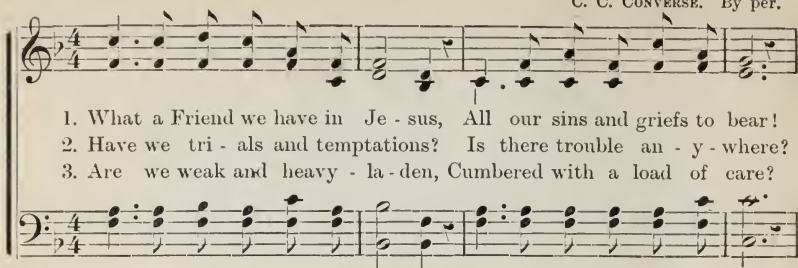
Tell the sweet and blessed sto - ry, It will help you on to



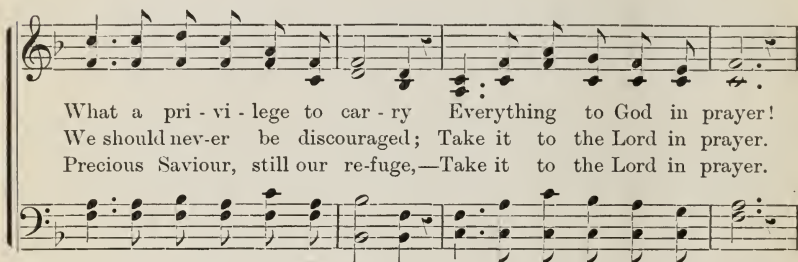
glo - ry, Let us hear you tell it ov - er once a - gain.

73 WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS!

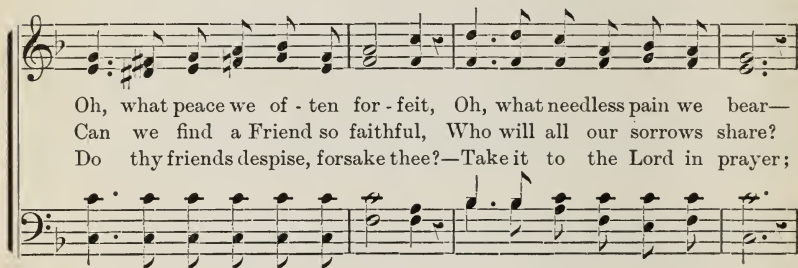
C. C. CONVERSE. By per.



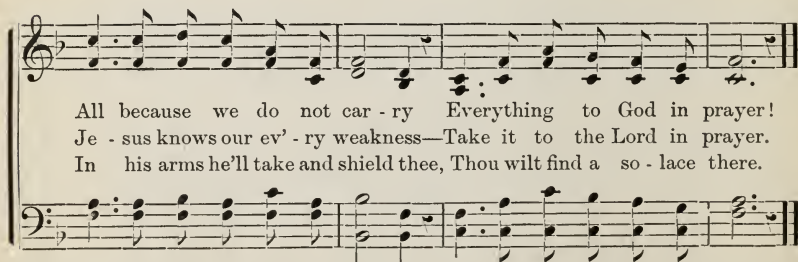
1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
 2. Have we tri - als and temptations? Is there trouble an - y - where?
 3. Are we weak and heavy - la - den, Cumbered with a load of care?



What a pri - vi - lege to car - ry Everything to God in prayer!
 We should nev - er be discouraged; Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Precious Saviour, still our re - fuge, — Take it to the Lord in prayer.



Oh, what peace we of - ten for - feit, Oh, what needless pain we bear—
 Can we find a Friend so faithful, Who will all our sorrows share?
 Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?—Take it to the Lord in prayer;



All because we do not car - ry Everything to God in prayer!
 Je - sus knows our ev' - ry weakness—Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 In his arms he'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a so - lace there.

- 1 When I view my Saviour bleeding,
 For my sins, upon the tree;
 Oh, how wondrous ! how exceeding
 Great his love appears to me !
 Floods of deep distress and anguish,
 To impede his labors, came ;
 Yet they all could not extinguish
 Love's eternal, burning flame.
- 2 Now redemption is completed,
 Full salvation is procured ;
 Death and Satan are defeated,
 By the sufferings he endured.
 Now the gracious Mediator,
 Risen to the courts of bliss,
 Claims for me, a sinful creature,
 Pardon, righteousness, and peace !

- 3 Sure such infinite affection
 Lays the highest claims to mine ;
 All my powers, without exception,
 Should in fervent praises join.
 Jesus, fit me for thy service ;
 Form me for thyself alone ;
 I am thy most costly purchase—
 Take possession of thine own.

—R. LEE.

- 1 Holy Father, thou hast taught me
 I should live to thee alone ;
 Year by year thy hand hath brought
 me
 On through dangers oft unknown.
 When I wandered, thou hast found
 me,
 When I doubted, sent me light ;
 Still thine arm has been around me,
 All my paths were in thy sight.
- 2 In the world will foes assail me,
 Craftier, stronger far than I ;
 And the strife may never fail me,
 Well I know, before I die.
 Therefore, Lord, I come believing
 Thou canst give the power I need ;
 Through the prayer of faith receiving
 Strength—the Spirit's strength in-
 deed.
- 3 I would trust in thy protection,
 Wholly rest upon thine arm ;
 Follow wholly thy direction,
 Thou, mine only guard from harm !
 Keep me from mine own undoing,
 Help me turn to thee when tried,
 Still my footsteps, Father, viewing,
 Keep me ever at thy side.

—J. M. NEALE.

- 1 Love Divine, all loves excelling—
 Joy of heaven, to earth come down !
 Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
 All thy faithful mercies crown.
 Jesus ! thou art all compassion,
 Pure, unbounded love thou art ;
 Visit us with thy salvation,
 Enter every trembling heart.
- 2 Breathe, oh, breathe thy loving Spirit
 Into every troubled breast !
 Let us all in thee inherit,
 Let us find the promised rest.
 Come, almighty to deliver,
 Let us all thy life receive !
 Speedily return, and never,
 Nevermore thy temples leave !
- 3 Finish, then, thy new creation,
 Pure, unspotted may it be ;
 Let us see our whole salvation
 Perfectly secured by thee !
 Changed from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place ;
 Till we cast our crowns before thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

—C. WESLEY.

- 1 Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise
 thee
 For the bliss thy love bestows ;
 For the pardoning grace that saves me,
 And the peace that from it flows.
 Help, O God, my weak endeavor ;
 This dull soul to rapture raise ;
 Thou must light the flame, or never
 Can my soul be warmed to praise.
- 2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought
 thee,
 Wretched wanderer, far astray ;
 Found thee lost, and kindly brought
 thee
 From the paths of death away.
 Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
 Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
 And, the light of hope revealing,
 Bade the blood-stained cross appear.
- 3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
 Vainly would my lips express ;
 Low before thy footstool kneeling,
 Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless.
 Let thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
 Love's pure flame within me raise ;
 And, since words can never measure,
 Let my life show forth thy praise.

—F. S. KEY.

J. M. W.

J. M. WHITE.

1. I sing of him whose love I know, Who died because he loved me so,
 2. No an-gel song could be as sweet, No unseen messenger as fleet,
 3. Oh, who can tell the depths of woe, To which the human heart can go?

Who bought my pardon full and free, Who once was cruci-fied for me.
 In winning wayward children home, As Jesus sweetly say - ing come.
 Yet down the dark and dreadful steep, His boundless love has gone as deep.

CHORUS.

My blessed Lord before me stands, And, holding out his beck'ning hands,
 Is waiting to receive me home; Oh, Lamb of God, I come, I come!

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>4 His love so deep and strong and true,
 Will lead me on my journey through,
 Till, when the night is gone, I see
 The crown of life laid up for me.</p> | <p>5 Oh, let me sing it o'er and o'er,
 Such purity of love in store—
 Of love in over-flowing wealth,
 From out the heart of God himself.</p> |
|---|--|

- 1 Just as I am, without one plea
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come !
- 2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee whose blood can cleanse each
spot,
O Lamb of God, I come !
- 3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
With fears within, and foes without,
O Lamb of God, I come !
- 4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come !
- 5 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come !
- 6 Just as I am,—thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come !

—CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

80

- 1 God calling yet ! shall I not hear ?
Earth's pleasures shall I still hold
dear ?
Shall life's swift-passing years all fly,
And still my soul in slumber lie ?
- 2 God calling yet ! shall I not rise ?
Can I his loving voice despise,
And basely his kind care repay ?
He calls me still ; can I delay ?
- 3 God calling yet ! and shall he knock,
And I my heart the closer lock ?
He still is waiting to receive,
And shall I dare his Spirit grieve ?
- 4 God calling yet ! and shall I give
No heed, but still in bondage live ?
I wait, but he does not forsake ;
He calls me still ; my heart, awake !
- 5 God calling yet ! I cannot stay ;
My heart I yield without delay :
Vain world, farewell, from thee I
part ;
The voice of God has reached my
heart.

—G. TERSTEEGEN.

81

- 1 Come sinners, to the gospel feast,
Let every soul be Jesus' guest ;
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.
- 2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call,
The invitation is to ALL :
Come, all the world ; come sinner, thou ;
All things in Christ are ready now.
- 3 Come, all ye souls by sin oppress,
Ye restless wanderers after rest,
Ye poor and maimed and halt and blind ;
In Christ a hearty welcome find.
- 4 My message, as from God, receive ;
Ye all may come to Christ, and live ;
Oh, let his love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain !
—C. WESLEY.

82

- 1 Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive ;
Let a repenting rebel live.
Are not thy mercies large and free ?
May not a sinner trust in thee ?
- 2 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean ;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.
- 3 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace ;
Lord, should thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.
- 4 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope still hov'ring round thy
Word, [there,—
Would light on some sweet promise
Some sure support against despair.

—I. WATTS.

83

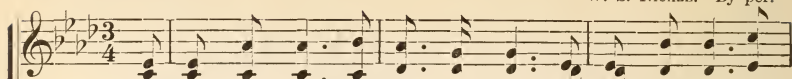
- 1 With tearful eyes I look around ;
Life seems a dark and stormy sea ;
Yet 'mid the gloom, I hear a sound,
A heavenly whisper, "Come to me !"
- 2 It tells me of a place of rest ;
It tells me where my soul may flee ;
Oh, to the weary, faint, oppressed,
How sweet the bidding, "Come to me !"
- 3 "Come, for all else must fail and die !
Earth is no resting-place for thee ;
To heaven direct thy weeping eye,
I am thy portion ; Come to me !"
- 4 O voice of mercy ! voice of love !
In conflict, grief, and agony,
Support me, cheer me from above !
And gently whisper, "Come to me !"

—MISS C. ELLIOTT.


84 WE'RE ON THE WAY TO CANAAN'S LAND.

REV. H. G. JACKSON.

W. S. NICKLE. By per.

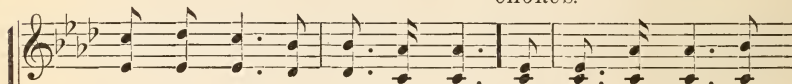


1. From E-gypt's cru - el bond-age fled, O - be-dient to our
 2. Thro' wil - der - ness - es wide and drear, Our Lord will guide our
 3. His power the smit - ten rock con-trols, A crys-tal stream our

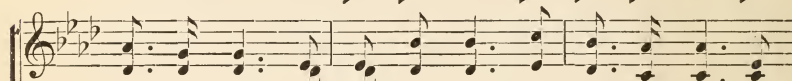


Lord's com-mand, And by his Word and Spir - it led, We're
 steps a - right, Be - hold to prove his pres-ence here, The
 need sup-plies, He feeds our hun - gry faint-ing souls With

CHORUS.



on the way to Ca-naan's land !
 cloud by day, the fire by night ! We're on the way, A
 dai - ly man-na from the skies !



pil - grim band ; We're on the way to Ca-naan's land ; Di-



vine-ly guid-ed day by day, We're on the way, we're on the way.

4 In hostile lands we feel no fear ;
 No foe our onward march can stay ;
 In ev'ry conflict he is near,
 Whose presence cheers us on the
 way.

5 Ere long, the river crossed, we'll meet
 The ransom'd host at his right hand ;
 And there receive a welcome sweet
 From our dear Lord to Canaan's
 land !

85

- 1 Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.
The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
- 2 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not saved from sin.
The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, I am the Way."
- 3 Lo! glad I come; and thou, blest
Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee, as I am;
Nothing but sin have I to give;
Nothing but love shall I receive.
Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God."

—J. CENNICK.

86

- 1 O thou, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart; it pants for
thee;
Oh, burst these bonds and set it free!
Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean!
- 2 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my Light, be thou my Way;
No foes, no violence I fear, [near.
No fraud, while thou, my God art
When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.
- 3 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow thee;
Oh, let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill!
If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day;
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall
cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

—C. WESLEY.

87

- 1 My heavenly home is bright and fair,
Nor pain, nor death can enter there;
Its glittering towers the sun outshine
That heavenly mansion shall be mine.
- CHO.—I'm going home, I'm going home,
I'm going home to die no more;
To die no more, to die no more,
I'm going home to die no more.
- 2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.
- 3 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'er-
flow,
Be mine the happier lot to own,
A heavenly mansion near the throne.
- 4 Then fail the earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
All nature sink and cease to be,
That heavenly mansion stands for me.

—WM. HUNTER.

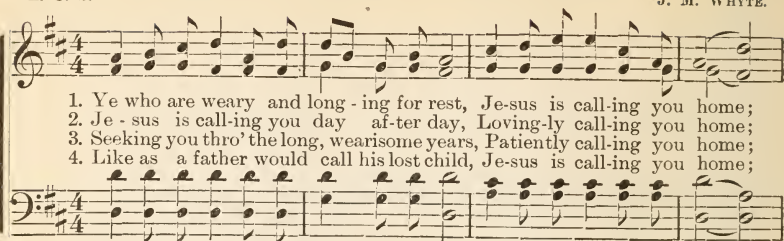
88

- 1 Oh, that my load of sin were gone!
Oh, that I could at last submit
At Jesus' feet to lay it down,
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!
When shall mine eyes behold the
Lamb?
The God of my salvation see?
Weary, O Lord, thou know'st I am;
Yet still I cannot come to thee.
- 2 Rest for my soul I long to find;
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my
heart.
Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.
- 3 Fain would I learn of thee, my God;
Thy light and easy burden prove,
The cross, all stained with hallowed
blood,
The labor of thy dying love.
I would, but thou must give the
power,
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, O Lord, the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

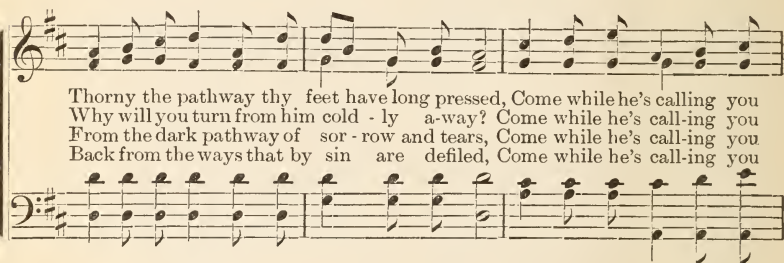
—C. WESLEY.

E. C. S.

J. M. WHYTE.

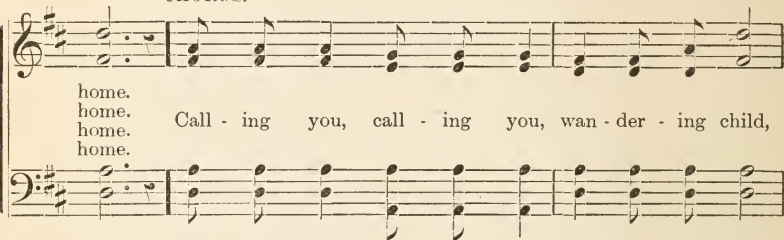


1. Ye who are weary and long - ing for rest, Je - sus is call - ing you home;
 2. Je - sus is call - ing you day af - ter day, Lov - ing - ly call - ing you home;
 3. Seeking you thro' the long, wearisome years, Patiently call - ing you home;
 4. Like as a father would call his lost child, Je - sus is call - ing you home;

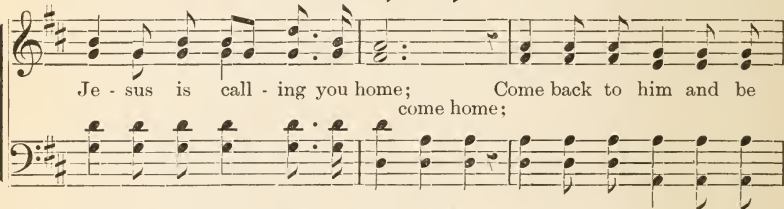


Thorny the pathway thy feet have long pressed, Come while he's calling you
 Why will you turn from him cold - ly a - way? Come while he's call - ing you
 From the dark pathway of sor - row and tears, Come while he's call - ing you
 Back from the ways that by sin are defiled, Come while he's call - ing you

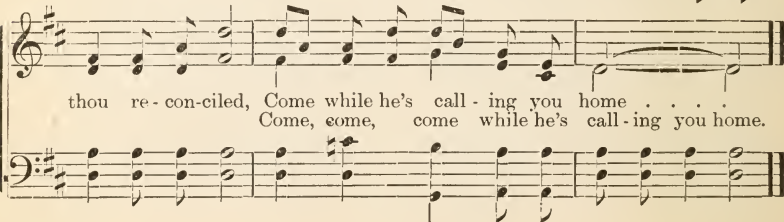
CHORUS.



home.
 home.
 home.
 home. Call - ing you, call - ing you, wan - der - ing child,



Je - sus is call - ing you home; Come back to him and be
 come home;



thou re - con - ciled, Come while he's call - ing you home . . .
 Come, come, come while he's call - ing you home.

90

- 1 Sinner, you're breaking thy dear
Saviour's heart,
Going away from thy home;
See how it grieves him to have thee
depart;
Come back to Jesus and home.
- 2 How many prayers have been offered
for thee,
Going away from thy home?
How many tears, scalding tears, must
there be,
Ere you return to thy home?
- 3 Loved ones, in sorrow, go down to the
grave,
Still thou remainest from home!
Soon you may come where there's no
one to save,
No one to pilot you home.
- 4 Wandering child in the land of
despair,
Thy Father wants thee at home;
Come where there's bread—yes, enough
and to spare—
Thy Father welcomes thee home.

—Arranged by J. M. WHYTE.

91

- 1 Past the bright portals are angels
to-night,
Waiting to see you come home:
Anxious, they stand at the gateways
of light,
Ready to welcome you home.
- 2 See mother's hands reaching out from
above,
Calling her loved ones to come;
Sweetly she calls in a voice full of
love,
Will you, my children, come home?
- 3 Do you not hear the sweet voice of a
child
Saying, "Dear father, come home"?
Beautiful lips that were never defiled,
Mutely are calling you home.
- 4 Yet there is one who has called thee
so oft,
One who provided that home;
Jesus, in accents so tender and soft,
Still is inviting you home.

—J. M. WHYTE.

92

- 1 Carefully, tearfully, sinner draw nigh,
See Jesus dying for thee;
Upward to Calvary lifting thine eye,
See Jesus dying for thee.
- 2 Mercy for all in the Saviour you see;
Mercy, O sinner, for thee!
Mercy abounding, abundantly free;
Mercy, O sinner, for thee!
- 3 Beautiful feet on the mountain that
bring—
Feet that were wounded for thee—
Tidings, glad tidings, from Israel's
King,
News of salvation to thee.
- 4 Peace, and salvation, and pardon
divine,
Jesus hath purchased for thee;
Joy of all joys, that salvation is
thine,
Jesus hath bought it for thee.

—Arranged by J. M. WHYTE.

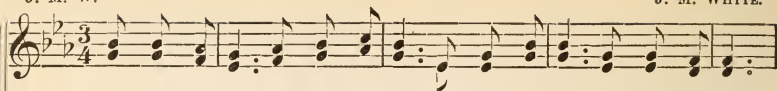
93

- 1 What's this short life to a million of
years?
'Tis but a moment of time;
And how could I spend a million of
years
Without a Saviour divine?
- 2 Now will I go to confess unto him,
I'm helpless, sinful and blind;
He'll hear my pleadings and pardon
my sin;
In him a Saviour I'll find.
- 3 Infinite love brought him down from
above—
Love for such sinners as I;
I'll trust and welcome his infinite love,
Coming to bleed and to die.
- 4 And now eternity's cycles of years
Trouble me never again;
My sins are pardoned, and silenced
my fears,
He doth each moment sustain.
- 5 Now must I glorify him every day,
And humbly on him rely;
Till he shall call me from this life
away,
To glorify him on high.

—J. MILLS.

J. M. W.

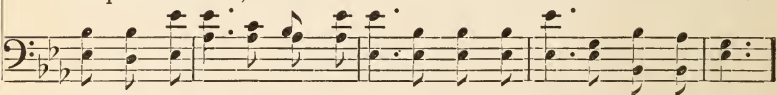
J. M. WHYTE.



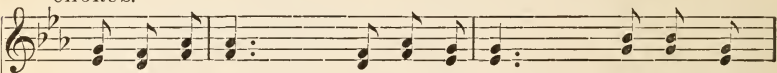
1. Was it for me, for me alone, The Saviour left his glorious throne,—
2. Was it for me sweet angel strains Came floating o'er Ju-de-a's plains,
3. Was it for me the Saviour said, Pil-low thy wea-ry, ach-ing head
4. Was it for me he wept and pray'd, My load of sin up-on him laid,
5. Was it for me he bowed his head Up-on the cross, and free-ly shed



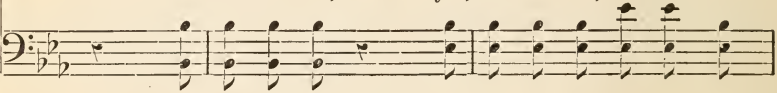
The dazzling splendors of the sky? Was it for me he came to die?
 That starlight night, so long a-go? Was it for me God planned it so?
 Trustingly on thy Saviour's breast? Was it for me? Can I thus rest?
 That night within Gethsem-a-ne? Was it for me,—that ag-o-ny?
 His precious blood,—that crimson tide? Was it for me the Saviour died?



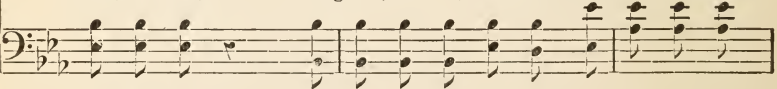
CHORUS.



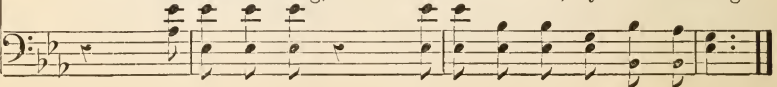
It was for me, yes, all for me, Oh love of
 It was for me, yes, all for me, Oh love of



God, so great, so free, Oh wondrous love!
 God, so free, so great, so free, Oh wondrous, wondrous love!



I'll shout and sing, He died for me, my Lord and King.
 I'll shout and sing, He died for me, my Lord and King.



95

1 "'Tis finished!"—so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed his head and died;
"'Tis finished!"—yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.

2 'Tis finished!—all that heaven foretold
By prophets in the days of old;
And truths are opened to our view
That kings and prophets never knew.

3 'Tis finished!—Son of God, thy power
Hath triumphed in this awful hour;
And yet our eyes with sorrow see
That life to us was death to thee.

4 'Tis finished!—let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round;
'Tis finished!—let the triumph rise
And swell the chorus of the skies.

—S. STENNETT.

96

1 Jesus, whom angel hosts adore,
Became a man of griefs for me;
In love, though rich, becoming poor,
That I through him enriched might
be.

2 Though Lord of all, above, below,
He went to Olivet for me;
There drank my cup of wrath and woe,
When bleeding in Gethsemane.

3 The ever-blessèd Son of God
Went up to Calvary for me:
There paid my debt, there bore my
load
In his own body on the tree.

4 Jesus, whose dwelling is the skies,
Went down into the grave for me;
There overcame my enemies,
There won the glorious victory.

5 'Tis finished all! the vail is rent,
The welcome sure, the access free;
Now then, we leave our banishment,
O Father, to return to thee!

—H. BONAR.

97

1 Bless, O my soul! the living God,
Call home thy thoughts that rove
abroad;
Let all the powers, within me, join
In work and worship so divine.

2 Bless, O my soul! the God of grace;
His favors claim thy highest praise;
Why should the wonders he hath
wrought
Be lost in silence, and forgot?

3 'Tis he, my soul! who sent his Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done;
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

4 Let the whole earth his power confess,
Let the whole earth adore his grace;
The Gentile with the Jew shall join
In work and worship so divine.

—I. WATTS.

98

1 Lord, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased, and saved by blood divine;
With full consent thine I would be,
And own thy sovereign right in me.

2 Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of thy grace;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.

3 Thine would I live, thine would I die,
Be thine through all eternity;
The vow is past, beyond repeal,
And now I set the solemn seal.

4 Here at the cross, where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,
Thee, my new Master, now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all.

—S. DAVIES.

99

1 He dies! the Friend of sinners dies;
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
A solemn darkness veils the skies;
A sudden trembling shakes the
ground.

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree:
The Lord of glory dies for men;
But lo! what sudden joys we see,
Jesus, the dead, revives again.

3 The rising God forsakes the tomb,
Up to his Father's court he flies;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

4 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the tyrant, Death, in chains.

5 Say—live for ever, glorious King,
Born to redeem and strong to save!
Where now, O Death, where is thy
sting?
And where thy victory, boasting
Grave?

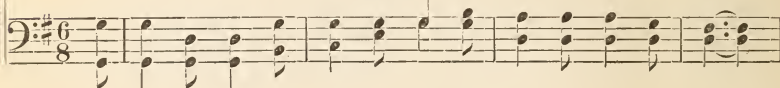
—I. WATTS.

J. G.

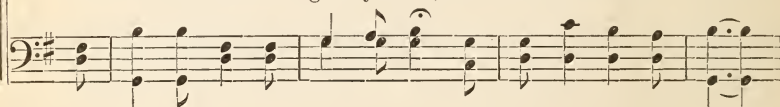
JOSHUA GILL. By per.



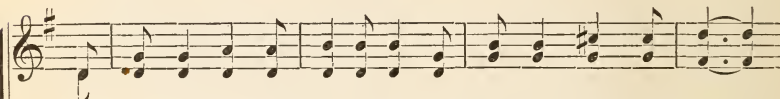
1. The Saviour came from realms of light Our sin and shame to bear ;
- 2 He had not where to lay his head, His heart was pressed with care,
3. In dark Geth-sem - a - ne he prayed, His woe no heart could share,
4. On Calv'ry's cross he bled and died, Oh, love be - yond com - pare !



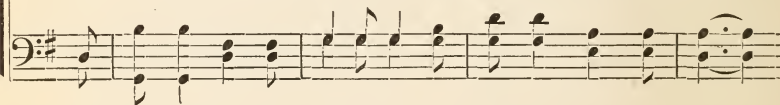
He stooped to save the sons of men ; Who'll follow Je - sus there ?
 A servant's place he meek-ly took ; Who'll follow Je - sus there ?
 "Thy will, not mine, be done," he cried ; Who'll follow Je - sus there ?
 The crown of thorns he glad-ly wore ; Who'll follow Je - sus there ?



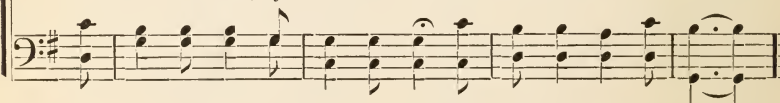
CHORUS.



I'll fol - low Je - sus everywhere, I'll fol - low Je - sus there,



Wher - e'er he leads, by words or deeds, I'll fol - low Je - sus there.



The hymns on opposite page may be sung to this tune. With the single stanza, use chorus above ; with the double stanza, use latter half of each on chorus.

101

- 1 And did the Holy and the Just,
The Sovereign of the skies,
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
That guilty man might rise?
- 2 Yes, the Redeemer left his throne,
His radiant throne on high—
Surprising mercy! love unknown!
To suffer, bleed, and die.
- 3 He took the dying traitor's place,
And suffered in his stead;
For sinful man, oh, wondrous grace!
For sinful man he bled.
- 4 O Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell
In thine atoning blood!
By this are sinners saved from hell,
And rebels brought to God.

—ANNE STEELE.

102

- 1 Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.
- 2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here!
But now they taste unmingled love
And joy without a tear.
- 3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

—G. N. ALLEN.

103

- 1 Lord, lead the way the Saviour went,
By lane and cell obscure;
And let our treasures still be spent
Like his, upon the poor.
- 2 Like him, through scenes of deep
distress,
Who bore the world's sad weight,
We, in their gloomy loneliness,
Would seek the desolate.
- 3 For thou has placed us side by side
In this wide world of ill;
And that thy followers may be tried,
The poor are with us still.
- 4 Small are the offerings we can make;
Yet thou hast taught us, Lord,
If given for the Saviour's sake,
They lose not their reward.

—WM. CROSWELL.

104

- 1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?
Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
Or sailed through bloody seas?
- 2 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?
Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.
- 3 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
By faith they bring it nigh.
When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

—I. WATTS.

105

- 1 Oh, for a faith that will not shrink
Though pressed by every foe!
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe;
That will not murmur or complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God:
- 2 A faith that shines more bright and
clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt:
That bears, unmoved, the world's
dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That seas of trouble cannot drown,
Or Satan's arts beguile:
- 3 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Illumes a dying bed.
Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, while here, the hallowed
bliss
Of an eternal home.

—W. H. BATHURST.

J. M. W.

J. M. WHYTE.

1. I have heard the voice of Je - sus, soft and low; I have heard the
 2. And he found my heart a cold and cheerless place; But he entered
 3. And he tuned the harp of love so long unstrung; And he touched the
 4. Though my love for Je - sus was so ve - ry cold; Yet his love for

Spir - it pleading with me so, That I came with all my
 in and warmed it by his grace; And he showed to me his
 strings and gave to them a tongue; And the strings rang out with
 me has brought me to his fold; And the songs of praise to

weight of sin and woe, And I gave my heart to Je - sus.
 sweet and love - ly face, When I gave my heart to Je - sus.
 songs be - fore un - sung, When I gave my heart to Je - sus.
 him have not grown old, Since I gave my heart to Je - sus.

CHORUS.

How the music swelled from the golden harps, And the sweet-voiced seraphim,

On that blessed, blessed hap - py day, When I gave my heart to him.
 blessed happy day,

107

- 1 Look away to Jesus, soul by woe
oppressed,
'Twas for thee he suffered, come to
him and rest; [he bore,
All thy griefs he carried, all thy sins
Sinner, look away to Jesus.

CHORUS.

- Look away to Jesus, who died for
thee,
Who a crown of life will give;
All who look to him shall (never)
never die:
Look away to him and live.
- 2 Look away to Jesus when the skies
are fair;
Calm seas have their dangers, mariner
beware! [they came;
Earthly joys are fleeting, going as
Brother, look away to Jesus.

- 3 When, amid the music of the endless
feast,
Saints will sing his praises, thine shall
not be least; [sea,
Then, amid the glories of the crystal
You will look away to Jesus.

—HENRY BURTON.

108

- 1 Sinner, will you choose the God you
should obey,
And no longer walk upon the down-
ward way? [to-day,
If the Lord be God, then follow him
And no more reject his favor.

CHORUS.

- Will you choose this day under whom
you'll serve,
And surrender to his will?
If the Lord be God, then (follow)
follow him,
That your heart his love may fill.
- 2 Do you now intend to make the Lord
your choice? [voice?
Are you now resolved to listen to his
Then believe his Word and you may
now rejoice
In the name of Christ your Saviour.

- 3 This I say to you, the time is short,
my friend;
Soon will come the day to you when
life shall end: [spend
Where will you the great eternal ages
If you now reject the Saviour?

—J. M. WHITE.

109

- 1 Where the mourner weeping sheds the
secret tear,
God his watch is keeping, though none
else be near, [hear;
And the cry of sorrow he will always
Trust in him alone to save thee!

CHORUS.

Let us trust in him who alone can save,
Who with joy can fill our days,
And when life is over (over) here below,
In the skies we'll sing his praise.

- 2 Jesus ne'er will leave thee, all thy
wants he knows,
Feels the pains that grieve thee, sees
thy hidden woes,
And will shield from every stormy
wind that blows;
Trust in him alone to save thee!

- 3 When in grief we languish, let it e'en
be so; [below,
All our woe and sadness, in this world
Balance not the gladness we in heaven
shall know,
If we trust alone in Jesus.

—FRANCES ELIZABETH COX.

110

- 1 There's a narrow path that leads to
endless day,
Where the blood-wash'd throng for
ages past have trod;
We have turned our feet into this
narrow way,
And we still keep marching onward.

CHORUS.

In the strength of him who is gone
before,
And has marked for us the road,
We will still keep marching (marching)
gladly on,
Till we reach our bright abode.

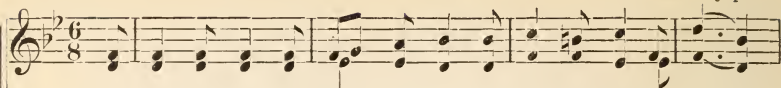
- 2 Though the way be narrow, 'tis the
path of peace,
Where no ill can harm the travellers
therein; [holiness,
'Tis the King's highway—the way of
And we still keep marching onward.

- 3 From the everlasting hills there comes
a light, [guide;
All along the path to be the pilgrim's
As we near the perfect day it grows
more bright,
While we still keep marching onward.

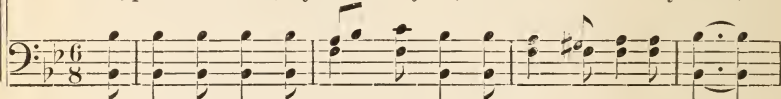
111 THE SAVIOUR IS MY ALL IN ALL.

P. B.

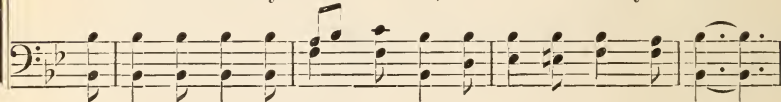
P. P. BILHORN. By per.



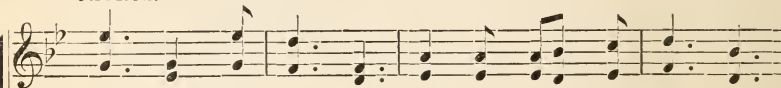
1. The Saviour is my all in all, He is my constant theme;
2. His Spirit gives sweet peace with-in, And bids all care de - part;
3. And whatso - ev - er I may ask, To glo - ri - fy his name,
4. Oh, praise the Lord, my soul re-joice, Give thanks un-to thy God,



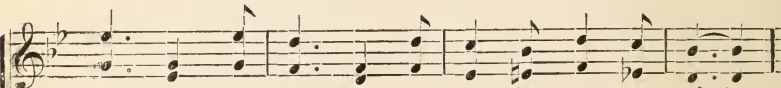
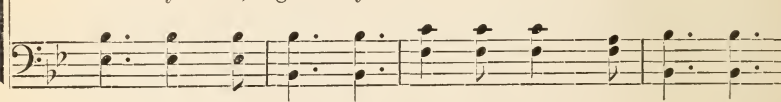
By sim-ply trusting in his word, He keeps me pure and clean.
He fills my soul with righteousness, And pur - i - fies the heart.
The Father free - ly gives to me, Since Christ the Saviour came.
Who took thee in thy sin - ful-ness, And cleansed thee by his blood.



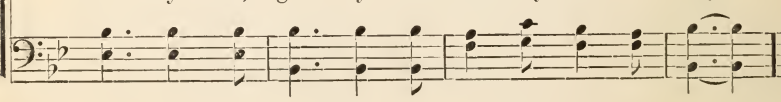
CHORUS.



Glo - ry! oh, glo - ry! Je - sus hath redeemed me;



Glo - ry! oh, glo - ry! He washed my sins a - way!



The hymns on opposite page may be sung to this tune, using chorus above.

112

- 1 Amazing grace, how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now I'm found:
Was blind, but now I see.
- 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to
fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed!
- 3 Through many dangers, toils, and
snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus
far,
And grace will lead me home.
- 4 Let God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit be adored,
Where there are works to make him
known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

—JOHN NEWTON.

113

- 1 I've found the pearl of greatest price!
My heart doth sing for joy;
And sing I must, for Christ is mine!
He shall my song employ.
- 2 Christ is my Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Prophet full of light,
My great High Priest before the throne,
My King of heavenly might.
- 3 Christ is my peace; he died for me,
For me he gave his blood,
And, as my wondrous Sacrifice,
Offered himself to God.
- 4 Christ Jesus is my all-in-all,
My comfort and my love;
My life below, and he shall be
My joy and crown above.

—JOHN MASON.

114

- 1 Amazing sight! the Saviour stands
And knocks at every door;
Ten thousand blessings in his hands
To satisfy the poor.
- 2 "Behold," he saith, "I bleed and die
To bring you to my rest";
Hear, sinners, while he's passing by,
And be forever blest.

- 3 Will you despise his bleeding love,
And choose the way to hell?
Or, in the glorious realms above,
With him, forever dwell?
- 4 Say, will you hear his gracious voice,
And have your sins forgiven?
Or, will you make that wretched
choice,
And bar yourselves from heaven?

—ANON.

115

- 1 Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their
tongues
But all their joys are one.
- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they
cry,
"To be exalted thus!"
"Worthy the Lamb!" our hearts
reply;
"For he was slain for us."
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be Lord, for ever thine!
- 4 The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb!

—I. WATTS.

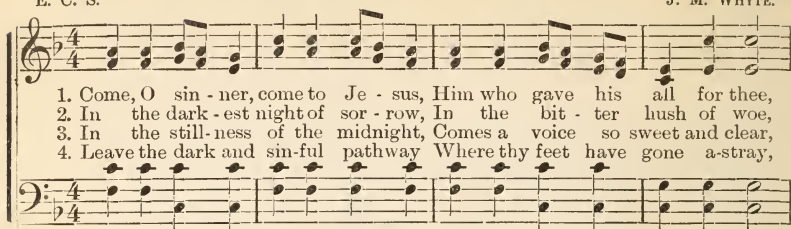
116

- 1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his
wounds,
And drives away his fear.
- 2 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield, and hiding place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace!
- 3 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But, when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.
- 4 Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death!

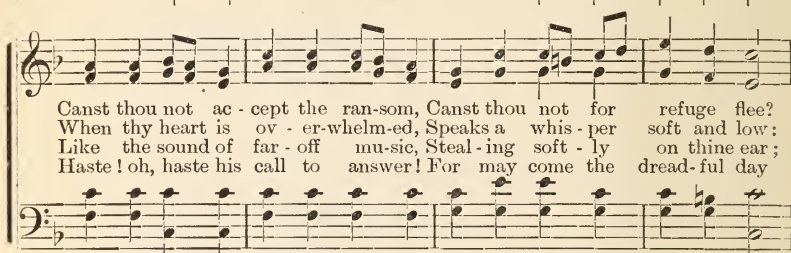
—J. NEWTON.

E. C. S.

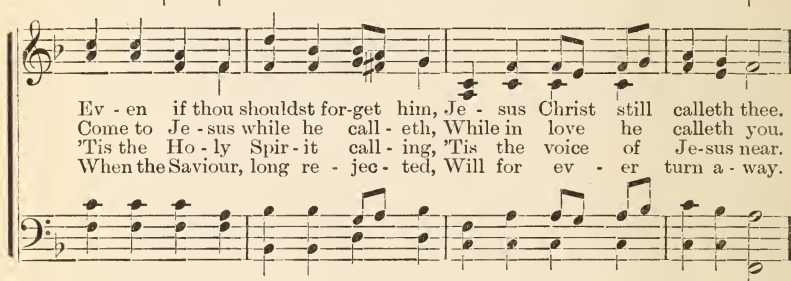
J. M. WHITE.



1. Come, O sin - ner, come to Je - sus, Him who gave his all for thee,
 2. In the dark - est night of sor - row, In the bit - ter hush of woe,
 3. In the still - ness of the midnight, Comes a voice so sweet and clear,
 4. Leave the dark and sin - ful pathway Where thy feet have gone a - stray,



Canst thou not ac - cept the ran - som, Canst thou not for refuge flee?
 When thy heart is ov - er - whelm - ed, Speaks a whis - per soft and low;
 Like the sound of far - off mu - sic, Steal - ing soft - ly on thine ear;
 Haste! oh, haste his call to answer! For may come the dread - ful day

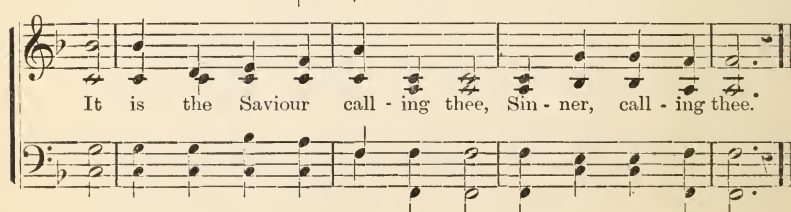


Ev - en if thou shouldst for - get him, Je - sus Christ still calleth thee.
 Come to Je - sus while he call - eth, While in love he calleth you.
 'Tis the Ho - ly Spir - it call - ing, 'Tis the voice of Je - sus near.
 When the Saviour, long re - jec - ted, Will for ev - er turn a - way.

CHORUS.



Who is it call - ing thee . . . Sin - ner, call - ing thee? . . .
 It is the Lord. It is the Lord.



It is the Saviour call - ing thee, Sin - ner, call - ing thee.

- 1 God of our salvation hear us,
 Bless, oh, bless us, ere we go;
 When we join the world, be near us,
 Lest we cold and careless grow.
 Saviour, keep us! Saviour, keep us!
 Keep us safe from every foe.

CHORUS.

Who is it keeping thee . . . safely
 keeping thee?
 . . . It is the Lord . . . It is the Lord,
 It is the Saviour keeping thee, safely
 keeping thee.

- 2 As our steps are drawing nearer
 To our everlasting home,
 May our view of heaven grow clearer,
 Hope more bright of joys to come;
 And, when dying, and, when dying,
 May thy presence cheer the gloom.

—T. KELLY.

119

- 1 Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
 Pilgrim through this barren land;
 I am weak, but thou art mighty;
 Hold me with thy powerful hand:
 Bread of heaven! Bread of heaven!
 Feed me till I want no more.

CHORUS.

Who is it guiding thee . . . Christian
 guiding thee?
 . . . It is the Lord . . . It is the Lord,
 It is Jehovah guiding thee, Christian
 guiding thee.

- 2 Open thou the crystal fountain
 Whence the healing waters flow;
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
 Lead me all my journey through:
 Strong Deliverer! Strong Deliverer!
 Be thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside;
 Bear me through the swelling current;
 Land me safe on Canaan's side.
 Songs of praises, songs of praises
 I will ever give to thee.

—W. WILLIAMS.

120

- 1 Hark. the voice of love and mercy
 Sounds aloud from Calvary;
 See! it rends the rocks asunder,
 Shakes the earth and vaults the sky:
 "It is finished!" "It is finished!"
 Hear the dying Saviour cry.
- 2 "It is finished!" oh, what pleasure
 Do these charming words afford!

Heavenly blessings, without measure,
 Flow to us from Christ, the Lord:
 "It is finished!" "It is finished!"
 Saints, the dying words record.

- 3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
 Join to sing the pleasing theme;
 All on earth and all in heaven,
 Join to praise Immanuel's name:
 Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

—J. EVANS.

121

- 1 Sinners, will you scorn the message
 Coming from the courts above;
 Mercy beams in every passage,
 Every line is full of love;
 Oh, believe it! Oh, believe it!
 Every line is full of love.
- 2 Now the heralds of salvation
 Joyful news from heaven proclaim!
 Sinners freed from condemnation
 Through the all-atoning Lamb!
 Life receiving, life receiving
 Through the all-atoning Lamb!
- 3 O ye angels, hovering round us,
 Waiting spirits speed your way;
 Haste ye to the court of heaven,
 Tidings bear without delay:
 Rebel sinners, rebel sinners
 Glad the message will obey.

—J. ALLEN.

122

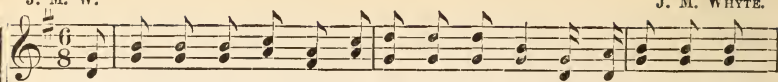
- 1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
 Jesus ready stands to save you,
 Full of pity, love and power.
 He is able, he is able,
 He is willing, doubt no more.
- 2 Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream;
 All the fitness he requireth
 Is to feel your need of him:
 This he gives you, this he gives you;
 'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.
- 3 Agonizing in the garden,
 Lo! your Maker prostrate lies;
 On the bloody tree behold him,
 Hear him cry before he dies,
 "It is finished," it is finished;
 Sinners, will not that suffice?
- 4 Lo! th'incarnate God, ascended,
 Pleads the merits of his blood;
 Venture on him, venture wholly,
 Let no other trust intrude:
 None but Jesus, none but Jesus
 Can do helpless sinners good.

—J. HART.

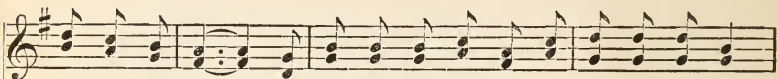
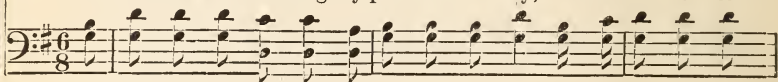
I WILL TELL IT TO JESUS.

J. M. W.

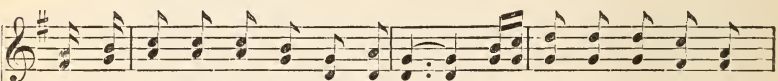
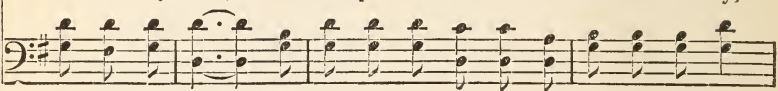
J. M. WHITE.



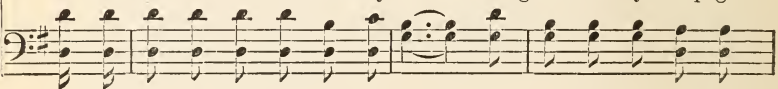
1. When times of temp - tation bring sadness and gloom I will tell it to
2. When out on the hill-tops, away from all sin, I will tell it to
3. When weary with toiling and ready to faint, I will tell it to
4. When darkness is dimming my path to the sky, I will tell it to



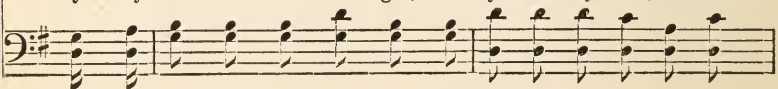
Je - sus my Lord; The last of earth's treasures borne out to the tomb,
 Je - sus my Lord; When joyous and happy the sunshine with - in,
 Je - sus my Lord; He nev - er re - fus - es to hear my complaint,
 Je - sus my Lord; When helpers shall fail me and comforts shall fly,



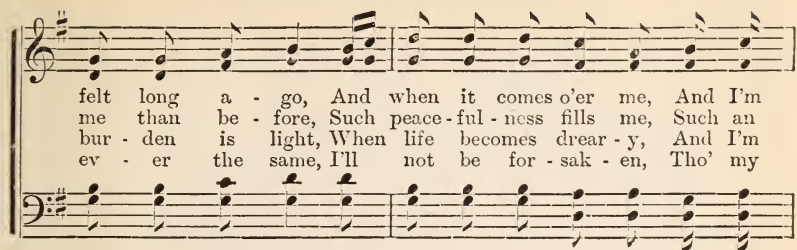
I will tell it to Je - sus my Lord. This earth hath no sorrow
 I will tell it to Je - sus my Lord. To know I'm for - giv - en
 I will tell it to Je - sus my Lord. I'll cheerful - ly bear it,
 I will tell it to Je - sus my Lord. Though blurred my life's pages



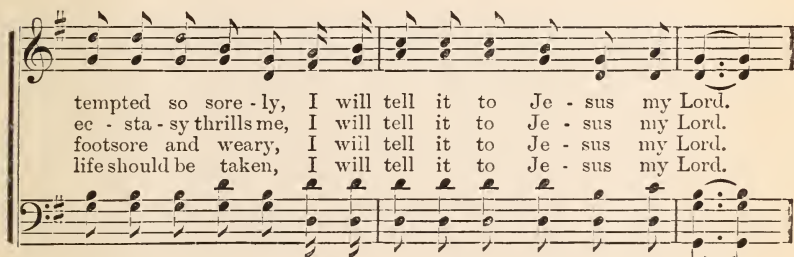
For to - day or to - mor - row, But Je - sus hath known it and
 Is a foretaste of heaven, And Je - sus is dear - er to
 When I've Je - sus to share it, His yoke it is ea - sy, his
 By my sin and its wa - ges, He's yester - day, now, and for -



I WILL TELL IT TO JESUS—*Continued.*

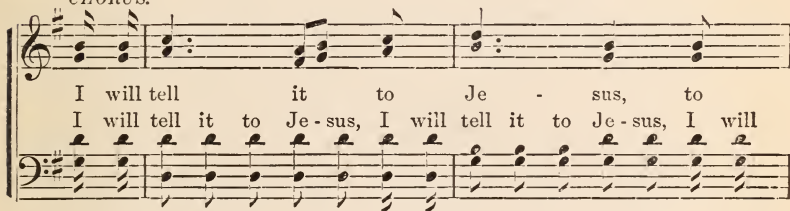


felt long a - go, And when it comes o'er me, And I'm
me than be - fore, Such peace - ful - ness fills me, Such an
bur - den is light, When life becomes drear - y, And I'm
ev - er the same, I'll not be for - sak - en, Tho' my



tempted so sore - ly, I will tell it to Je - sus my Lord.
ec - sta - sy thrills me, I will tell it to Je - sus my Lord.
footsore and weary, I will tell it to Je - sus my Lord.
life should be taken, I will tell it to Je - sus my Lord.

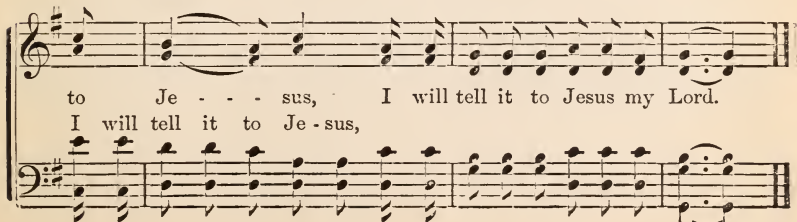
CHORUS.



I will tell it to Je - sus, to
I will tell it to Je - sus, I will tell it to Je - sus, I will



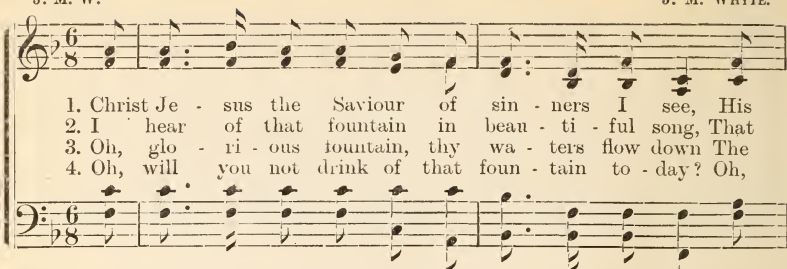
Je - - sus my Lord, . . . I will tell . . . it
tell it to Je - sus, to Je - sus my Lord, I will tell it to Je - sus



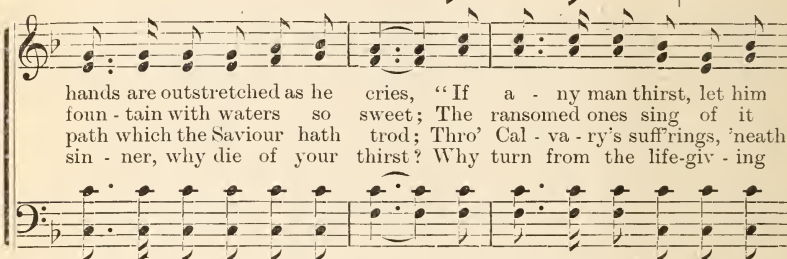
to Je - - - sus, I will tell it to Jesus my Lord.
I will tell it to Je - sus,

J. M. W.

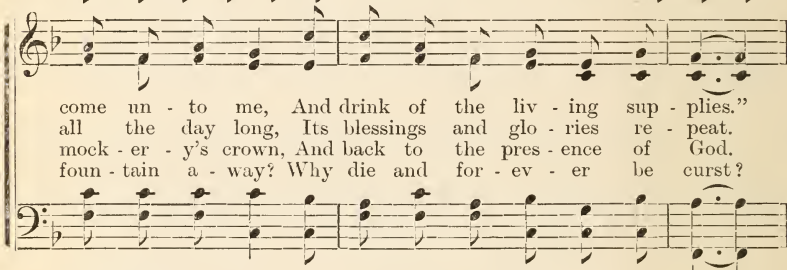
J. M. WHYTE.



1. Christ Je - sus the Saviour of sin - ners I see, His
 2. I hear of that fountain in beau - ti - ful song, That
 3. Oh, glo - ri - ous fountain, thy wa - ters flow down The
 4. Oh, will you not drink of that foun - tain to - day? Oh,

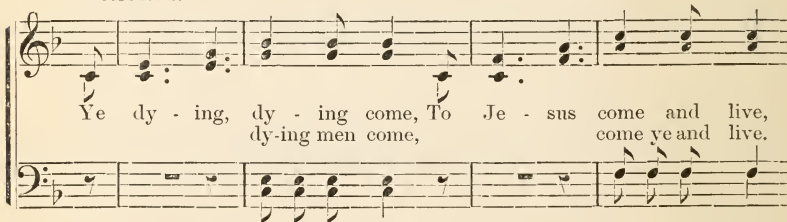


hands are outstretched as he cries, "If a - ny man thirst, let him
 foun - tain with waters so sweet; The ransomed ones sing of it
 path which the Saviour hath trod; Thro' Cal - va - ry's sufferings, 'neath
 sin - ner, why die of your thirst? Why turn from the life-giv - ing



come un - to me, And drink of the liv - ing sup - plies."
 all the day long, Its blessings and glo - ries re - peat.
 mock - er - y's crown, And back to the pres - ence of God.
 foun - tain a - way? Why die and for - ev - er be curst?

CHORUS.



Ye dy - ing, dy - ing come, To Je - sus come and live,
 dy-ing men come, come ye and live.

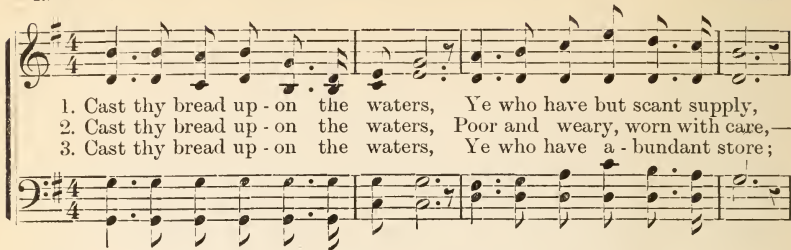


To liv - ing wa - ters come, Oh, come and drink and live.

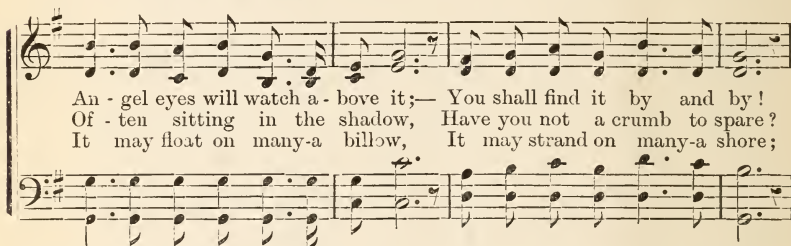
129 CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

R. EDGAR.

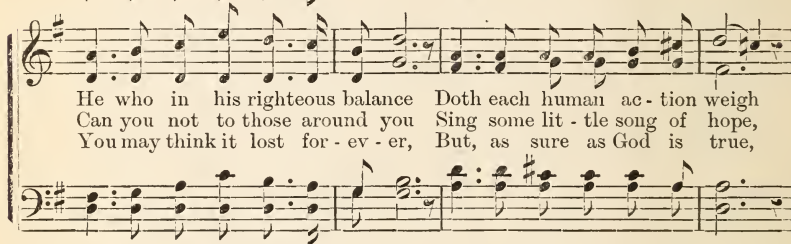
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



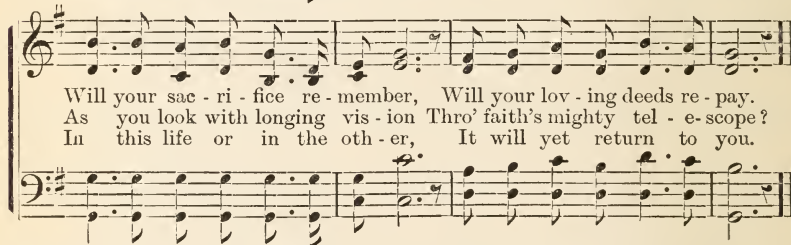
1. Cast thy bread up - on the waters, Ye who have but scant supply,
 2. Cast thy bread up - on the waters, Poor and weary, worn with care,—
 3. Cast thy bread up - on the waters, Ye who have a - bundant store;



An - gel eyes will watch a - bove it;— You shall find it by and by!
 Of - ten sitting in the shadow, Have you not a crumb to spare?
 It may float on many-a billow, It may strand on many-a shore;



He who in his righteous balance Doth each human ac - tion weigh
 Can you not to those around you Sing some lit - tle song of hope,
 You may think it lost for - ev - er, But, as sure as God is true,



Will your sac - ri - fice re - member, Will your lov - ing deeds re - pay.
 As you look with longing vis - ion Thro' faith's mighty tel - e - scope?
 In this life or in the oth - er, It will yet return to you.

4 Cast thy bread upon the waters,
 Far and wide your treasures strew;
 Scatter it with willing fingers,
 Shout for joy to see it go!
 For if you do closely keep it,
 It will only drag you down;
 If you love it more than Jesus,
 It will keep you from your crown.

5 Cast thy bread upon the waters,
 Waft it on with praying breath;
 In some distant, doubtful moment
 It may save a soul from death.
 When you sleep in solemn silence,
 'Neath the morn and evening dew
 Stranger hands, which you have
 strengthened,
 May strew lilies over you.

By permission of J. J. Hood.

130

- 1 Call Jehovah thy salvation,
Rest beneath the Almighty's shade;
In his secret habitation
Dwell, nor ever be dismayed;
There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;
Guile nor violence can harm thee,
In eternal safety there.
- 2 From the sword at noon-day wasting,
From the noisome pestilence
In the depth of midnight blasting,
God shall be thy sure defence;
Fear thou not the deadly quiver,
When a thousand feel the blow;
Mercy shall thy soul deliver,
Though ten thousand be laid low.
- 3 Since, with pure and firm affection,
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of his protection,
He will shield thee from above:
Thou shalt call on him in trouble,
He will hearken, he will save;
Here for grief reward thee double,
Crown with life beyond the grave.

—MONTGOMERY.

131

- 1 Yes, my native land, I love thee;
All thy scenes, I love them well;
Friends, connections, happy country,
Can I bid you all farewell?
Can I leave thee, can I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?
Friends, connections, happy country,
Can I bid you all farewell?
- 2 Yes, my native land, I love thee;
All thy scenes, I love them well;
Home, thy joys are passing lovely,—
Joys no stranger heart can tell.
Happy home, indeed, I love thee;
Can I, can I say "Farewell"?
Can I leave thee, can I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?
- 3 Yes, my native land, I love thee;
All thy scenes, I love them well;
Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
Holy days and Sabbath bell,
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure,
Can I say a last farewell?
Can I leave thee, can I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?
- 4 Yes, my native land, I love thee;
All thy scenes, I love them well;
Yes, I hasten from you gladly,
From the scenes I loved so well.

Far away, ye billows, bear me;
Lovely native land, farewell! [thee,
Pleased I leave thee, pleased I leave
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

- 5 Yes, my native land, I love thee;
All thy scenes, I love them well;
Bear me on, thou restless ocean;
Let the winds my canvas swell.
Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
While I go far hence to dwell:
Glad I bid thee, glad I bid thee,
Native land, farewell, farewell!

—S. F. SMITH.

132

- 1 Come, thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free,
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in thee.
Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth thou art;
Dear Desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.
- 2 Born thy people to deliver,
Born a child and yet a king,
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.
By thine own eternal Spirit
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

—C. WESLEY.

133

- 1 Hark! the Saviour's voice from heaven
Speaks a pardon full and free;
Come, and thou shalt be forgiven;
Boundless mercy flows for thee.
See the healing fountain springing
From the Saviour on the tree;
Pardon, peace, and cleansing bringing,
Lost one, loved one, 'tis for thee.
- 2 Hear his love and mercy speaking:
"Come, and lay thy soul on me;
Though thy heart for sin be breaking,
I have rest and peace for thee."
Sinner, come, to Jesus flying,
From thy sin and woe be free;
Burdened, guilty, wounded, dying,
Gladly will he welcome thee.
- 3 Every sin shall be forgiven,
Thou, through grace, a child shalt be;
Child of God, and heir of heaven,
Yes, a mansion waits for thee.
Then in love for ever dwelling,
Jesus all thy joy shall be;
And thy song shall still be telling
All his mercy did for thee.

J. M. W.

J. M. WHYTE.

1. O who, who could help me, Relieve, cleanse and save me?
 2. Mysins were as scar-let, And red, like to crimson,
 3. My foes, strong and mighty, Stood o - ver a - gainst me,

And I went and told my Lord; O who, who could help me,
 And I went and told my Lord; My sins were as scar-let,
 And I went and told my Lord; My foes, strong and mighty,

Relieve, cleanse and save me? And I went and told my Lord.
 And red, like to crimson, And I went and told my Lord.
 Stood o - ver against me, And I went and told my Lord.

And I came to Calv'ry's mountain, And a cross up - lift - ed there,
 He dispelled my wo - ful sadness, And my sins he all forgave,
 And he came and stood be - side me, My defence and hiding-place,

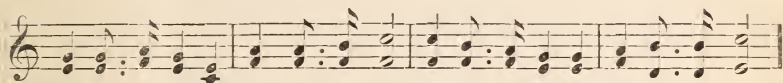
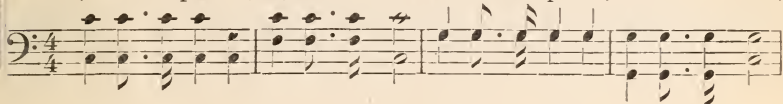
And I saw the cleansing fountain, When I went and told my Lord.
 And my heart was filled with gladness, When I went and told my Lord.
 Might-y help was not denied me, When I went and told my Lord.

JOHN.

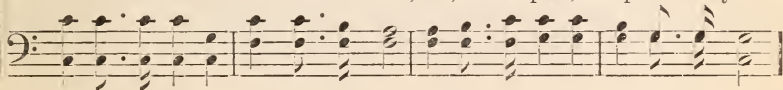
J. G. F.



1. Christ our Redeemer died on the cross, Died for the sinner, paid all his due ;
2. Chief-est of sinners, Je- sus can save, As he has promised, so will he do ;
3. Judgment is coming, all will be there, Who have rejected, who have refused ;
4. Oh, what compassion, oh, boundless love! Jesus hath power, Je-sus is true ;



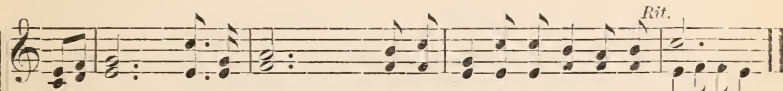
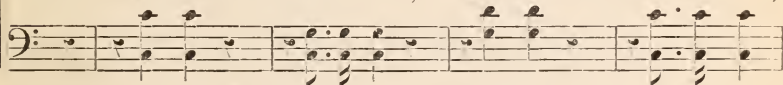
All who receive him need never fear, Yes, he will pass, will pass over you.
 O sinner, hear him, trust in his word, Then he will pass, will pass over you.
 O sinner, hasten, let Jesus in, Then God will pass, will pass over you.
 All who believe are safe from the storm, Oh, he will pass, will pass over you.



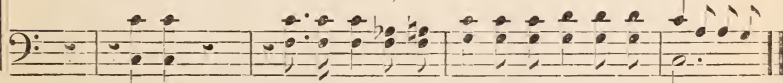
CHORUS.



When I see the blood, When I see the blood,
 When I see the blood, When I see the blood,

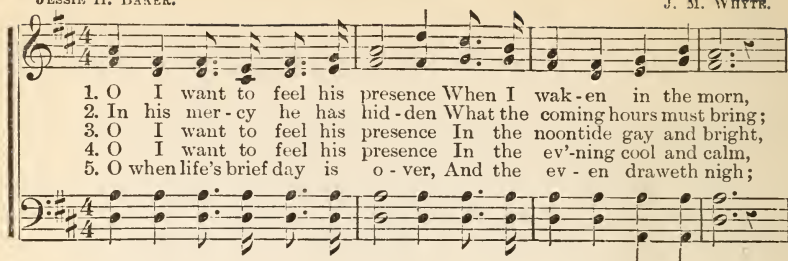


When I see the blood, I will pass, I will pass over you, over you.
 When I see the blood,



JESSIE H. BAKER.

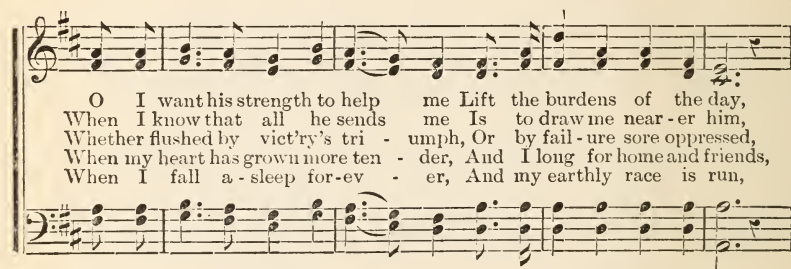
J. M. WHITE.



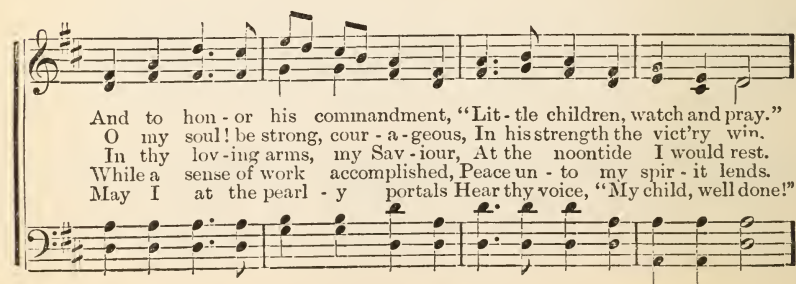
1. O I want to feel his presence When I wak-en in the morn,
 2. In his mer-cy he has hid-den What the coming hours must bring;
 3. O I want to feel his presence In the noontide gay and bright,
 4. O I want to feel his presence In the ev'-ning cool and calm,
 5. O when life's brief day is o-ver, And the ev-en draweth nigh;



With the hours of toil be-fore me, And my work yet un-be-gun;
 If 'tis joy, it grow-eth brighter, Or if pain, it bears no sting;
 When the cares of life are pressing, And too quick-ly comes the night;
 When the low wind stirs the tree-tops, Sobbing nature's twilight psalm,
 And I dream, a-mid the gloaming, Of my home beyond the sky;



O I want his strength to help me Lift the burdens of the day,
 When I know that all he sends me Is to draw me near-er him,
 Whether flushed by vict'ry's tri-umph, Or by fail-ure sore oppressed,
 When my heart has grown more ten-der, And I long for home and friends,
 When I fall a-sleep for-ev-er, And my earthly race is run,



And to hon-or his commandment, "Lit-tle children, watch and pray."
 O my soul! be strong, cour-a-geous, In his strength the vict'ry win.
 In thy lov-ing arms, my Sav-iour, At the noontide I would rest.
 While a sense of work accomplished, Peace un-to my spir-it lends.
 May I at the pearl-y portals Hear thy voice, "My child, well done!"

MY NEEDS—Continued.

CHORUS.

Je - sus, 'mid the bus - y whirl - ing, Help me to per - form each
 dut - y,—Walk the path thy - self hast trod; That by
 bearing o - thers' burdens, Night may find me near - er God.

137

- 1 Come, thou Fount of every blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
 Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise.
 Teach me some celestial measure,
 Sung by ransomed hosts above;
 Oh, the vast, the boundless treasure
 Of my Lord's unchanging love.
- 2 Here I raise my Ebenezer;
 Hither by thy help I've come;
 And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God;
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interposed his precious blood.
- 3 Oh, to grace, how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrained to be!
 Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to thee.
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
 Prone to leave the God I love!
 Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
 Seal it for thy courts above!

—R. ROBINSON.

138

- 1 Light of those whose dreary dwelling
 Borders on the shades of death,
 Come, and by thy love's revealing
 Dissipate the clouds beneath:
 The new heaven and earth's Creator,
 In our deepest darkness rise,
 Scattering all the night of nature,
 Pouring eyesight on our eyes.
- 2 Still we wait for thine appearing;
 Life and joy thy beams impart,
 Chasing all our fears, and cheering
 Every poor benighted heart:
 Come, and manifest the favor
 God hath for our ransomed race;
 Come, thou universal Saviour,
 Come, and bring the gospel grace.
- 3 Save us in thy great compassion,
 O thou mild, pacific Prince!
 Give the knowledge of salvation,
 Give the pardon of our sins:
 By thy all-restoring merit
 Every burdened soul release;
 Every weary, wandering spirit
 Guide into thy perfect peace.

—C. WESLEY.

J. M. W.

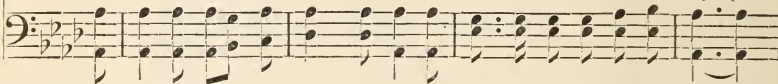
J. M. WHYTE.



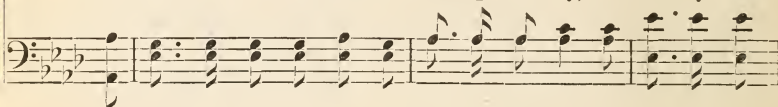
1. The loving Saviour pleads to-day, He's calling us, calling us home;
 2. We all, like sheep, have gone astray; He's calling us, calling us home;
 3. The ev'n'ing shadows lengthen fast; He's calling us, calling us home;
 4. Oh, shall the Saviour plead in vain? He's calling us, calling us home;



Come, follow me. I am the way, He's calling us, calling us home.
 Each one has turned to his own way, He's calling us, calling us home.
 Far down the ways of sin we've passed; He's calling us, calling us home.
 Oh, shall we not re-turn again; He's calling us, calling us home.



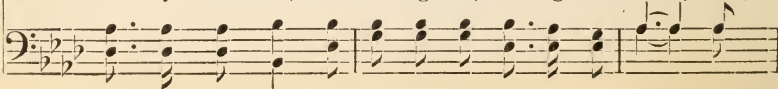
The tones of a mother en-treat-ing her son, May die ere the
 'Tis Je - sus the Shepherd who cometh at morn, With scars of the
 Tho' in - to the gloom of the night we have gone, A light thro' the
 The blackness of darkness is veiling the sky, How swiftly the



flow - ers of summer are gone; With in - fi - nite ten - der - ness
 nail and the spear and the thorn; Yet while we re - ject him and
 dark - ness up - on us hath shone; 'Tis Je - sus, 'tis Je - sus still
 warnings and pleadings go by; Oh, let us re - turn or we



Je - sus pleads on, Still calling us, calling us home; With
 treat him with scorn, He's calling us, calling us home; Yet
 fol - low - ing on, And calling us, calling us home; 'Tis
 sure - ly will die, He's calling us, calling us home; Oh,



HE'S CALLING US HOME—*Continued.*

in - fi - nite tenderness Jesus pleads on, Still calling us, calling us home.
 while we reject him and treat him with scorn, He's calling us, calling us home.
 Je - sus, 'tis Jesus still following on, And calling us, calling us home.
 let us return or we surely will die, He's calling us, calling us home.

BELMONT.—C.M.

140

- 1 There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood
While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
- 5 Oh, could we make our doubts remove
Those gloomy thoughts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unobscured eyes.

- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er, [flood,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
Should fright us from the shore.

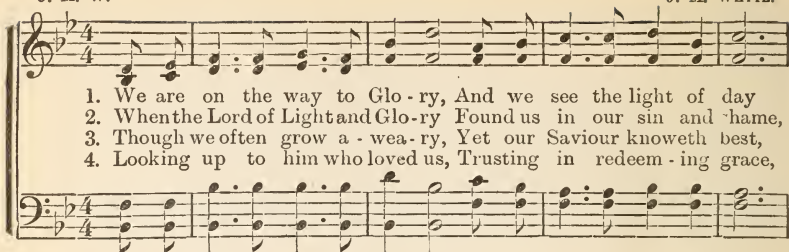
—I. WATTS.

141

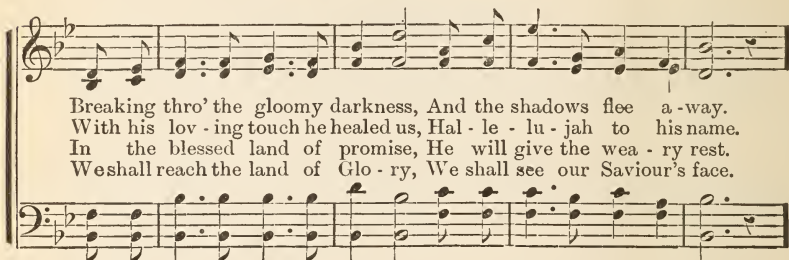
- 1 Why should our tears in sorrow flow
When God recalls his own,
And bids them leave a world of woe,
For an immortal crown?
- 2 Is not e'en death a gain to those
Whose life to God was given?
Gladly to earth their eyes they close,
To open them in heaven.
- 3 Their toils are past, their work is done,
And they are fully blest;
They fought the fight, the vict'ry won;
And entered into rest.
- 4 Then let our sorrows cease to flow,
God has recalled his own;
But let our hearts, in every woe,
Still say, "Thy will be done."

J. M. W.

J. M. WHYTE.

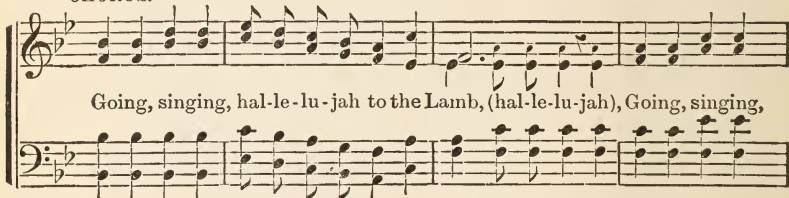


1. We are on the way to Glo - ry, And we see the light of day
2. When the Lord of Light and Glo - ry Found us in our sin and - hame,
3. Though we often grow a - wea - ry, Yet our Saviour knoweth best,
4. Looking up to him who loved us, Trusting in redeem - ing grace,

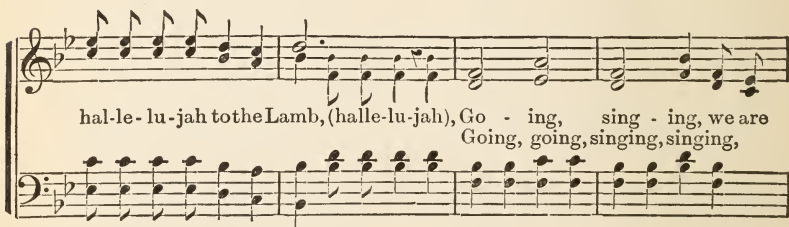


Breaking thro' the gloomy darkness, And the shadows flee a - way.
 With his lov - ing touch he healed us, Hal - le - lu - jah to his name.
 In the blessed land of promise, He will give the wea - ry rest.
 We shall reach the land of Glo - ry, We shall see our Saviour's face.

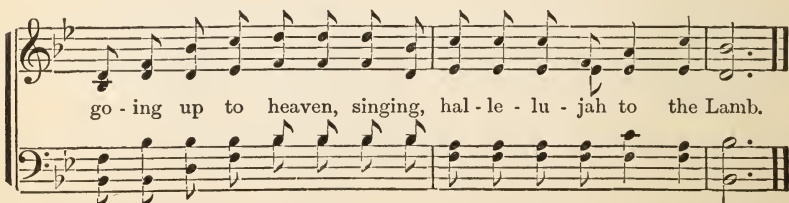
CHORUS.



Going, singing, hal-le-lu-jah to the Lamb, (hal-le-lu-jah), Going, singing,



hal-le-lu-jah to the Lamb, (hal-le-lu-jah), Go - ing, sing - ing, we are
 Going, going, singing, singing,



go - ing up to heaven, singing, hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb.

143

- 1 Hark! the sound of angel-voices,
Over Bethlehem's starlit plain;
Hark! the heavenly host rejoices,
Jesus comes on earth to reign.
- 2 See celestial radiance beaming,
Lighting the midnight sky;
'Tis the promised day-star gleaming,
'Tis the day-spring from on high.
- 3 Westward, all along the ages,
Trace its pathway clear and bright;
Star of hope, to Eastern sages,
Radiant now with gospel light.
- 4 Angels from the realms of glory,
Peace on earth delight to sing;
Christian, tell the wondrous story,
Go proclaim the Saviour King!

—ANON.

144

- 1 Jesus calls us, o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild, restless sea;
Day by day his sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, Christian, follow me!
- 2 Jesus calls us—from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store;
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, Christian, love me more.
- 3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still he calls, in cares and pleasures,—
Christian, love me more than these!
- 4 Jesus calls us! by thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear thy call;
Give our hearts to thy obedience,
Serve and love thee best of all!

—C. F. ALEXANDER.

145

- 1 Onward, Christian, though the region
Where thou art be drear and lone;
God has set a guardian legion
Very near thee: press thou on.
- 2 By the thorn-road, and none other,
Is the mount of vision won;
Tread it without shrinking, brother;
Jesus trod it: press thou on.
- 3 Be this world the wiser, stronger,
For thy life of pain and peace;
While it needs thee, oh, no longer
Pray thou for thy quick release.
- 4 Pray thou, Christian, daily, rather,
That thou be a faithful son;
By the prayer of Jesus, "Father,
Not my will, but thine, be done."

—S. JOHNSON.

146

- 1 See the Conqueror mounts in triumph!
See the King in royal state,
Riding on the clouds, his chariot,
To his heavenly palace gate!
- 2 Hark! the choirs of angel-voices
Joyful hallelujahs sing,
And the portals high are lifted
To receive their heavenly King.
- 3 Who is this that comes in glory,
With the trump of jubilee?
Lord of battles, God of armies,
He has gained the victory.
- 4 He who on the cross did suffer,
He, who from the grave arose,
He has vanquished sin and Satan,
He by death has spoiled his foes.

—C. WOODSWORTH.

147

- 1 Hark! the notes of angels, singing
Glory, glory to the Lamb!
All in heaven their tribute bringing,
Raising high the Saviour's name.
- 2 Ye for whom his life was given,
Sacred themes to you belong;
Come, assist the choir of heaven;
Join the everlasting song.
- 3 Filled with holy emulation,
We unite with those above;
Sweet the theme—a free salvation—
Fruit of everlasting love.
- 4 Endless life in him possessing,
Let us praise his precious name;
Glory, honor, power and blessing,
Be for ever to the Lamb!

—KELLY.

148

- 1 Crown his head with endless blessing,
Who, in God the Father's name,
With compassions never ceasing,
Comes salvation to proclaim.
- 2 Hail! ye saints, who know his favor,
Who within his gates are found;
Hail! ye saints, the exalted Saviour,
Let his courts with praise resound.
- 3 Jesus, thee our Saviour hailing,
Thee our God in praise we own;
Highest honors, never failing,
Rise eternal round thy throne.
- 4 Now, ye saints, his power confessing,
In your grateful strains adore;
For his mercy, never ceasing,
Flows, and flows for evermore.

—W. GOODE.

E. A. H.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. By per.

1. I earn - est - ly prayed for de - liv'rance from sin, And longed to be
 2. My feet had been treading the pathway of sin; My robes were de-
 3. And now I'm re - joic - ing in Je - sus my King, And songs of thanks-

washed from de - filement with - in; To Je - sus for par - don and
 filed and my spir - it un - clean; I went to the Saviour, the
 giv - ing un - ceas - ing - ly sing; I praise and a - dore him, the

cleansing I came, And he saved me, hal - le - lu - jah to his
 dear Son of God, And he washed me, and he cleansed me in his
 dear Lamb of God, Who hath washed me, and redeemed me in his

CHORUS.

wonder - ful name !
 wonder - ful blood ! He washed me, halle - lujah ! He cleansed me, halle-
 wonder - ful blood !

lu - jah ! He saved me, hal - le - lu - jah to his won - der - ful name.

150

- 1 If ever my name is inscribed in the
Book, [forsook
'Twill be because Jesus his glory
To rescue my soul from destruction
and shame;
It will be by simply trusting in his
wonderful name.
- 2 If ever the vict'ry o'er death I shall
gain, [reign,
If ever with Jesus, my Saviour, I
'Twill never be through any good I
have done,
But by trusting in the Saviour who
the vict'ry hath won.
- 3 If ever I join with the angels in song,
If ever I'm counted as one in the
throng [glorious band,
That day and night praise him, a
It will be that I am brought there by
his almighty hand.
- 4 If ever my feet touch the beautiful
shore, [shall be o'er,
When sorrows and conflicts of earth
I'll want to see Jesus, and speak face
to face;
For he sought me, and redeemed me
by his wonderful grace.

—J. M. WHYTE.

151

- 1 Oh, wonderful ransom, his own pre-
cious blood
Was shed that my soul might be
brought back to God!
Unworthy was I, yet to Jesus I came,
And he saved me, hallelujah to his
wonderful name.
- 2 While I was rebellious and sunken in
sin, [should come in;
My heart tightly closed lest the light
His great loving kindness was toward
me the same,
Jesus loved me, hallelujah to his won-
derful name.
- 3 He saw me a captive to Satan and sin,
The price far too great for a man to
redeem; [came
The gift of his Father, he willingly
To redeem me, hallelujah to his won-
derful name.
- 4 Yes, he is my Saviour, I feel no alarm;
While trusting my all to him, sin
cannot harm; [I came,
He never has failed me, since to him
He has kept me, hallelujah to his
wonderful name.

—J. M. WHYTE.

152

- 1 My Saviour I'll praise, while he lend-
eth me breath, [death,
And after my voice shall be silenced in
I'll join in the new song the ransomed
shall raise.
Unto Jesus, who redeemed us, be the
glory and praise.
- 2 His presence is with me when morning
appears, [fears;
At even he cheers me and scatters my
My song is of him who directeth my
ways. [glory and praise.
Unto Jesus, who redeemed me, be the
- 3 The love of my Saviour is constant
and true; [and new;
The favors he shows me are precious
My feelings may change, but he's ever
the same, [to his name.
And he never will forsake me, glory be
- 4 Oh, who could have done what the
Father has done? [his Son;
Redeemed a lost world by the gift of
The love of our God far out-measures
our days, [his praise.
And eternal ages only can reveal all

—J. M. WHYTE.

153

- 1 Jesus thou art mighty, and great is
thy name, [same;
For ever and ever thou wilt be the
Sent down by the Father of Lights
from above;
We beseech thee to sustain us by thy
wonderful love.
- 2 So changeful are we in our feelings
and thought,
If left to ourselves we would sink into
naught; [divine,
But do thou transform us, O Saviour
Living in us, reigning o'er us, may
our hearts be like thine.
- 3 O blessed Redeemer, thy tender fare-
well [should dwell
Gave promise that thy Holy Spirit
Within our poor hearts, though
unworthy we be,
Till thou comest in thy glory, and thy
beauty we see.
- 4 Then let us be led, by the Spirit of
grace, [our place;
To labor where thou shalt appoint us
In joy or in sorrow where thy feet
have pressed;
Till in heaven we shall meet thee, and
shall enter thy rest.

—J. M. WHYTE.

J. M. W.

J. M. WHYTE.

1. I had wander'd far a - way In the land of mighty foes, And my
 2. But I found it written down, Whoso - ev - er will believe In the
 3. When the pardon full and free, That is promised in his Word, Is re-

soul had felt the bit - ter - ness of sin; I was marching with the hosts
 Son of God is saved from ev - 'ry sin; And I bless his ho - ly name,
 ceived by faith and Je - sus en - ters in; What a ju - bi - lee of joy

D.S.—What a ju - bi - lee of joy

That the truth of God oppose, And among the saved I was not counted
 That the promise I receive,—In that “whoso - ev - er” I am counted
 In the heavens then is heard, And a soul among the saved is counted

In the heavens then is heard, When a soul among the saved is counted

CHORUS.

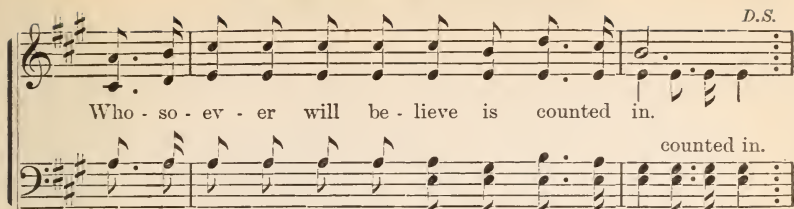
Fine.

in. Counted in. Counted in.

in. Counted in. Counted in.

in.

COUNTED IN—*Continued.*



4 When we stand before the throne,
And the books are opened wide,
And we're judged by all the deeds con-
tained therein;
When that universal host
Shall to right and left divide,
Will our names among the good be
counted in ?

5 Oh, my sinner friend beware,
A revealing day is near
That will show the secrets of thy heart
within;
Have it cleansed by grace divine,
And when Jesus shall appear,
He will then among his jewels count
you in.

155

1 Oh, I want to walk aright,
Lamp all trimmed and burning bright,
As I tread the narrow way (for sin is dark);
And my Saviour's grace possess,
And his dying love confess,
While I'm bravely onward pressing to
the mark.

CHORUS.

'Twill be sweet . . . ('twill be sweet),
'Twill be sweet . . . ('twill be sweet),
When my life and work for Jesus is
complete ('twill be sweet);
Then to wear a starry crown,
And to lay my treasures down,
In the day of triumph, at the Saviour's
feet.

2 In my heart his word I hide,
In his love I will abide, [way;
Lest my feet should slip or falter on the
Though the road seems long and rough,
Jesus gives me strength enough,
For each step along the journey, day by
day.

3 If the tempter whispers low :
"You will never, never know
Of the fulness and the joy of heaven's
bliss ;"
I will tell him Jesus died,—
On the cross was crucified— [this.
Bearing all my sins and sorrows just for

4 'Twill be sweet to win the race,
'Twill be sweet to gain a place
In the mansions of his glory, far above
All earth's sorrows, sins and woes,
And to feel the peace that flows
From the crystal streams of his redeem-
ing love.

156

1 They are coming to the Lord ;
They are turning from the wrong ;
They are bringing heart and soul by sin
depraved ;
Oh, ye angels hov'ring near,
Bear the news above in song, [saved.
They are coming home to Jesus to be

CHORUS.

Coming home . . . (coming home),
Coming home . . . (coming home),
They are coming home to Jesus to be
saved (to be saved) ;
Oh, ye angels hov'ring near,
Bear the news above in song, [saved.
They are coming home to Jesus to be

2 They have heard his gentle voice,
Calling, calling yet again ;
Now they seek to break the chains that
have enslaved ;
Christ has promised them who seek,
They shall never seek in vain ; [saved.
They are coming home to Jesus to be

3 Holy Spirit, saving pow'r,
Fill each soul with heav'nly light ;
Help them now to take the pardon they
have craved ;
Oh, thou bleeding, dying Christ,
Show to them the way to-night ;
They are coming home to Jesus to be
saved.

4 Does that man who wanders far,
Going with the sinful throng ; [waved ?
Does he see the danger signal o'er him
Will he join his loving friends,
Who have pray'd and waited long
For his coming home to Jesus to be
saved ?

J. M. W.

J. M. WHITE.

1. On Calv - 'ry's mount a crimson stream Flows from the Saviour's side,
 2. O Lamb of God, by faith I see Thee bleeding, dy - ing there,
 3. His wounded hands, they in - ter-cede For me be - fore the throne;

It flows the sin - ner to re - deem, From sin and guilt and pride.
 Up - on the cross for me, for me, My load of sin to bear.
 His wounded feet, they ev - er plead For mer - cy to be shown.

CHORUS.

O Sav - - iour, let thy cleansing blood, My crimson stains o'erflow;
 O Saviour, Saviour, o'erflow;

Oh, wash . . . my soul beneath that flood, And make me white as snow.
 Oh, Saviour wash my

4 My crimson sins, by faith, I see
 Made snow-white in that blood
 My scarlet sins as wool shall be
 Beneath that scarlet flood.

5 So here my song shall ever be
 My Saviour's dying love,
 And when I reach eternity
 I'll sing his praise above.

158

- 1 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown,
And love beyond degree!
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin.

- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness
And melt mine eyes to tears.

- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do.

—I. WATTS.

159

- 1 How sad our state by nature is!
Our sin, how deep it stains!
And Satan holds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains.
- 2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace
Sounds from the sacred Word:
"Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust a pardoning Lord!"

- 3 My soul obeys the almighty call,
And runs to this relief;
I would believe the promise, Lord:
Oh! help mine unbelief!

- 4 A guilty, weak and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Saviour, and my all.

—I. WATTS.

160

- 1 From realms of glory Jesus came,
He came to die for me;
To save my soul from sin and shame,
He came to die for me.
- 2 To ransom me, condemned and lost,
He came to die for me;
His precious blood my ransom cost,
He came to die for me.

- 3 I love to speak of his dear name,
He came to die for me;
It sets my spirit all a-flame,
He came to die for me.
- 4 'Tis all of grace, no price I bring,
He came to die for me;
He is my all, to him I cling,
He came to die for me.
- 5 What joy 'twill be to see his face,
He came to die for me;
And sing in heav'n of his free grace,
He came to die for me.

—J. M. WHYTE.

161

- 1 Great God, when I approach thy throne,
And all thy glory see;
This is my stay, and this alone,
That Jesus died for me.
- 2 How can a soul condemned to die
Escape the just decree?
Helpless and full of sin am I,
But Jesus died for me.

- 3 Burdened with sin's oppressive chain,
Oh, how can I get free?
No peace can all my efforts gain,
But Jesus died for me.

- 4 And, Lord, when I behold thy face,
This must be all my plea;
Save me by thy almighty grace,
For Jesus died for me.

—W. H. BATHURST.

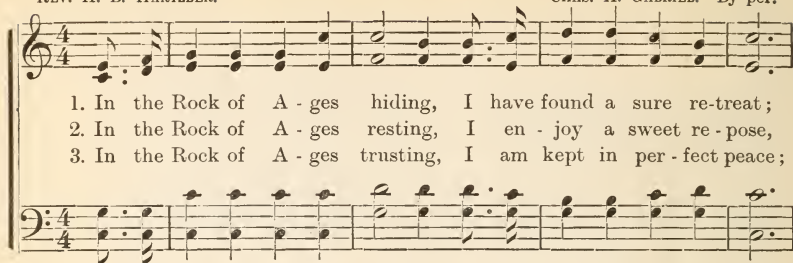
162

- 1 In vain we seek for peace with God
By methods of our own:
Nothing, O Saviour! but thy blood
Can bring us near the throne.
- 2 The threatenings of the broken law
Impress the soul with dread;
If God his sword of vengeance draw,
It strikes the spirit dead.
- 3 But thine illustrious sacrifice
Hath answered these demands;
And peace and pardon from the skies
Are offered by thy hands.
- 4 'Tis by thy death we live, O Lord!
'Tis on thy cross we rest;
For ever be thy love adored,
Thy name for ever blessed.

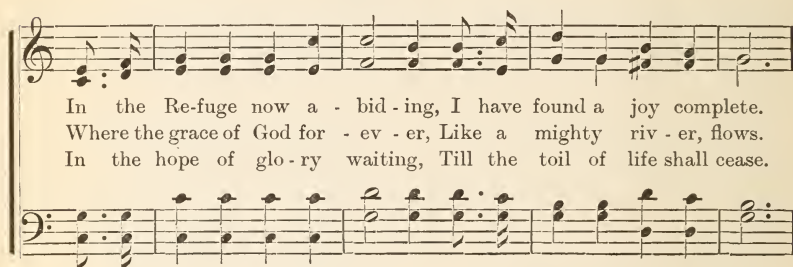
—I. WATTS.

REV. H. B. HARTZLER.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL. By per.

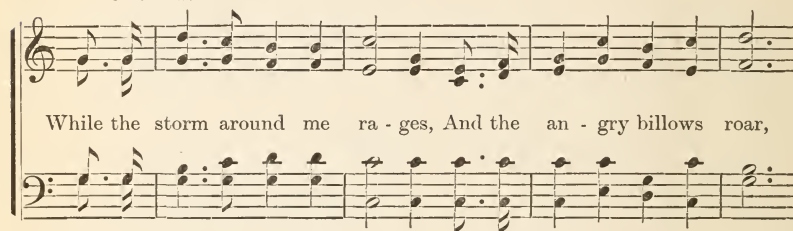


1. In the Rock of A - ges hiding, I have found a sure re-treat ;
 2. In the Rock of A - ges resting, I en - joy a sweet re - pose,
 3. In the Rock of A - ges trusting, I am kept in per - fect peace ;

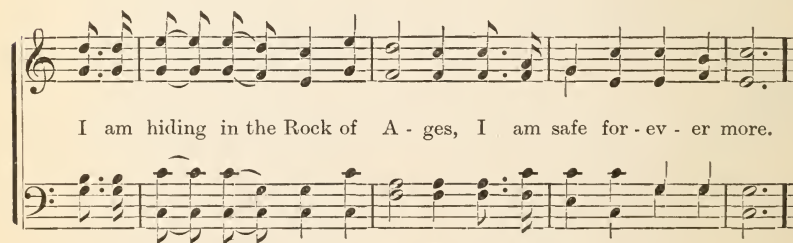


In the Re-fuge now a - bid - ing, I have found a joy complete.
 Where the grace of God for - ev - er, Like a mighty riv - er, flows.
 In the hope of glo - ry waiting, Till the toil of life shall cease.

CHORUS.



While the storm around me ra - ges, And the an - gry billows roar,



I am hiding in the Rock of A - ges, I am safe for - ev - er more.

The hymns on opposite page may be sung to this tune. With double stanzas, use last half of each on chorus. Where no words for chorus are given, use chorus above.

164

- 1 Out on life's dark heaving ocean,
Winds and waves around us rave;
In the tempest's wild commotion,
Friend of Sinners, shield and save!
- 2 Vain are all our weak endeavors—
Thou our Guide and Helper be!
Star of Hope! in danger cheer us;
Help can only come from thee.
- 3 When the storms of fierce temptation
Wildly sweep across our way,
And the night of fear and sorrow
Quenches every starry ray,
- 4 Let thy presence, great Redeemer,
Banish all our guilty fear;
And the joy of thy salvation
Every fainting spirit cheer.
- 5 When the mists of doubt and passion
Hide the reefs and shoals from sight,
God of Love, protect and save us!
Be our Refuge and our Light;
- 6 Be our sure unerring Pilot,
Guide us safely to the shore,
Where the waves of sin and sorrow
Beat upon the soul no more.

—E. H. DEWART.

165

- 1 Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life and health and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.
Truly blessed is the station,
Low before the cross to lie,
While I see divine compassion
Beaming from his gracious eye.
- 2 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I bathe;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.
For thy sorrows I adore thee,
For the pains that wrought my peace,
Gracious Saviour! I implore thee
In my soul thy love increase.
- 3 Here I feel my sins forgiven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze;
And my thoughts are all of heaven,
And my lips o'erflow with praise.
Still in ceaseless contemplation,
Fix my heart and eyes on thee,
Till I taste thy full salvation,
And, unvailed, thy glory see.

—J. ALLEN.

166

- 1 Lord, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering, full and free—
Showers, the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some drops now fall on me.
- CHORUS.
- Father, in compassion bending,
Even now thy grace impart;
Let the Holy Spirit, now descending,
Sanctify my waiting heart.
- 2 Pass me not, O God, our Father,
Sinful though my heart may be!
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let thy mercy fall on me.
 - 3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour,
Let me live and cling to thee!
I am longing for thy favor;
Whilst thou'rt calling, oh, call me!
 - 4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak some word of power to me.
 - 5 Love of God so pure and changeless,
Blood of Christ so rich and free,
Grace of God so strong and boundless,
Magnify it all in me.

—ELIZABETH CODNER.

167

- 1 There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in his justice,
Which is more than liberty.
- CHORUS.
- Let us never doubt his goodness,
When his only son he gave;
Let us never doubt his tender mercy,
Nor his willingness to save.
- 2 There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in his blood.
 - 3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.
 - 4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the favor of our Lord.

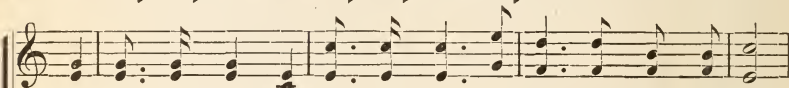
—F. W. FABER.

MRS. J. C. W. DALY.

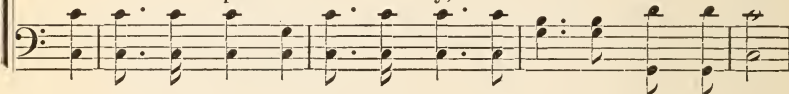
J. M. WHYTE.



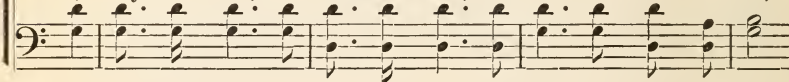
1. Oh, guilt - y sin - ner, come and find For-give-ness full and free
2. Oh, come, and welcome, to my heart, The blood of Je - sus cries;
3. It arms the soul by faith to fight The bat - tles of the Lord,
4. There great tri - umph - ant songs of praise Are sung to him, who died



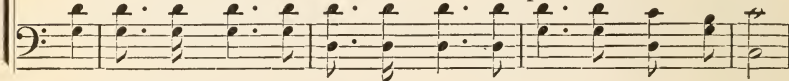
Thro' precious blood which once was shed By Christ himself for thee.
 See thy sal - va - tion's work complete In my great sac - ri - fice.
 It gives the vic - t'ry ov - er sin Thro' God's a - bid - ing Word.
 On blood be - sprinkled Cal - va - ry, — Im - manuel cru - ci - fied.



This moment, rest - ing on the blood, Thou may'st at once receive
 It jus - ti - fies, it sanc - ti - fies, It makes the sin - ner shine
 While rest - ing on th'a - ton - ing blood E'en Jordan's waves are riv'n—
 Oh, may we now, with thankful hearts, Receive him and a - dore,



E - ter - nal life, the gift to those Who on his name believe.
 In spot - less robes of righteous-ness Wrought by a hand di-vine.
 It marks the bright a - scent to God, It lands the soul in heav'n.
 Lest he should stand and wait and knock, And plead with us no more.



CHORUS.



The blood of Je - sus in - ter - cedes, The blood of Je - sus in - ter - cedes,
 in - ter - cedes, in - ter - cedes,



THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.—*Continued.*



169

1 O thou, whose tender mercy hears
 Contrition's humble sigh;
 Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears
 From sorrow's weeping eye;—
 See, Lord, before thy throne of grace,
 A wretched wanderer mourn;
 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
 Hast thou not said,—“Return?”

2 And shall my guilty fears prevail
 To drive me from thy feet?
 Oh, let not this dear refuge fail,
 This only safe retreat!
 Oh, shine on this benighted heart,
 With beams of mercy shine!
 And let thy healing voice impart
 The sense of joy divine.

—A. STEELE.

170

1 I saw One hanging on a tree,
 In agony and blood;
 Who fixed his languid eyes on me,
 As near the cross I stood.
 Sure, never, till my latest breath,
 Can I forget that look:
 It seemed to charge me with his death,
 Though not a word he spoke.

2 Alas! I knew not what I did,—
 But now my tears are vain;
 Where shall my trembling soul be hid,
 For I the Lord have slain!
 A second look he gave, that said,
 “I freely all forgive:
 This blood is for thy ransom paid;
 I die that thou may'st live.”

3 Thus while his death my sin displays
 In all its blackest hue,
 Such is the mystery of grace,
 It seals my pardon, too!
 Oh, wondrous Love—to bleed and die,
 To bear the cross and shame
 That guilty sinners, such as I,
 Might plead thy gracious name!

—J. NEWTON.

171

1 It came upon the midnight clear,
 That glorious song of old,
 From angels bending near the earth
 To touch their harps of gold;
 “Peace on the earth, good-will to men,
 From heaven's all-gracious King!”
 The world in solemn stillness lay
 To hear the angels sing.

CHORUS.

“Good-will to man,” the angels sing;
 . . . angels sing;
 “Good-will to man,” the angels sing;
 . . . angels sing;
 “Good-will to man,” the angels sing;
 . . . angels sing;
 The Son of God is come.

2 Still through the cloven skies they
 come,
 With peaceful wings unfurled,
 And still their heavenly music floats
 O'er all the weary world;
 Above its sad and lowly plains
 They bend on hovering wing,
 And ever o'er its Babel sounds,
 The blessed angels sing.

3 And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
 Whose forms are bending low,
 Who toil along the climbing way,
 With painful steps and slow,—
 Look up, for glad and golden hours
 Come swiftly on the wing;
 Oh, rest beside the weary road,
 And hear the angels sing!

4 For lo! the days are hastening on
 By prophet-bards foretold,
 When with the ever-circling years
 Comes round the age of gold;
 When peace shall over all the earth
 Its ancient splendors fling,
 And all the world give back the song
 Which now the angels sing.

—EDMUND H. SEARS.

MRS. P. L. HANEY.

J. M. WHYTE.

1. Lis - ten, O lis - ten, I've something to say; Something to gladden your
 2. Waft it abroad on the wings of the breeze; Murmur it, murmur it,
 3. Car - ry it, car - ry it, Spi - rit of Love, Up to the beautiful
 4. Glo - ry to God for the gift of his Son; Glo - ry to Je - sus for

hearts by the way; Once I was sor - row - ful, now I am free;
 ov - er the seas; Where'er the tried and the wea - ry may be;
 tem - ple a - bove; There, 'mid the songs of the ransomed and free;
 what he has done; Died for my sins, Hal - le - lu - jah, I'm free!

Now I love Je - sus, and Je - sus loves me.
 Tell them, O tell them, that Je - sus loves me.
 Whis - per it, whis - per it, Je - sus loves me.
 Now I love Je - sus, and Je - sus loves me.

CHORUS.

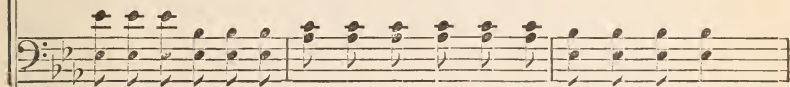
Whis - - - per it, whisper it, an - gels a - bove . . .
 Whisper it, whisper it, whisper it, bright angels a - bove;

Mur - - - mur it, murmur it, Spi - rit of Love . . .
 Murmur it, murmur it, murmur it, sweet Spi - rit of Love;

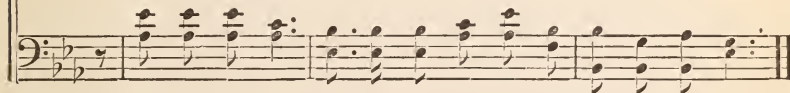
JESUS LOVES ME—Continued.



Tell . . . of it, sing . . . of it, now . . . I
Tell of it, tell of it, Sing of it, sing of it, now I am free;



am free . . . Now I love Je-sus, and Je-sus loves me.
Now I am free,



173

- 1 Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee;
E'en tho' it be a cross that raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be, nearer to thee,
Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee.

CHORUS.

- s. An . . . gels to beckon me nearer to thee,
t. { Angels, bright angels to beckon me,
 yes, nearer to thee.
s. Near . . . er, my God, to thee, nearer to thee.
t. { Nearer thee, nearer thee, nearer thee,
 still nearer to thee.
s. Still.. all my song...shall be, near...er to thee,
t. { Still all my song shall be, still all my song
 shall be, nearer to thee, nearer to thee
Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee.

- 2 Tho', like the wanderer, daylight all gone,
Darkness be over me, my rest a stone;
Yet, in my dreams I'd be nearer to thee,
Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee.

- 3 There let the way appear steps up to
heaven;
All that thou sendest me, in mercy giv'n;
Angels to beckon me nearer to thee,
Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee.

- 4 Then, with my waking thoughts, bright
with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be nearer to thee,
Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee.

—S. F. ADAMS.

174

- 1 Walking alone in the midst of my foes,
Crowding my pathway, around me they
close;
Turning for help, my Redeemer I see,—
Jesus, my Saviour, is coming to me.

CHORUS.

- s. Je . . . sus, my Saviour, is coming to me,
t. { Jesus, my Saviour, my Saviour dear,
 is coming to me.
s. Sure . . . ly he cometh my soul to make free;
t. { Surely he comes to me, comes to me,
 my soul to make free;
s. Fet...ters are brok...en as Je...sus comes in,
t. { Fetters are broken, the fetters are broken,
 as Jesus comes in, Jesus comes in.
Now I rejoice in the freedom from sin.

- 2 Farther and farther I shrink from the
light, [sight;
Filled with a sense of my guilt in his
Yet in the darkness I hear Jesus cry,
Come to me, sinner, for why will you die?

- 3 Coming to him with my sins and my guilt,
I am made clean in the blood he hath spilt;
Lord, I believe thou hast shed it for me,
I am forgiven, my soul is made free.

- 4 Now I am sheltered from every foe,
Where Jesus leads me, rejoicing I go;
Gone are the fears that were thronging
the night, [light.
Darkness hath vanished, I walk in the

—J. M. WHITE.

MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Our friends on earth we meet with pleasure, While swift the moments fly,
 2. How joy - ful is the thought that lingers, When lov'd ones cross death's sea,
 3. No parting words shall e'er be spoken In that bright land of flow'rs,

Yet ev - er comes the thought of sadness That we must say good - by.
 That when our labors here are ended, With them we'll ev - er be.
 But songs of joy, and peace, and gladness, Shall ev - er - more be ours.

CHORUS.

We'll nev - er say good-by in heav'n, We'll nev - er say good - by, . . .
 good-by,

Repeat Chorus pp.
 For in that land of joy and song We'll never say good - by.

By permission of J. J. Hood.

176

- 1 Sweet land of rest, for thee I sigh;
When will the moment come
When I shall lay my armor by,
And dwell with Christ at home?
- 2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,
No peaceful sheltering dome;
This world's a wilderness of woe,—
This world is not my home.
- 3 To Jesus Christ I sought for rest:
He bade me cease to roam,
But fly for succor to his breast,
And he'd conduct me home.
- 4 Weary of wand'ring round and round
This vale of sin and gloom,
I long to leave th'unhallowed ground,
And dwell with Christ at home.

—ELIZABETH MILLS.

177

- 1 Give me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.
- 2 Once they were mourners here below,
And poured out cries and tears:
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.
- 3 I ask them whence their victory came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.
- 4 They marked the footsteps that he trod,
His zeal inspired their breast;
And, following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.
- 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For his own pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

—I. WATTS.

178

- 1 Come, let us join our friends above
That have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joys celestial rise.
- 2 Let all the saints terrestrial sing,
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and heaven, are one.
- 3 One family we dwell in him,
One church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

- 4 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of his host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.
- 5 Ten thousand to their endless home
This solemn moment fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And we expect to die.
- 6 His militant embodied host,
With wishful looks we stand,
And long to see that happy coast,
And reach the heavenly land.

—C. WESLEY.

179

- 1 On Jordan's stormy banks I stand
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
- 2 Oh! the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight;
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.
- 3 O'er all those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.
- 4 When shall I reach that happy place
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

—S. STENNETT.

180

- 1 Jerusalem, my happy home!
Name ever dear to me;
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?
- 2 Oh, when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?
- 3 There happier bow'rs than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know; [scenes,
Blest seats, through rude and stormy
I onward press to you.
- 4 Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel, at death, dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.
- 5 Jerusalem, my glorious home!
My soul still pants for thee;
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?

—ANON.

J. M. W.

J. M. WHYTE.

1. I try to get a glimpse of that fair land Where my Redeemer went—the
 2. Tho' man - y times the bus - y scenes of earth—Its gilded toys, its tempting
 3. Thro' shadows and the mist of tears I'm led By angel hands; their white wings

gold - en strand, The jasper walls, the gates of amethyst That gleam unseen
 hours of mirth—Have lur'd me from the path I should have trod, My heart leads home,
 'neath me spread, When this poor body lies beneath the sod, Will bear me home,

beyond death's chilling mist. I try to picture to my-self the place To
 my heart leads home to God. My fancies from their wayward flight retreat To
 will bear me home to God. Then will I rest, and joy will thrill my soul, When

which I hope to come by God's free grace—The friends I'll meet who've passed me
 their a - bid - ing place at Je - sus' feet; My longings cling to him, so
 I my race have run and reached the goal; Then will I walk the paths by

CHORUS.

on the road That leads me home, that leads me home to God. When I go
 on I plod Till I come home, till I come home to God.
 an - gels trod, When I go home when I go home to God. When I go

WHEN I GO HOME—Continued.

home, my wand' - rings o'er, my wea - ry journey trod, I'll be at
home, my wand'rings o'er, I'll be at

rest for ev - ermore, When I go home, when I go home to God.
rest for ev - ermore,

182

- 1 Abide with me, fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me
abide!
When other helpers fail and comforts
flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!
Swift to its close ebbs out life's little
day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass
away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou who changest not, abide with
me!

CHORUS.

Abide . . . (abide) with me,
Earth's joys . . . (earth's joys) grow dim,
Its glories pass away;
In life . . . (in life) in death,
Abide . . . (abide) with me;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

- 2 I need thy presence every passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempt-
er's power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay
can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide
with me! [eyes;
Hold thou thy cross before my closing
Shine through the gloom, and point me
to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's
vain shadows flee; [me.
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with

—H. F. LYTE.

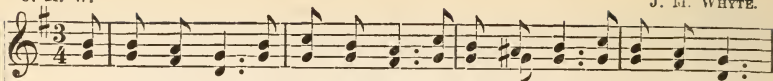
183

- 1 Weary of earth, and laden with my sin,
I look at heaven and long to enter in;
But there no evil thing may find a
home; ["Come."
And yet I hear a voice that bids me
Sinful I am; how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy land?
Before the whiteness of that throne
appear? [draw me near.
Yet there are hands stretched out to
- 2 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear;
His are the hands stretched out to
draw me near,
And his the blood that can for all
atone, [throne.
And set me faultless there before the
O great Absolver! grant my soul may
wear [prayer,
The lowliest garb of penitence and
That in the Father's courts my glori-
ous dress [ness.
May be the garment of thy righteous-
- 3 Yea, thou wilt answer for me, right-
eous Lord; [reward;
Thine all the merits, mine the great
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the
golden crown; [laid down.
Mine the life won, and thine the life
Naught can I bring, dear Lord, for all
I owe, [bestow;
Yet let my full heart, what it can,
Like Mary's gift, let my devotion prove,
Forgiven greatly, how I greatly love.

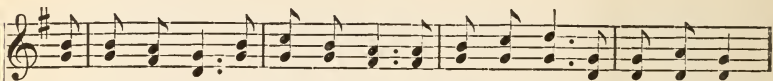
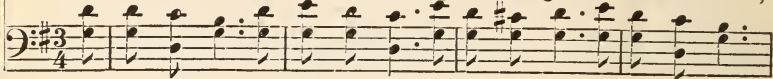
—S. J. STONE.

J. M. W.

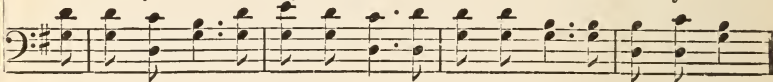
J. M. WHITE.



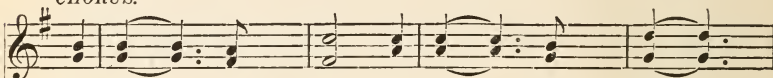
1. Oh, toll-ing bells! oh, tolling bells! Deep, deep within your tones therewells
2. When ringing out a soul's farewell, Oh, tolling bells! what do ye tell?
3. I seem to hear despair-ing moans, A weeping, weeping in your tones;
4. In warn-ing tones, in solemn knells, Ring out, ring out, oh, tolling bells!
5. Have ye no joy-ous notes to ring, Oh, tolling bells! for me to sing?
6. And when I die, oh, tolling bells! Ringout "I've gonewhere Jesus dwells,"



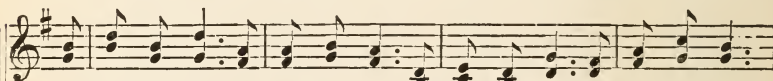
A wail of pain, a soul's lament, "Life past, in sin and fol - ly spent."
 Of griefs and woes? of sobs and tears? Of misspent hours and wasted years?
 "The door is closed" ye ring in swells, "Forev - er closed," oh, tolling bells!
 Let dy - ing souls the warnings hear; And seek the Lord while he is near.
 In Je - sus boundless mercy dwells,—Ye ring of him, oh, tolling bells!
 Peal out ye bells in joyous tone, "The bat - tle o'er, the victory won."



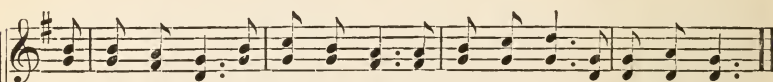
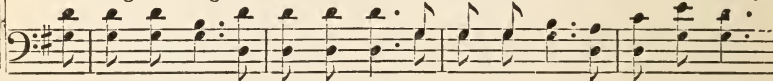
CHORUS.



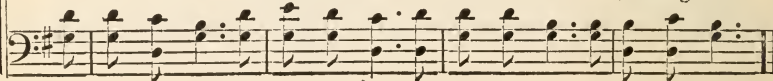
Oh, toll - ing bells! Oh, toll - ing bells!
 Oh, toll - ing, toll - ing bells! Oh, toll - ing, toll - ing bells!



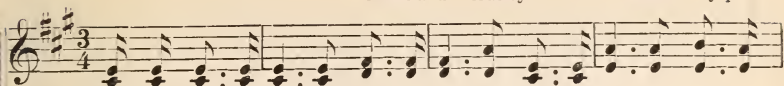
Ye ring and ring of sad farewells, But ov - er there where Jesus dwells,



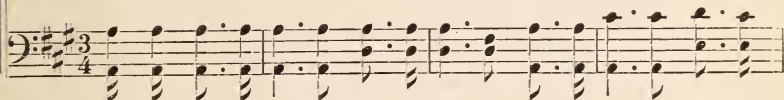
We'll hear the chime of heaven's bells, "No more farewells," oh, tolling bells.



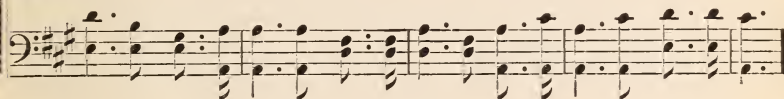
Music and Words by REV. J. H. WEBER. By per.



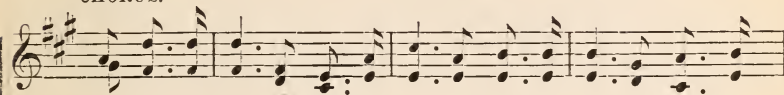
1. Can a boy for-get his mother's pray'r, When he has wander'd, God knows
2. Can a boy for-get his mother's face, Whose heart was kind and fill'd with
3. Can a boy for-get his mother's door, From which he wander'd years be-
4. Can a boy for-get that she is dead, Though many years have passed and



where? It's down the path of death and shame But mother's prayers are heard the same!
 grace? Her loving voice it echoes sweet: She waits, she longs her boy to meet!
 fore? With tears and sighs she said, "Good-bye, Meet me, my boy, beyond the sky!"
 fled? Those tears, that prayer, that sweet "Good-bye;" She waits to welcome thee on high!



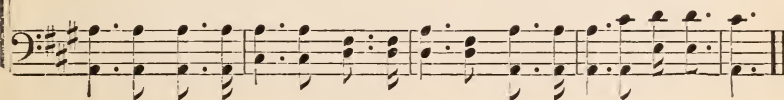
CHORUS.



Come back, my boy, come back, I say, And walk, yes, in thy mother's

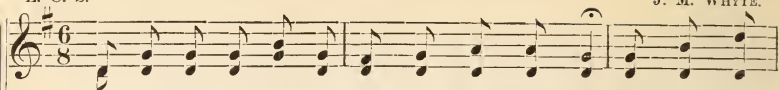


way! Come back, my boy, come back, I say, And walk, yes, in thy mother's way!

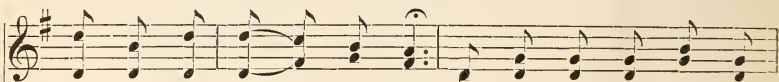


E. C. S.

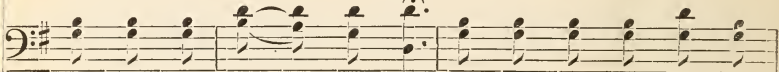
J. M. WHYTE.



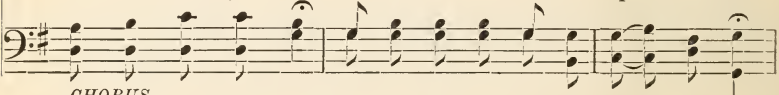
1. Ov - er the hill-tops the day - light was break - ing, Pierc - ing the
2. Sor - row and death shall have no more do - min - ion, End - ed for -
3. Whisper, ye winds, the sweet song of re - demption, Whis - per it
4. Spir - it of love, mighty Fa - ther, we thank thee, Thou that hast



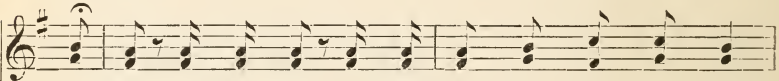
shad - ows a - far and near; Soft as the morn came the
 ev - er the reign of fear; Full and com - plete is the
 low that the soul may hear; Breathe the sweet fragrance o'er
 drawn us to thee so near; Filled are our hearts with the



voice of the ang - el: "Je - sus is ris - en, he is not here."
 work of sal - vation: "Je - sus is ris - en, he is not here."
 ev' - ry heart's al - tar: "Je - sus is ris - en, he is not here."
 love thou hast giv - en: "Je - sus is ris - en, in Spirit is here."



CHORUS.



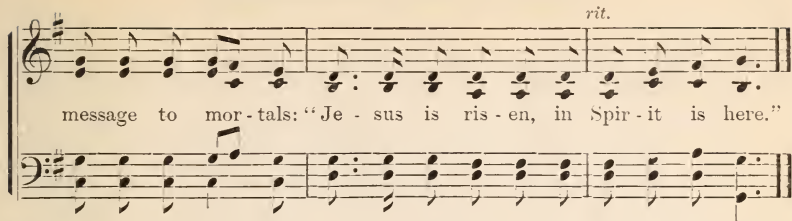
O light! bless - ed light of that great res - ur - rec - tion!



Spreading thy blessings a - far and near; Speed on thy wings the glad



JESUS IS RISEN—Continued.



187

1 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning, [thine aid;
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us
Star of the East, the horizon adorn- ing, [is laid.
Guide where our infant Redeemer

CHORUS.

O light! blessed light of that great incarnation! [the earth;
Shine through the darkness o'er all
Speed on thy wings the glad message to mortals, [birth.
Singing the song angels sang at his

2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining; [the stall;
Low lies his bed with the beasts of
Angels adore him, in slumber re- clining, [of all.
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour

3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean, [from the mine?
Myrrh from the forest and gold

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adora- tion; [poor.
Dearer to God are the prayers of the

—REGINALD HEBER.

188

1 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning! [have lain!
Joy to the lands that in darkness
Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning; [reign!
Zion in triumph begins her mild

CHORUS.

O light! blessed light, nations welcome thy dawning!
Piercing the shadows beyond the sea:
Speed on thy wings the glad message to mortals,
Jesus is come and salvation is free.

2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning! [told!
Long by the prophets of Israel fore-
Hail to the millions from bondage returning, [behold!
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision

3 Lo! in the desert rich flowers are springing, [along;
Streams, ever copious, are gliding
Loud from the mountain-top echoes are ringing.
Wastes rise in verdure and mingle in song.

4 See, from all lands—from the isles of the ocean,—
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
Fall'n are the engines of war and com- motion, [sky.
Shouts of salvation are rending the

—THOMAS HASTINGS.

189

1 Light hath arisen, we walk in its brightness; [come.
Joy hath descended, its fulness has
Peace hath been spoken; we hear it, we take it: [dumb?
Angels are singing, and shall we be

CHORUS.

O light! blessed light, nations welcome thy dawning!
Piercing the shadows beyond the sea;
Speed on thy wings the glad message to mortals,
Jesus is come and salvation is free.

2 Happy in him who hath loved us and bought us,
Rich in the life which he gives to his own,
Filled with the peace passing all understanding, [alone.
Never less lonely than just when

3 Jesus, to thee we look, Saviour Al- mighty; [free;
Jesus, on thee we rest, happy and
Jesus, on thee we feed, Bread of the hungry;
Jesus, our all, lo! we lean upon thee!

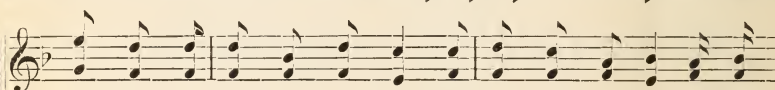
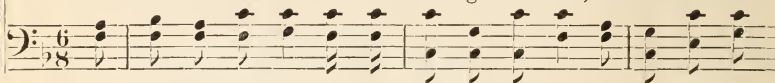
—H. BONAR.

LILLIAN JACKSON.

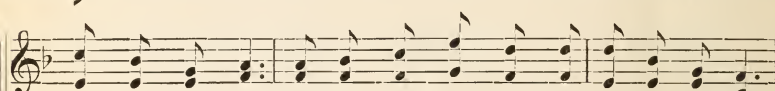
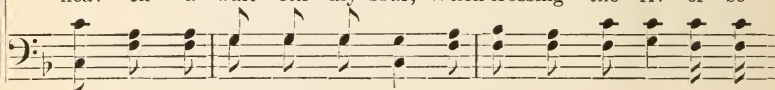
JOHN M. WHYTE.



1. The death an - gel came to our household one day, And took in his
2. I knelt and gave thanks for the message so sweet, For rest I had
3. I wait all a - lone in the night-darken'd room, And yet not a-
4. I know when is brok - en the frail golden bowl, A mansion in



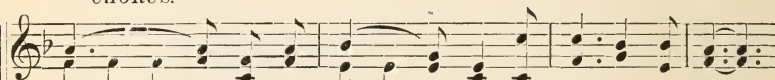
cold arms our dar - ling a - way; When bit - ter tears fell, it was
found at the dear Saviour's feet; It seemed like the voice of an
lone, Je - sus lightens the gloom, And ten - der - ly whispers this
heav - en a - wait - eth my soul; When crossing the riv - er se-



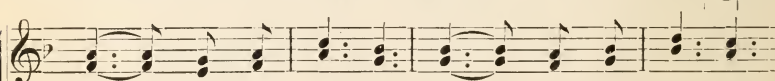
whispered to me: Un - der his shadow there's ref - uge for thee.
an - gel to me: Un - der his shadow there's ref - uge for thee.
mes - sage to me: Un - der my shadow there's ref - uge for thee.
cure will I be: Un - der his shadow there's ref - uge for me-



CHORUS.



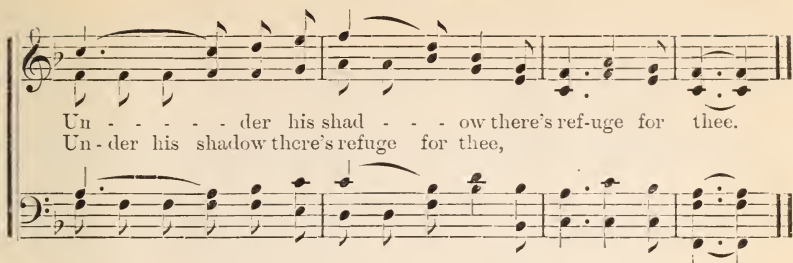
Un - - - der his shad - - - ow there's ref - uge for thee,
Un - der his shadow there's ref - uge for thee,



Un - - der his shad - ow, Un - - der his shad - ow,



UNDER HIS SHADOW—Continued.



191

- 1 Thy faithfulness, Lord, every moment
we find, [kind;
So true to thy word, and so loving and
Thy mercy so tender to all the lost
race, [grace.
Vilest offenders may turn and find

CHORUS.

- Come . . . to the Sav . . . iour,
Come to the Saviour, his grace is for all,
His grace is for all;
Come to the Saviour, come to the Saviour,
Come . . . to the Sav . . . iour,
Come to the Saviour, his grace is for all,
His grace is for all.

- 2 The mercy I feel, unto others I show,
I set to my seal that Jehovah is true;
Ye all may find favor, who come at
his call; [all.
Come to my Saviour, his grace is for

- 3 To save what was lost, from the
heavens he came;
Come, sinners, and trust in the Sav-
iour's dear name;
He offers you pardon; he bids you be
free: [me!"

"Ye burdened sinners, oh, come unto
—C. WESLEY.

192

- 1 Unsheathed is the sword of the Spirit
to-night; [fight;
The armies are marching on, on to the
Oh, fight for King Jesus, the once
crucified; [side.
Follow your Leader, keep close to his

CHORUS.

- Fight . . . ing for Je . . . sus,
Fighting for Jesus, the once crucified,
The once crucified;
Fighting for Jesus, fighting for Jesus,
Fight . . . ing for Je . . . sus,
Fighting for Jesus, the once crucified,
The once crucified.

- 2 Put on the whole armor, march forth
in the van, [a true man;
No room there for cowards, God loves
Then fight the good fight, there are
crowns over there, [wear.
Jewelled with stars for the victors to

- 3 With love for a breastplate, and faith
for a shield; [the field;
With hope for a helmet go forth to
With face to the foe, not a banner be
furled, [world.
Till, for King Jesus, we conquer the
—MRS. P. L. HANEY.

193

- 1 Ye servants of God, your Redeemer
proclaim, [ful name;
And publish abroad his most wonder-
The name all-victorious of Jesus extol;
Glorious his kingdom; he rules over all.

CHORUS.

- Claim . . . ing salva . . . tion, [King.
Claiming salvation through Jesus, our
Through Jesus, our King;
Claiming salvation, claiming salvation,
Claim . . . ing, salva . . . tion, [King,
Claiming salvation through Jesus, our
Through Jesus, our King.

- 2 God ruleth on high, and is mighty to
save; [have;
In Jesus, our Saviour, his presence we
The great congregation his triumph
shall sing, [King.
Claiming salvation through Jesus, our

- 3 "Salvation to God, reigning high on
his throne"; [Son;
Let all cry aloud, and thus honor the
The praises of Jesus the angels pro-
claim, [Lamb.
Veiling their faces, they worship the

- 4 Then let us adore him, and give him
his right,—
All glory, and power, and wisdom, and
might, [above,
All honor and blessing, with angels
Praise never ceasing for infinite love.

—C. WESLEY.

S. M. SAYFORD.

D. B. TOWNER. By per.

1. The promised land! by faith I see, Where God's own glory gilds the day
 2. The promis'd land! where millions dwell, Who've wash'd their robes in Jesus' blood,
 3. The promised land! with gates of pearl, A - jar for all the blood-washed throng,

Where we shall dwell with Christ redeemed, By his own grace we're on the way.
 With them we'll wave the branch of palm, When we have crossed the narrow flood.
 A few more marches—hold on faith! And then we'll sing redemption's song.

CHORUS.

We're on the way, we're on the way, To glo - ry - land we're on the way;

We fol - low Je - sus day by day, He leads us all a - long the way.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>4 The promised land! with mansions fair,
 Where Jesus now prepares a place,
 From whence he'll come to take us home,
 And we shall see him face to face.</p> | <p>5 The promised land! the Father's house
 Awaits us on the shining shore,
 When there we'll strike our harps of gold,
 And praise his name for evermore.</p> |
|---|--|

195

- 1 From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

CHORUS.

The mercy-seat, the mercy-seat—
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat;
A place than all besides more sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place than all besides more sweet
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a place where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with
friend; [meet
Though sundered far, by faith they
Around one common mercy-seat.
- 4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?
- 5 There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

—H. STOWELL.

196

- 1 With broken heart and contrite sigh,
A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry;
Thy pardoning grace is rich and free:
O God, be merciful to me!

CHO.—Be merciful, be merciful;
O God, be merciful to me!
To Calvary alone I flee;
O God, be merciful to me!

- 2 I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and conscious guilt oppressed;
Christ and his cross my only plea:
O God, be merciful to me!
- 3 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,
Can for a single sin atone;
To Calvary alone I flee:
O God, be merciful to me!
- 4 And when, redeemed from sin and hell,
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,
My raptured song shall ever be,
God hath been merciful to me!

—C. ELVEN.

197

- 1 Lord, with a grieved and aching heart,
To thee I look, to thee I cry;
Supply my wants; thy grace impart:
Oh, hear a humble prisoner's sigh!

CHO.—Be merciful, be merciful, etc.

- 2 On my sad heart the burden lies:
No human power can ease the load;
My num'rous sins against me rise,
And far remove from me my God.
- 3 Break, break, O Lord, these tyrant
chains,
And set the struggling captive free:
Redeem from everlasting pains,
And bring me safe to heav'n and thee.

—BEDDOME.

198

- 1 Deep are the wounds which sin has
made;
Where shall the sinner find a cure?
In vain, alas! is nature's aid;
The work exceeds her utmost pow'r.

CHO.—Be merciful, be merciful, etc.

- 2 But can no sovereign balm be found,
And is no kind physician nigh
To ease the pain, and heal the wound,
Ere life and hope forever fly?
- 3 There is a great Physician near;
Look up, oh, fainting soul, and live:
See, in his heavenly smiles, appear
Such help as nature cannot give.
- 4 See, in the Saviour's dying blood,
Life, health, and bliss, abundant flow;
And in that sacrificial flood
A balm for all thy grief and woe.

—STEELE.

199

- 1 Lo! round the throne a glorious band,
The saints in countless myriads stand;
Of every tongue redeemed to God,
Arrayed in garments washed in blood.

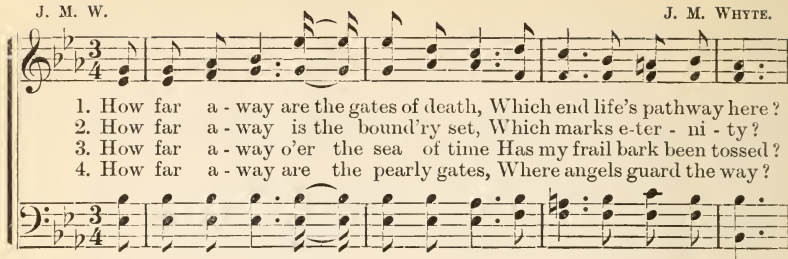
CHORUS.

- A glorious band, a glorious band,
The saints are there, a glorious band;
Oh, come and join our happy band,
We're marching on to glory land.
- 2 Through tribulation great they came;
They bore the cross, despised the
shame;
But now from all their labors rest,
In God's eternal glory blest.
 - 3 They see the Saviour face to face;
They sing the triumphs of his grace;
And day and night, with ceaseless
praise,
To him their loud hosannas raise.
 - 4 Oh, may we tread the sacred road
That holy saints and martyrs trod;
Wage to the end the glorious strife,
And win, like them, a crown of life!

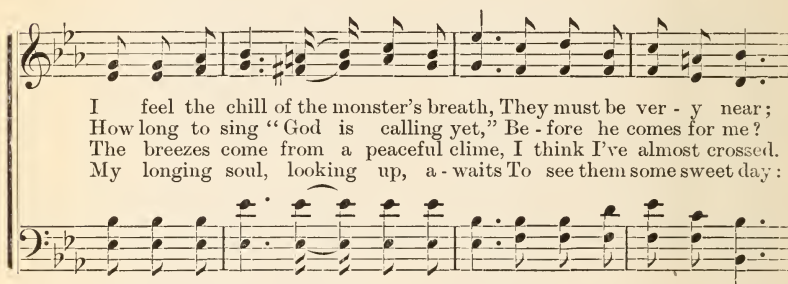
—MARY L. DUNCAN.

J. M. W.

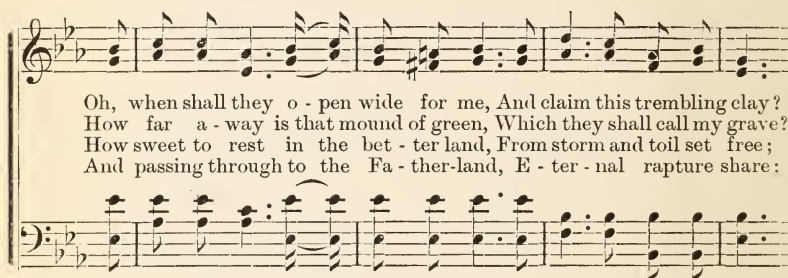
J. M. WHYTE.



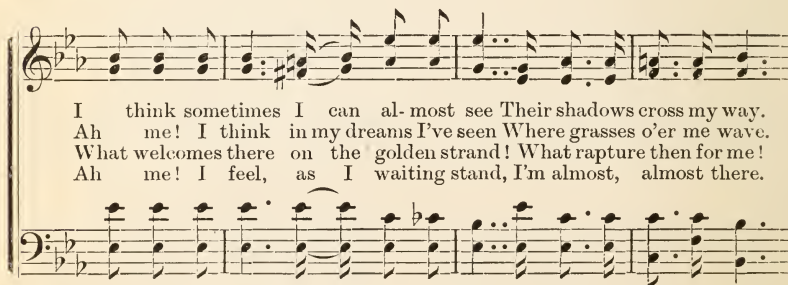
1. How far a - way are the gates of death, Which end life's pathway here?
 2. How far a - way is the bound'ry set, Which marks e - ter - ni - ty?
 3. How far a - way o'er the sea of time Has my frail bark been tossed?
 4. How far a - way are the pearly gates, Where angels guard the way?



I feel the chill of the monster's breath, They must be ver - y near;
 How long to sing "God is calling yet," Be - fore he comes for me?
 The breezes come from a peaceful clime, I think I've almost crossed.
 My longing soul, looking up, a - waits To see them some sweet day:

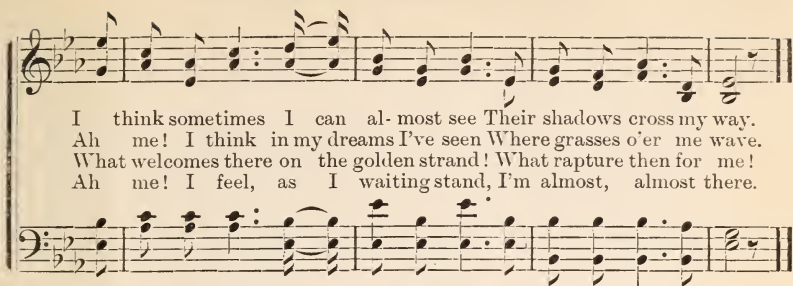


Oh, when shall they o - pen wide for me, And claim this trembling clay?
 How far a - way is that mound of green, Which they shall call my grave?
 How sweet to rest in the bet - ter land, From storm and toil set free;
 And passing through to the Fa - ther-land, E - ter - nal rapture share:



I think sometimes I can al - most see Their shadows cross my way.
 Ah me! I think in my dreams I've seen Where grasses o'er me wave.
 What welcomes there on the golden strand! What rapture then for me!
 Ah me! I feel, as I waiting stand, I'm almost, almost there.

HOW FAR AWAY—*Continued.*



I think sometimes I can al-most see Their shadows cross my way.
 Ah me! I think in my dreams I've seen Where grasses o'er me wave.
 What welcomes there on the golden strand! What rapture then for me!
 Ah me! I feel, as I waiting stand, I'm almost, almost there.

201

1 Beneath our feet and o'er our head
 Is equal warning given;
 Beneath us lie the countless dead,
 Above us is the heaven!
 Death rides on every passing breeze,
 And lurks in every flower;
 Each season has its own disease,
 Its peril every hour!

2 Our eyes have seen the rosy light
 Of youth's soft cheek decay;
 And fate descend, in sudden night,
 On manhood's middle day.
 Our eyes have seen the steps of age
 Halt feebly to the tomb;
 And yet shall earth our hearts engage,
 And dreams of days to come?

3 Turn, mortal, turn! thy danger know;
 Where'er thy foot can tread,
 The earth rings hollow from below,
 And warns thee of her dead!
 Turn, mortal, turn! thy soul apply
 To truths divinely given;
 The dead who underneath thee lie,
 Shall live for hell or heaven.

—R. HEER.

202

1 Let saints below in concert sing
 With those to glory gone;
 For all the servants of our King
 In earth and heaven are one.
 One family—we dwell in him—
 One Church above, beneath;
 Though now divided by the stream,
 The narrow stream of death.

2 One army of the living God,
 To his command we bow;
 Part of the host have crossed the flood,
 And part are crossing now.

Ev'n now to their eternal home
 Some happy spirits fly;
 And we are to the margin come,
 And soon expect to die.

3 Ev'n now, by faith, we join our hands
 With those that went before,
 And greet the ransomed blessed bands
 Upon th'eternal shore.
 Lord Jesus! be our constant guide:
 And, when the word is given,
 Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
 And land us safe in heaven.

—C. WESLEY.

203

1 Thou art my hiding place, O Lord!
 In thee I put my trust;
 Encouraged by the holy Word,
 A feeble child of dust;
 I have no argument beside,
 I urge no other plea;
 And 'tis enough my Saviour died,
 My Saviour died for me!

2 When storms of fierce temptations beat,
 And furious foes assail,
 My refuge is the mercy-seat,
 My hope within the veil:
 From strife of tongues, and bitter
 words,
 My spirit flies to thee;
 Joy to my heart the thought affords,
 My Saviour died for me!

3 And when thine awful voice commands
 This body to decay,
 And life, in its last lingering sands,
 Is ebbing fast away;—
 Then, though it be in accents weak,
 My voice shall call on thee,
 And ask for strength in death to speak,
 "My Saviour died for me."

—T. RAFFLES.

J. M. W.

J. M. WHYTE.



1. Ye ransomed of the Lord, sing on, Of Je - sus sweetly sing;
2. Ye pil-grims, marching on the road That leads to sac-red joys,
3. Bright, bright the prospect all the way, And radiant is the sky:
4. Ye ransomed of the Lord, sing on—Sing on with heart and will;



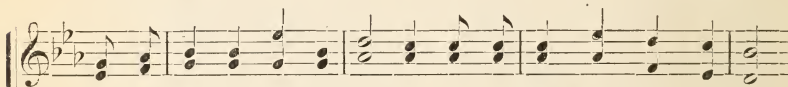
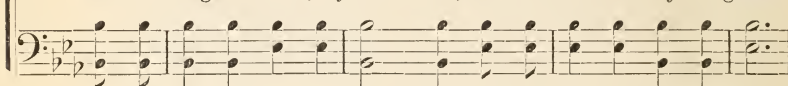
Be joy - ful in the Lord of Hosts, Your Saviour and your King.
 Sing un - to him who beck-ons you A - way from earthly toys.
 When shines the Sun of Righteous-ness, Dis-tress and sorrow die.
 Sing, Je - sus lives and reigns a - bove; Sing on, and trust him still.



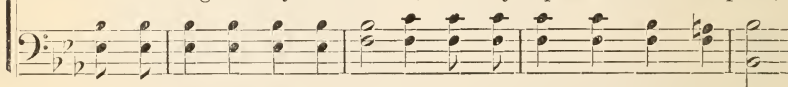
CHORUS.



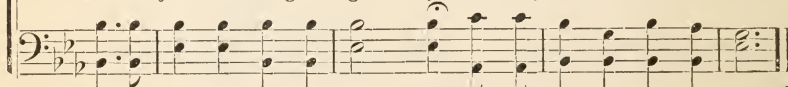
I will sing of Christ, my Sav - iour, Who hath saved me by his grace;



I will sing of my Re-deem-er, All my hopes on him I place,



Till I join the song in glo - ry, And rejoice be - fore his face.



205

- 1 Sweet was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pardoning blood
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.
- 2 Soon as the morn the light revealed,
His praises tuned my tongue;
And, when the evening shades prevailed,
His love was all my song.
- 3 In prayer, my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine;
And when I read his holy Word,
I called each promise mine.
- 4 Now, when the evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.
- 5 Rise, Saviour! help me to prevail,
And make my soul thy care;
I know thy mercy cannot fail,
Let me that mercy share.

—J. NEWTON.

206

- 1 Oh, for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that always feels thy blood
So freely spilt for me!
- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone:
- 3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within:
- 4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine!
- 5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of love.

—C. WESLEY.

207

- 1 Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!
- 2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honors of thy name.

- 3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.
- 5 See all your sins on Jesus laid:
The Lamb of God was slain,
His soul was once an offering made
For every soul of man.

—C. WESLEY.

208

- 1 I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause;
Maintain the honor of his Word,
The glory of his cross.
- 2 Jesus, my God! I know his name;
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.
- 3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.
- 4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face;
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

—I. WATTS.

209

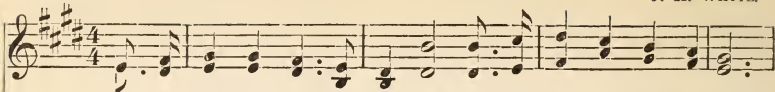
- 1 My God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!
- 2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.
- 3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
If Jesus shows his mercy mine,
And whispers I am his.

- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word;
Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.
- 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Would bear me conqueror through.

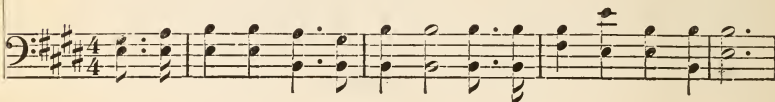
—C. WESLEY.

LILLIAN JACKSON.

J. M. WHITE.



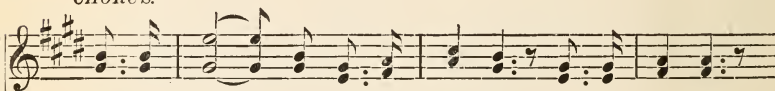
1. Seek me in the ear - ly morning, Ere the dewdrops fade a-way,
2. Seek me ere the shades of evening Fall up - on thy aching brow,
3. Seek me ere the gloom of night-fall, Ere lov'd friends have pass'd away,
4. Seek me ear - ly, thou wilt find me, I am ev - er near to thee,



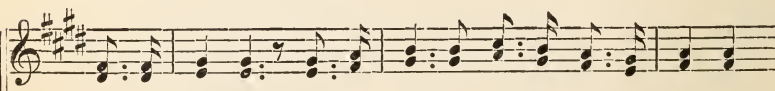
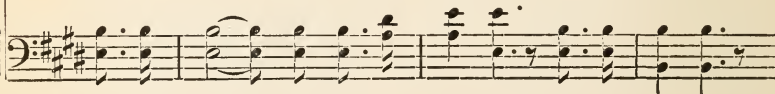
Ere the burning heat of noontide Makes thee faint up - on the way.
 Seek me ear - ly, seek me ear - ly, The ac - cept - ed time is now.
 Seek me ere thy hopes have fad - ed, Seek me while 'tis called to - day.
 Life and comfort, peace and pleasure, Thou wilt sure - ly find in me.



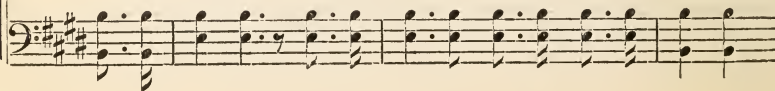
CHORUS.



Seek me ear - - ly in the morning, seek me ear - ly,



in the morning, In the morning ear - ly thou wilt find me,



SEEK ME EARLY—Continued.

For I love them that love me, Yes, I love them that love

me, And those that seek me ear - ly shall find me.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with the lyrics written below the notes.

211

- 1 Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless thy little lamb to-night;
Through the darkness be thou near
me,
Keep me safe till morning light.
- 2 Through this day thy hand has led me,
And I thank thee for thy care;
Thou hast warmed me, clothed, and
fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer.
- 3 Let my sins be all forgiven,
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with thee to dwell.

—M. L. DUNCAN.

212

- 1 Holy Father, send thy blessing
On thy children gathered here;
Let them all, thy name confessing,
Be to thee forever dear.
- 2 Holy Saviour, who in meekness
Didst vouchsafe a child to be,
Guide their steps and help their weak-
ness;
Bless, and make them like to thee.
- 3 Bear the lambs, when they are weary,
In thine arms and at thy breast;
Through life's desert dark and dreary
Bring them to thy heavenly rest.
- 4 Spread thy wings of blessing o'er
them,
Holy Spirit from above;
Guide, and lead, and go before them,
Give them peace, and joy, and love.

213

- 1 Saviour, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need thy tender care;
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use thy fold prepare.
- 2 We are thine, do thou befriend us,
Be the guardian of our way;
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us;
Seek us when we go astray.
- 3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free.
- 4 Early let us seek thy favor,
Early let us do thy will;
Holy Lord, our only Saviour,
With thy grace our bosoms fill.

—DOROTHY A. THURPP.

214

- 1 Childhood's years are passing o'er us,
Youthful days will soon be gone;
Cares and sorrows lie before us,
Hidden dangers, snares unknown.
- 2 Oh, may he who, meek and lowly,
Trod himself this vale of woe
Make us his, and make us holy,
Guard and guide us while we go.
- 3 Hark! it is the Saviour calling,
"Little children, follow me;"
Jesus, keep our feet from falling;
Teach us all to follow thee.
- 4 Soon we part: it may be never,
Never here to meet again;
Oh, to meet in heaven for ever!
Oh, the crown of life to gain!

—W. DICKSON.

J. M. W.

J. M. WHYTE.

1. Je - sus, hear my humble cry, I bow be - fore thee, lost;
 2. Blot them from thy mem - o - ry For - ev - er, Lord, I pray;
 3. Let my soul depart from sin; Restore to me my sight;
 4. Lead me, Je - sus, by thy hand, That I may stray no more;

All my sins be - fore thee lie; Thy precious life they cost.
 In the blood thou shed'st for me, Oh, wash them all a - way.
 Let thy truth, O Lord, come in, And fill my soul with light.
 Let me in thy presence stand, When this brief life is o'er.

CHORUS.

Je - sus, my Saviour, I trust in thy grace, Tho' my transgressions are

hiding thy face; Out of the darkness I cry un - to thee, Thou Son of

David, have mercy on me! Thou Son of David, have mer - cy on me!

216

- 1 Break these chains that bind my soul,
O Lord, and make me free;
Take this veil from my blind eyes,
O Lord, and let me see.
- 2 Take this load from my poor heart,
O Lord, it grieves me sore;
Break the bars that keep thee out,
And open wide the door.
- 3 Turn the page of my dark life,
O Lord, and make it clean;
Heal the wounds that sin has made,
And make me pure within.
- 4 Hearing now thy loving call,
O Lord, I come to thee;
Let my broken heart rejoice,
That thou hast made me free.

—J. M. WHYTE.

217

- 1 Wretched, helpless, and distress'd,
Ah! whither shall I fly?
Ever longing after rest,
I cannot find it nigh.
- 2 Naked, sick, and poor, and blind,
In sin and misery,
Friend of sinners, let me find
My help, my all, in thee.
- 3 For thine own compassion's sake,
Thy tender mercy show;
Cast my sins behind thy back,
And wash me white as snow.
- 4 Clothe me, Lord, with holiness,
With meek humility;
Put on me that glorious dress,
Endue my soul with thee.
- 5 Let thine image be restored;
Thy nature let me prove;
With thy fulness fill me, Lord,
And perfect me in love.

—C. WESLEY.

218

- 1 Let the world their virtue boast,
Their works of righteousness;
I, a wretch undone and lost,
Am freely saved by grace.
- 2 Other title I disclaim;
This only is my plea:
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.
- 3 Happy they whose joys abound
Like Jordan's swelling stream;
Who their heav'n in Christ have found,
And give the praise to him.

- 4 Jesus, thou for me hast died,
And thou in me wilt live;
I shall feel thy death applied;
I shall thy life receive.

- 5 Yet, when melted in the flame
Of love, this all my plea:
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

—C. WESLEY.

219

- 1 God of my salvation, hear,
And help me to believe;
Simply do I now draw near,
Thy blessing to receive.
- 2 Full of guilt, alas! I am,
But to thy wounds I flee;
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.
- 3 Standing now as newly slain,
To thee I lift mine eye;
Balm of all my grief and pain,
Thy blood is always nigh.
- 4 No good word, or work, or thought,
Bring I to buy thy grace;
Pardon I accept, unbought,—
Thy proffer I embrace.
- 5 Coming, as at first I came,
To take, not give to thee;
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

—C. WESLEY.

220

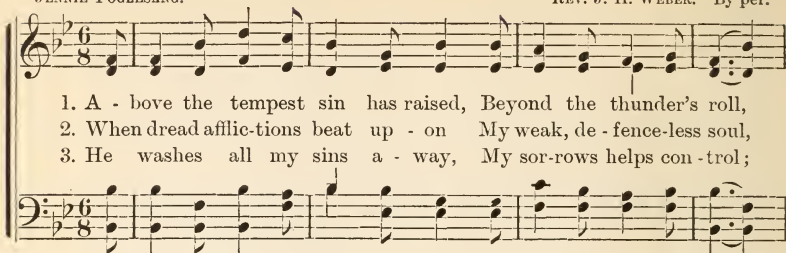
- 1 Lamb of God, whose dying love
We now recall to mind,
Send the answer from above,
And let us mercy find.
- 2 Think on us who think on thee,
Our struggling souls release;
Oh, remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.
- 3 By thine agonizing pain,
And bloody sweat, we pray;
By thy dying love to man,
Take all our sins away.
- 4 Let thy blood, by faith applied,
The sinner's pardon seal;
Speak us freely justified,
And all our sickness heal.
- 5 By thy passion on the tree,
Let griefs and troubles cease
Oh, remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

—C. WESLEY.

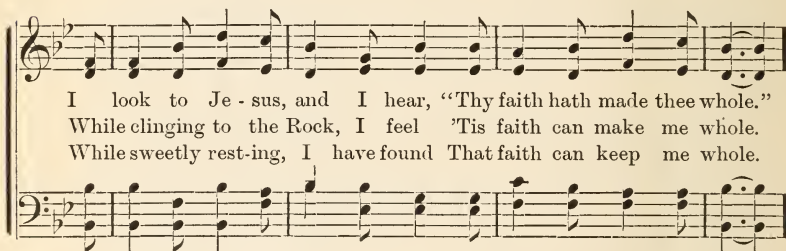
221 THY FAITH HATH MADE THEE WHOLE.

JENNIE FOGLESANG.

REV. J. H. WEBER. By per.

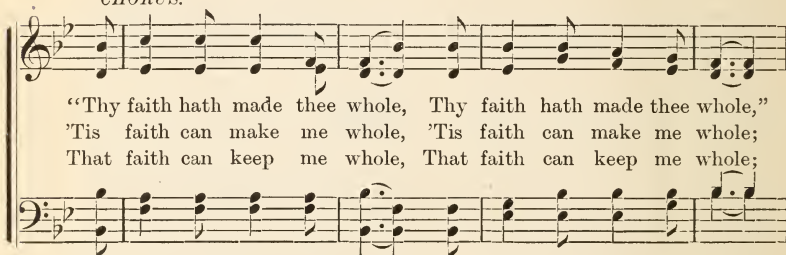


1. A - bove the tempest sin has raised, Beyond the thunder's roll,
 2. When dread afflic-tions beat up - on My weak, de - fence-less soul,
 3. He washes all my sins a - way, My sor - rows helps con - trol;

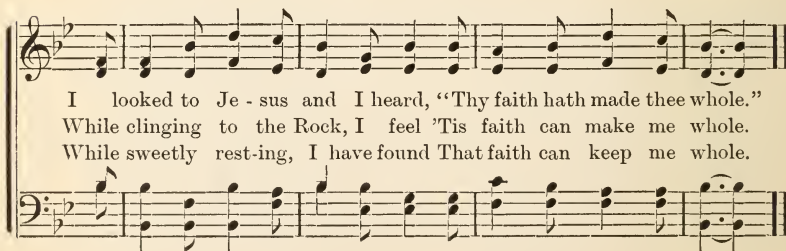


I look to Je - sus, and I hear, "Thy faith hath made thee whole."
 While clinging to the Rock, I feel 'Tis faith can make me whole.
 While sweetly rest-ing, I have found That faith can keep me whole.

CHORUS.



"Thy faith hath made thee whole, Thy faith hath made thee whole,"
 'Tis faith can make me whole, 'Tis faith can make me whole;
 That faith can keep me whole, That faith can keep me whole;



I looked to Je - sus and I heard, "Thy faith hath made thee whole."
 While clinging to the Rock, I feel 'Tis faith can make me whole.
 While sweetly rest-ing, I have found That faith can keep me whole.

222

- 1 All that I was, my sin, my guilt,
My death, was all my own;
All that I am, I owe to thee,
My gracious God, alone.

CHO.—My gracious God, alone,
My gracious God, alone,
All that I am, I owe to thee,
My gracious God, alone.

- 2 The evil of my former state
Was mine, and only mine;
The good in which I now rejoice
Is thine, and only thine.
CHO.—Is thine, and only thine, etc.

- 3 The darkness of my former state,
The bondage—all was mine;
The light of life in which I walk,
The liberty, is thine.
CHO.—The liberty is thine, etc.

- 4 Thy grace first made me feel my sin;
It taught me to believe;
Then, in believing, peace I found,
And now I live, I live!
CHO.—And now I live, I live, etc.

- 5 All that I am, while here on earth,
All that I hope to be,
When Jesus comes and glory dawns,
I owe it, Lord, to thee.
CHO.—I owe it, Lord, to thee, etc.

—H. BONAR.

223

- 1 The head that once was crowned with
thorns,
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

CHO.—The mighty Victor's brow,
The mighty Victor's brow,
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

- 2 The highest place that heaven affords,
Is to our Jesus given;
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
He reigns o'er earth and heaven.
CHO.—He reigns o'er earth, etc.

- 3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below
To whom he manifests his love,
And grants his name to know.
CHO.—And grants his name, etc.

- 4 To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given;
Their name, an everlasting name,
Their joy, the joy of heaven.
CHO.—Their joy, the joy of heaven, etc.

- 5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with him above;
Their everlasting joy to know
The mystery of his love.
CHO.—The mystery of his love, etc.

—T. KELLY.

224

- 1 Salvation! Oh, the joyful sound!
What pleasure to our ears!
A sovereign balm to every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

CHO.—A cordial for our fears,
A cordial for our fears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

- 2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.
CHO.—Conspire to raise the sound, etc.

- 3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb,
To thee the praise belongs!
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.
CHO.—And dwell upon our tongues, etc.
—I. WAITS.

225

- 1 Jesus, the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

CHO.—And in thy presence rest,
And in thy presence rest;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

- 2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!
CHO.—O Saviour of mankind, etc.

- 3 Oh, hope of every contrite heart,
Oh, joy of all the meek,
To those who fall how kind thou art!
How good to those who seek!
CHO.—How good to those who, etc.

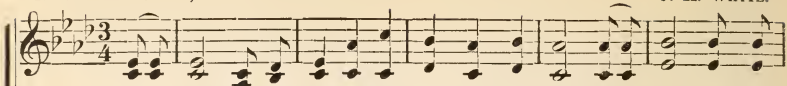
- 4 But those who find thee find a bliss
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but his loved ones know.
CHO.—None but his loved ones, etc.

- 5 Jesus, our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus, be thou our glory now,
And through eternity.
CHO.—And through eternity, etc.

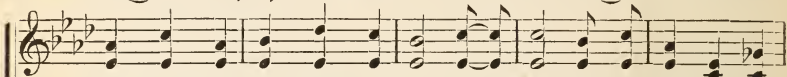
—BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX.

REV. W. W. CLARK, D.D.

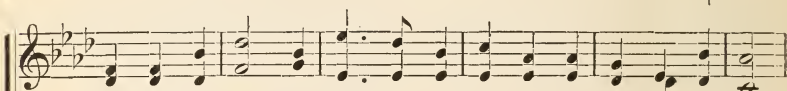
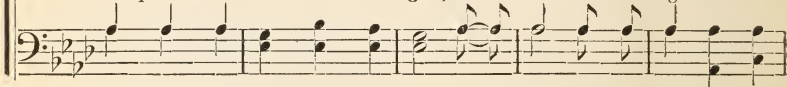
J. M. WHYTE.



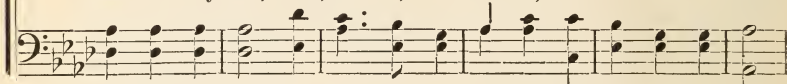
1. Be strong in the Lord, tho'surrounded by foes; Be true to your
 2. We fight not with flesh, but with powers un-seen; We wres-tle 'gainst
 4. Our Lead - er has promised a bright star - ry crown, And beckons us
 5. Oh, Li - on of Judah, lead on in this fight, Till foes are all



King, though all hell shall op-pose; He'll con-quer their legions, he'll
 dark - ness, with-out and with-in; The con-flict is rag-ing, be
 on - ward to fields of renown; We hast-en to fol-low his
 con- quered and banished from sight; The last bat-tle fought and the



van- quish their throng; The Lord is our Captain, he leads us a-long.
 val - iant and strong, For God is our tow - er, our shield and our song.
 ban - ner unfurled, And trust-ing in Je - sus, we'll con-quer the world.
 last vic-t'ry won, Then, Saviour, re-ceive us, and crown us thine own.

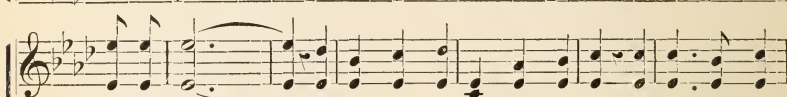


CHORUS.



Then a - wake! . . . the trum - pet is sound - ing a - far;

Then awake! then a-wake!

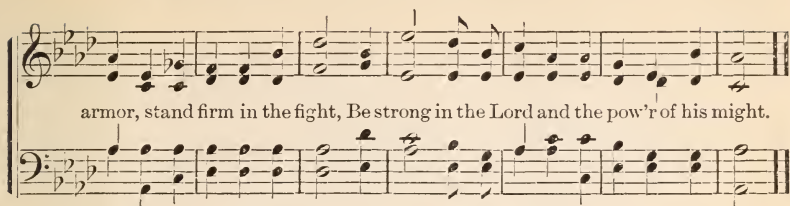


Now a - rise! . . . the Captain is call-ing to war; Put on the whole

Now a-rise! now a-rise!



BE STRONG IN THE LORD—Continued.



227

- 1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, [word!]
Is laid for your faith in his excellent
What more can he say, than to you he
hath said, [fled?
To you, who for refuge to Jesus have
- 2 "Fear not, I am with thee; oh, be not
dismayed! [aid;
For I am thy God, I will still give thee
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and
cause thee to stand, [hand.
Upheld by thy gracious, omnipotent
- 3 "When through the deep waters I call
thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee thy trials to
bless, [tress.
And sanctify to thee thy deepest dis-
- 4 "The soul that on Jesus doth lean for
repose,
I will not, in danger, desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should en-
deavor to shake, [sake!"
I'll never,—no never,—no never for-
—G. KEITH

228

- 1 Is there some precious soul who is
weary to-day, [come away
With the burden of sin, will you now
To the dear, blessed Saviour, who died
to redeem, [on him?
And asks you to cast all your burdens
- CHORUS.

- Come away . . . (come away),
While Jesus is passing so near;
Come to-day . . . (come to-day),
To-morrow he may not be here;
The Spirit is calling, oh, sweetly obey;
To Jesus and heaven, oh, hasten away.
- 2 Is there some precious soul who is
longing to-day, [less delay?
For the pardon of sin, why this need-
When the dear, blessed Saviour de-
clares he'll forgive, [and live.
And wants you to trust in his promise

- 3 Is there some thirsty soul who is
dying to-day, [away?
For the water of life, and yet staying
Come to Jesus, your Saviour, who died
to redeem, [ing stream.
And bids you to drink of the life-giv-
- 4 Is there some halting soul saying,
"No, not to-day?" [you astray,
'Tis the tempter's device thus to lead
Till a darker to-morrow comes on with
its gloom; [your home?
But what if too late to make heaven
- 5 Soon the angel of death through your
portals will tread,
And his chill-touch will snap off your
life's brittle thread;
There is no one but Jesus can help
when you die, [so nigh?
Oh, why will you perish, when help is
—J. M. WHYTE.

229

- 1 Our rest is in heaven, our rest is not
here, [trials are near?
Then why should we murmur when
Be hushed our complainings, the worst
that can come [us home.
But shortens our journey, and hastens

CHORUS—See No. 228.

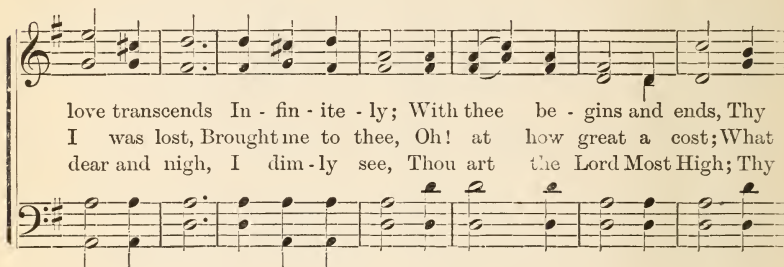
- 2 It is not for us to be seeking our bliss,
And building our hopes in a region
like this; [not piled;
We look for a city which hands have
We pant for a country by sin undefiled.
- 3 The thorn and the thistle around us
may grow, [below;
We would not lie down upon roses
We ask not our portion, we seek not
our rest, [the blest.
We'll find them at last in the land of
- 4 Let doubts, then, and dangers our
progress oppose, [its close;
They only make heaven more sweet at
The road may be rough, but it cannot
be long, [cheer it with song.
We'll smooth it with hope, and we'll
—H. F. LYTE.

J. MILLS.

J. M. WHYTE.



1. Thy love, O Christ! to me, Thy love to me, All oth - er
 2. Thy love, O Christ! to me, Thy love to me, Sought me when
 3. Thy love, O Christ! to me, Thy love to me, Makes thee most



love transcends In - fin - ite - ly; With thee be - gins and ends, Thy
 I was lost, Brought me to thee, Oh! at how great a cost; What
 dear and nigh, I dim - ly see, Thou art the Lord Most High; Thy



love, O Christ! to me, Thy love, O Christ! to me, Thy love to me.
 love, O Christ! to me, What love, O Christ! to me, Thy love to me.
 love, O Christ! to me, Thy love O Christ! to me, Hath cleansèd me.

4 Thy love, O Christ! to me,
 Thy love to me,
 Be daily my delight,
 That I may be
 Rejoicing in the light,
 :: Of thy pure love to me, ::
 Thy love to me.

5 Thy love, O Christ! to me,
 Thy love to me,
 Can never know an end,
 That cannot be;
 This short life soon will end,
 :: But not thy love to me, ::
 Thy love to me.

6 Thy love, O Christ! to me,
 Thy love to me,
 I'm lost in mystery,
 Why it can be,
 Until veiless I see,
 :: Thy love, O Christ! to me, ::
 Thy love to me.

231

- 1 Come, Holy Ghost ; in love, oh, come
to-day ! [ray !
Shed on us from above thine own bright
Divinely good thou art ;
Thy sacred gifts impart
To gladden each sad heart, oh, come
to-day !
- 2 Come, tenderest Friend and best, cheer
us this hour !
Our most delightful Guest, with sooth-
ing power :
Rest, which the weary know,
Shade 'mid the noontide glow,
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow, cheer
us this hour !
- 3 Come, Light serene, and still dwell in
each breast ;
Our inmost bosoms fill, and make us
blest !
We know no dawn but thine,
Send forth thy beams divine,
On our dark souls to shine, and make
us blest !

—ROBERT II. OF FRANCE.

232

- 1 Come, Lord, to earth again ; Lord
Jesus, come !
Come quickly, come and reign ; Lord
Jesus, come !
Enthroned the struggling right,
Make clear the clouded light,
In victory close the fight ; Lord,
quickly come !
- 2 The love of some grows cold ; Lord
Jesus, come !
Thy foes are waxing bold ; Lord Jesus,
come !
They mock our hope delayed,
Our little progress made,
Thy precepts disobeyed ; Lord, quickly
come !
- 3 Bid war and faction cease ; Lord Jesus,
come !
Bring in the reign of peace ; Lord
Jesus, come !
Let every captive free ;
Let all men brothers be ;
Heal earth's long malady ; Lord,
quickly come !
- 4 Assert thy right divine ; Lord Jesus,
come ! [come !
O'er all the nations shine ; Lord Jesus
Then earth like heaven shall sing,
With hallelujahs ring,
And hail her rightful King ; Lord,
quickly come !

—NEWMAN HALL.

233

- 1 Thou, whose almighty Word, " Let
there be light " !
Chaos and darkness heard, and took
their flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And, where the gospel day
Sheds not its glorious ray, let there be
light !
- 2 Thou, who didst come to bring healing
and sight
On thy redeeming wing, let there be
light !
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,—
Oh, now, to all mankind, let there be
light !
- 3 Spirit of truth and love, let there be
light !
Life-giving, holy Dove, speed forth thy
flight ;
Move on the waters' face,
Spreading the beams of grace,
And, in earth's darkest place, let there
be light !

—J. MARRIOTT.

234

- 1 Thou, Lord, my path shalt choose, and
my Guide be ;
What shall I fear to lose, while I have
thee ?
This be my portion blest :—
On my Redeemer's breast,
In peaceful trust to rest ; he cares for
me !
- 2 This lightens ev'ry cross, cheers ev'ry ill ;
Suffer I grief or loss, it is thy will !
One who makes no mistake,
Chooseth the way I take !
He, who can ne'er forsake, holds my
hand still.
- 3 Christ died my love to win, Christ is
my tower !
He will be with me in each trying
hour.
He makes the wounded whole,
He will my heart console,
He will uphold my soul by his own
power.
- 4 Sweet words of peace and love, Christ
whispers me ;
Bearing my soul above life's troubled
sea,
This be my portion blest :—
On my Redeemer's breast,
In peaceful trust to rest ; he cares for
me.

—TRANS. FROM GERMAN.

J. M. W.

J. M. WHYTE.

1. The bright e - ter - nal day is breaking, My soul is thrill'd with glad surprise;
 2. My tir - ed eyes grew dim with watching For him of whom it is fore - told
 3. My falt'ring steps had surely failed me, But for my Saviour's guiding hand;
 4. And almost ev'ry day some loved one, Touch'd by an unseen angel hand,

This life is but the mist of morning That dims the hills of Paradise.
 That he should come in all his glo - ry, And I should then my King behold.
 At last my wea - ry feet are standing, Where I can see the promised land.
 Leaves all and thro' the mist and shadow, Goes ov - er to the morning land.

CHORUS.

O morning land, bright morning land, O woods and vales and hills of
 Bright land, bright

glo - ry, O Par - a - dise of sa - cred sto - ry! I soon shall reach thy

shin - ing strand, O morning land, bright morning land!

- 1 If thou but suffer God to guide thee,
And hope in him through all thy
ways, [thee,
He'll give thee strength whate'er betide
And bear thee through the evil days.

CHORUS.

He'll stand . . . the storms, the storms of
life,

Who builds upon the Rock of Ages;
Though all around the tempest rages,
He's ever safe from storm and strife,—
That Rock is our eternal life.

- 2 What can these anxious cares avail
thee,
The never-ceasing moans and sighs?
What can it help if thou bewail thee
O'er each dark moment as it flies?

- 3 Only be still and wait his leisure
In cheerful hope, with heart content
To take whate'er thy Father's pleasure
And all-descending love hath sent.

- 4 Sing, pray, and keep his ways unswerv-
ing,
So do thine own part faithfully,
And trust his word though undeserv-
ing,
Thou yet shall find it true for thee.

- 5 That soul will never be forsaken,
Who trusts in God's unchanging love;
Who stands the storms of life unshaken,
Builds on the Rock that cannot move.

—GEORGE NEUMARK.

237

- 1 Come, all ye saints, to Pisgah's moun-
tain, [tide;
Come, view your home beyond the
The land we love is just before us,
Soon we'll sing on the other side.

- 2 Oh, there are the bright crowns of glory,
And life which Jesus Christ will give;
And all who've looked for his appearing,
With him eternally shall live.

- 3 There endless springs of life are flowing,
There are the fields of living green;
Mansions of beauty are provided,
And Jesus, King of heav'n, is seen.

- 4 Soon toils and conflicts will be ended,
We'll tried and tempted be no more;
The saints of every age and nation
Shall meet upon the heavenly shore.

- 5 Faith now beholds the flowing river,
Coming from underneath the throne;
There too the Saviour lives for ever,
He'll welcome all the 'faithful' home.

—A. N.

- 1 The day thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
The darkness falls at thy behest;
To thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall hallow now our rest.

CHORUS.

O day . . . of rest, sweet day of rest
O day of days divinely given;
Type of eternal rest in heaven;
Thy holy calm within the breast,
Prepares for that eternal rest.

- 2 We thank thee that thy Church, un-
sleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is
keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

- 3 As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

- 4 The Sun that bids us rest is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

- 5 So be it, Lord; thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
But stand, and rule, and grow for ever,
Till all thy creatures own thy sway.

—J. ELLERTON.

239

- 1 I love to sing of Christ, my Saviour,
Who left his glorious throne on high;
Oh, yes, 'twas he, the man of sorrows,
Touched me with love and sympathy.

CHORUS.

I love . . . to sing, I love to sing;
I love to sing the wondrous story,
Of him who left his throne in glory,
And came to earth to bleed and die,
To save a sinner such as I.

- 2 The blessed gift of life he brought me,
From realms of bliss beyond the sky;
With his own precious blood he bought
me,
For me he freely came to die.

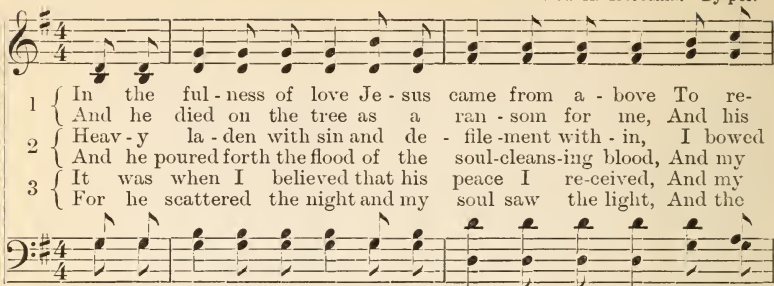
- 3 My Saviour is so very near me,
The joy of it I cannot tell;
His promises, they ever cheer me;
The way he leads I know is well.

- 4 With all my burdens taken from me,
My weariness, and doubts and fears;
His easy yoke I'll take upon me,
And serve him through the coming
years.

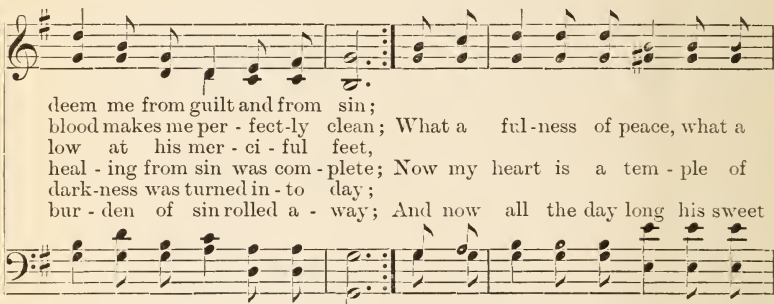
—J. M. WHITE.

E. A. H.

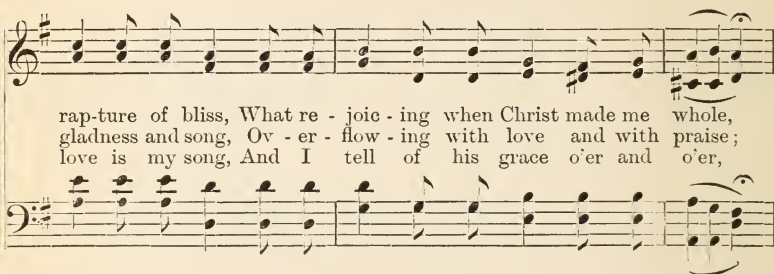
REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. By per.



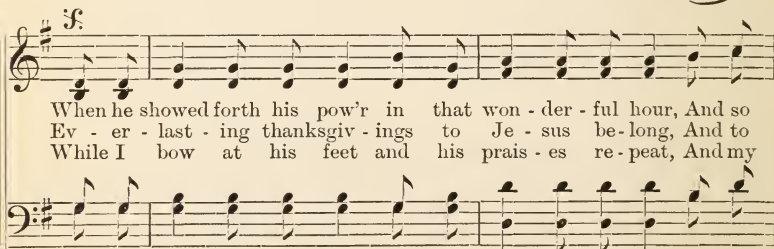
1 { In the ful-ness of love Je-sus came from a-bove To re-
And he died on the tree as a ran-som for me, And his
2 { Heav-y la-den with sin and de-file-ment with-in, I bowed
And he poured forth the flood of the soul-cleans-ing blood, And my
3 { It was when I believed that his peace I re-ceived, And my
For he scattered the night and my soul saw the light, And the



deem me from guilt and from sin;
blood makes me per-fect-ly clean; What a ful-ness of peace, what a
low at his mer-ci-ful feet,
heal-ing from sin was com-plete; Now my heart is a tem-ple of
dark-ness was turned in-to day;
bur-den of sin rolled a-way; And now all the day long his sweet



rap-ture of bliss, What re-joic-ing when Christ made me whole,
gladness and song, Ov-er-flow-ing with love and with praise;
love is my song, And I tell of his grace o'er and o'er,



When he showed forth his pow'r in that won-der-ful hour, And so
Ev-er-last-ing thanksgiv-ings to Je-sus be-long, And to
While I bow at his feet and his prais-es re-peat, And my

D.S.—By his won-der-ful grace and his won-der-ful pow'r, I was

MADE PERFECTLY WHOLE—Continued.

Fine. *CHORUS.*

The musical score is written for two voices, Treble and Bass, in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of three systems. The first system has two lines of music. The second system also has two lines. The third system has two lines and ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The lyrics are written below the notes. The word 'Fine.' is above the first measure of the first system, and 'CHORUS.' is above the first measure of the second system. The word 'D.S.' is above the first measure of the third system.

sweet - ly spoke peace to my soul! Oh, how sweet
him glad thanks-giv - ings I raise.
won - der - ful Sav - iour a - dore.

Oh, how sweet was the
cleansed and made per - fect - ly whole.

was the hour When the Sav - iour spoke peace to my soul!
hour When he saved my soul!

D.S.

241

1 Oh, how happy are they who the Sav-
iour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above!
Tongue can never express the sweet
comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.
That sweet comfort of mine, when the
favor divine
I received thro' the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart first believed, what a
joy I received, [name].
What a heav'n in the dear Saviour's

2 'Twas a heaven below my Redeemer
to know,
And the angels could do nothing more,
Than to fall at his feet and the story re-
And the Lover of sinners adore. [peat,
Jesus all the day long was my joy and
my song;
Oh, that all his salvation might see!
"He hath loved me," I cried, "He hath
suffered and died,
To redeem such a rebel as me."

—C. WESLEY.

242

1 Oh, how happy are we who in Jesus
agree
To expect his return from above! [join
We sit under our Vine and delightfully
In the praise of his excellent love.
All invited by him, we now drink of
the stream
Ever flowing in bliss from the throne;
Who in Jesus believe, we the Spirit
receive [Son.
That proceeds from the Father and

2 The unspeakable grace he obtained for
our race,
And the spirit of faith he imparts;
Even here we conceive how in heaven
they live;
By the kingdom of God in our hearts.
Come, O Lord, from the skies, and
command us to rise,
To the mansions of glory above;
With our Head to ascend and eternity
In a rapture of heavenly love. [spend

—C. WESLEY.

243

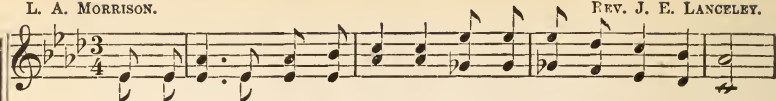
1 Come away to the skies, my beloved,
arise,
And rejoice in the day thou wast born;
On this glorious day, come exulting
away,
And with singing to Sion return.
We have laid up our love and our trea-
sure above,
Though we still linger on here below;
The redeemed of the Lord, we remem-
ber his word,
And with singing to Paradise go.

2 For thy glory, we are all created to share
Both the nature and kingdom divine;
But created again, that our souls may
remain
For all time and eternity thine.
Hallelujah we sing, to our Father and
King,
And his rapturous praises repeat;
To the Lamb that was slain, hallelujah
again,
Sing all heaven, and fall at his feet!

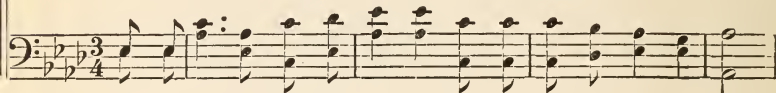
—C. WESLEY.

L. A. MORRISON.

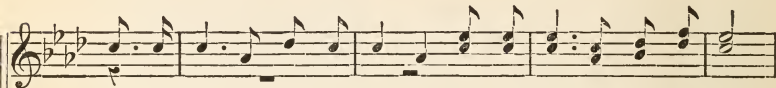
REV. J. E. LANCELEY.



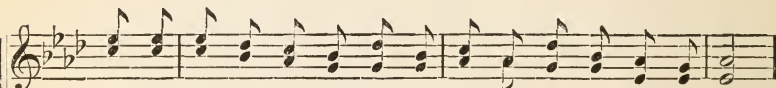
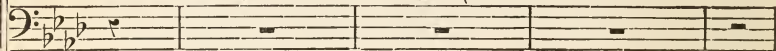
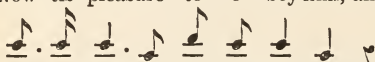
1. Sing, my soul! sing hal - le - lu - jah! raise in song to God a - bove
 2. I was once a bit - ter a - lien, in the darksome ways of sin,
 3. I am happy each glad morning, all my be - ings sings his praise;



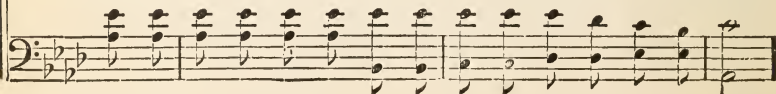
Glad ho - san - nas, and a - dore him for his wondrous grace and love,
 And I did not know or love him, who had died my soul to win,
 And I spend each day re - joic - ing in the fa - vor of his ways.



Sing and praise him! hal - le - lu - jah! how the light breaks from his word
 But the Spir - it wooed and won me in - to beau - ti - ful ac - cord;
 Now 'tis pleasure to o - bey him, and the joy his gifts af - ford



That makes living so de - light - ful in the service of the Lord!
 Now 'tis always so de - light - ful in the service of the Lord!
 Makes each du - ty so de - light - ful in the service of the Lord!



THE WAY IS SO DELIGHTFUL—*Continued.*

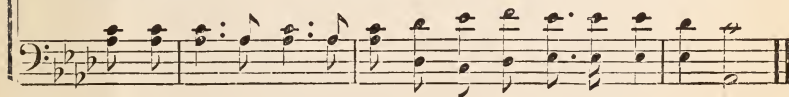
CHORUS.



For the way is so delightful! Yes, the way is so de-lightful!



Sing my soul! 'tis so de-light-ful! In the ser-vice of the Lord.



245

- 1 Hear what God the Lord hath spoken;
O my people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you.
Scenes of heartfelt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways;
You shall name your walls "Salvation,"
And your gates shall all be "Praise."

CHO.—For the way is so delightful, etc.

- 2 There, like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures without end shall flow;
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
All his bounty shall bestow.
Still in undisturbed possession,
Peace and righteousness shall reign;
Never shall you feel oppression,
Hear the voice of war again.
- 3 Ye, no more your suns descending,
Waning moons no more shall see;
But, your griefs forever ending,
Find eternal noon in me.
God shall rise, and, shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night;
He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
God your everlasting light.

—W. COWPER.

246

- 1 Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode;
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes

CHO.—For the way is so delightful, etc.

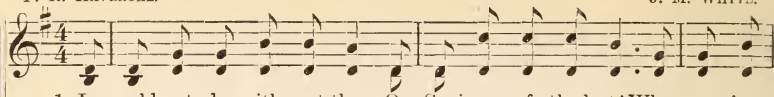
- 2 See the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Still supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove;
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows our thirst to assuage?
Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.
- 3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near.
He who gives us daily manna,
He who listens when we cry,
Let him hear the loud hosanna
Rising to his throne on high.

—J. NEWTON.

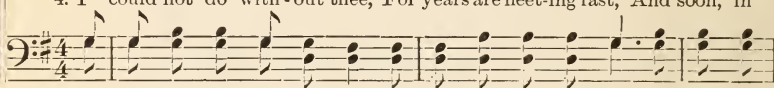
247 I COULD NOT DO WITHOUT THEE.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

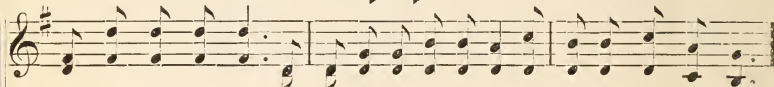
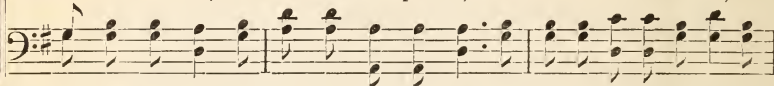
J. M. WHYTE.



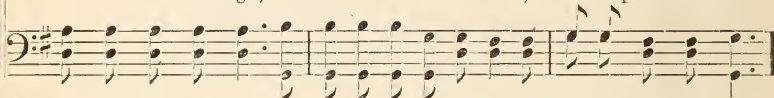
1. I could not do with-out thee, O Saviour of the lost! Whose precious
2. I could not do with-out thee, I cannot stand a-lone, I have no
3. I could not do with-out thee, For, O! the way is long, And I am
4. I could not do with-out thee, For years are fleet-ing fast, And soon, in



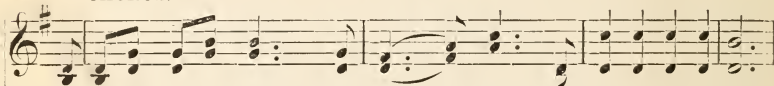
blood redeemed me, At such tremendous cost; Thy righteousness, thy pardon, Thy strength or goodness, No wis-dom of my own; But thou, beloved Saviour, Art oft - en wea - ry, And sigh re - plac - es song; How could I do without thee? I sol - emn si - lence, The riv - er must be passed; But thou wilt never leave me, And



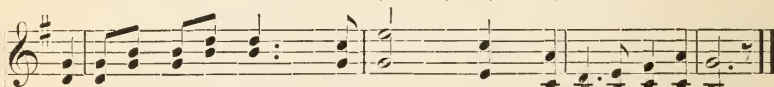
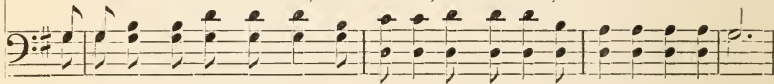
precious blood, must be My on - ly hope and comfort, My glory and my plea. all in all to me; And weakness will be power, If leaning hard on thee. do not know the way; Thou knowest, and thou ledest, And wilt not let me stray. tho' the waves roll high, I know thou wilt be near me, And whisper "It is I."



CHORUS.



I could not do with - out . . thee, O Saviour of the lost!
I could not do without thee, without thee, without thee,



Whose pre - cious blood redeemed me, At such tremendous cost.
Whose precious blood redeemed me, redeemed me, redeemed me,



248

- 1 O Sacred Head, now wounded,
With shame and grief weighed down,
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, thine only crown;
O Sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss till now was thine!
Yet, though despised and gory,
I joy to call thee mine.
- 2 What thou, my Lord, hast suffered,
Was all for sinners' gain,
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But thine the deadly pain;
Lo! here I fall, my Saviour!
'Tis I deserve thy place;
Look on me with thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me thy grace.
- 3 What language shall I borrow,
To thank thee, dearest Friend
For this, thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
Oh, make me thine for ever,
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never,
Outlive my love to thee.

—BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX.

249

- 1 When, his salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
Hosanna to his name;
Nor did their zeal offend him,
But as he rode along,
He let them still attend him,
And smiled to hear their song.

CHORUS.

We'll flock around his banner, [banner,
We'll flock around his banner, his banner, his
We'll bow before his throne,
And cry aloud, "Hosanna," [sanna,"
And cry aloud, "Hosanna," "Hosanna," "Ho-
To David's royal Son.

- 2 And since the Lord retaineth
His love to children still,
Though now as King he reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill,
We'll flock around his standard,
We'll bow before his throne,
And cry aloud, "Hosanna
To David's royal Son."
- 3 For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones our silence shaming,
Would their hosannas raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No; while our hearts are tender,
• They too shall be the Lord's.

—J. KING.

250

- 1 Our country's voice is pleading,
Ye men of God, arise!
His providence is leading,
The land before you lies;
Day-gleams are o'er it brightening,
And promise clothes the soil;
Wide fields, for harvest whitening,
Invite the reapers' toil.
- CHORUS.
Our country's voice is pleading,
Our country's voice is pleading, is pleading, is
Ye men of God arise! [pleading,
His providence is leading,
His providence is leading, is leading, is leading,
The land before you lies.
- 2 Go where the waves are breaking
Along the ocean shore,
Christ's precious gospel taking,
More rich than golden ore;
Go to the woodman's dwelling,
Go to the prairie broad,
The wondrous story telling,
The mercy of our God.
 - 3 The love of Christ unfolding,
Speed on from east to west,
Till all, his cross beholding,
In him are fully blest.
Great Author of salvation,
Haste, haste the glorious day,
When we, a ransomed nation,
Thy sceptre shall obey!

—MRS. ANDERSON.

251

- 1 We bring no glittering treasures,
No gems from earth's deep mine;
We come with simple measures,
To chant thy love divine,
Children, thy favor sharing,
Their voice of thanks would raise;
Father, accept our offering,
Our song of grateful praise.

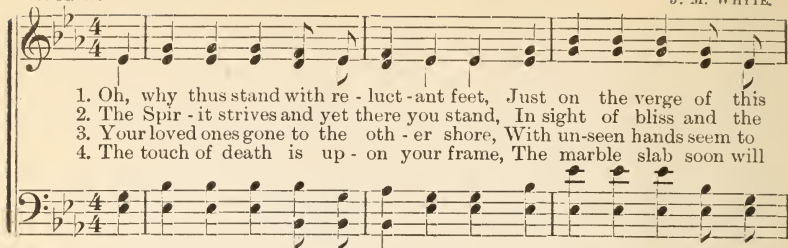
CHORUS—See No. 249.

- 2 Redeemer, grant thy blessing!
Oh, teach us how to pray,
That each, thy fear possessing,
May tread life's onward way;
Then, where the pure are dwelling
We hope to meet again,
And, sweeter numbers swelling,
Forever praise thy name.
- 3 Redeemer, grant thy blessing!
Oh, teach us how to pray,
That each thy fear possessing,
May tread life's onward way!
Then, where the pure are dwelling,
We hope to meet again,
And sweeter numbers swelling,
Forever praise thy name.

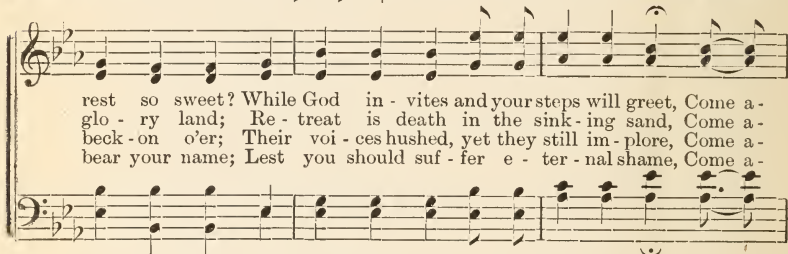
—CECELIA PHILLIPS.

J. M. W.

J. M. WHYTE.

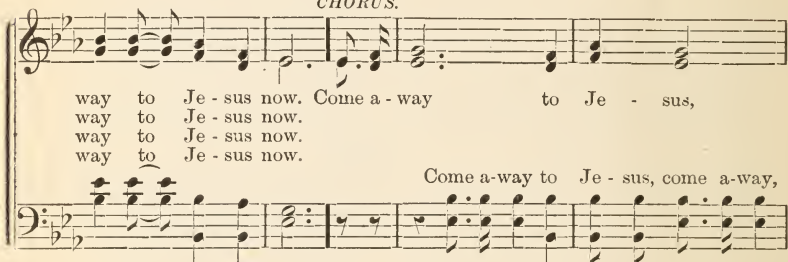


1. Oh, why thus stand with re-luctant feet, Just on the verge of this
 2. The Spir-it strives and yet there you stand, In sight of bliss and the
 3. Your loved ones gone to the oth-er shore, With un-seen hands seem to
 4. The touch of death is up-on your frame, The marble slab soon will



rest so sweet? While God in-vites and your steps will greet, Come a-
 glo-ry land; Re-treat is death in the sink-ing sand, Come a-
 beck-on o'er; Their voi-ces hushed, yet they still im-plore, Come a-
 bear your name; Lest you should suf-fer e-ter-nal shame, Come a-

CHORUS.

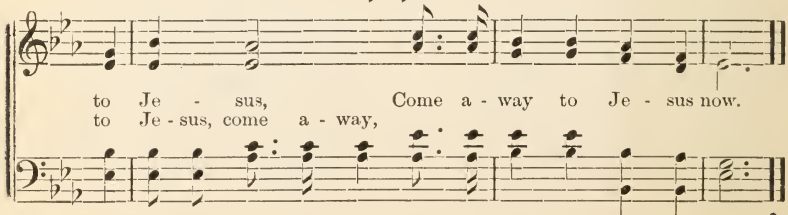


way to Je-sus now. Come a-way to Je-sus,
 way to Je-sus now.
 way to Je-sus now.
 way to Je-sus now.

Come a-way to Je-sus, come a-way,



Come a-way to Je-sus, Come a-way
 Come a-way to Je-sus, come a-way, Come a-way



to Je-sus, Come a-way to Je-sus now.
 to Je-sus, come a-way,

253

- 1 Oh, where shall rest for the soul be found,
In all thy wand'rings the earth around?
No earthly joy, nor the sweetest sound,
Gives the troubled conscience rest.
- 2 In vain you search for a moment's peace;
Thy throbbing heart cannot find release
From sense of guilt that will never cease,
Till to Jesus thou shalt come.
- 3 Then turn away from the paths of sin;
Too long thy steps have been found there—
No rest is there for the soul within; [in;
Come to Jesus, sinner, come.
- 4 Thy troubled conscience can never rest,
While sin is treasured within thy breast:
Weighed down with sin and with fears
oppress;
Come to Jesus, sinner, come.

—J. M. WHYTE.

254

- 1 A warning cry, like a trumpet blast,
Is ringing down from the ages past,
Vain man, make haste while the moments
To flee from the wrath to come. [last,
- 2 You cling to sin as a morsel sweet,
With scornful bold you rejoice to meet;
Vain man, make haste with thy lingering
To flee from the wrath to come. [feet,

- 3 Your life goes out like the ebbing tide,
Away from Jesus, whom you've denied,
Vain man, make haste to his bleeding
And hide from the wrath to come. [side,
- 4 How long, how long, will you God defy?
How long, how long, will you Christ deny?
Too late! too late! soon will be the cry,
To hide from the wrath to come.

—J. M. WHYTE.

255

- 1 What is thy life? as the morning mist
That disappears at the break of day;
Thy life, with all of its joys and cares,
Will as swiftly pass away.
- 2 What is thy life? as the flow'ry grass
Is parched and dried in the burning sun;
So thy frail life may as quickly end,
Ere one half its day is done.
- 3 What is thy life? as the midnight watch
That hastens on when the day is done—
The hours fly past in unconscious sleep—
Swiftly thus thy race is run.
- 4 What is thy life? vain and boastful man,
That thou shouldst call even it thine
own? [death,
Perhaps one step and thou meetest
And behold! thy life is flown.

—E. C. S.

256

WON'T WE HAVE A HAPPY TIME?

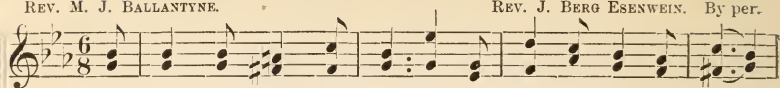
1. Par - ents won't you come a - long? Parents won't you come a - long?
 CHO. { Won't we have a hap - py time? Won't we have a hap - py time?
 Yes, we'll have a hap - py time, Yes, we'll have a hap - py time;

Par - ents won't you come a - long, To the New Je - ru - sa - lem?
 Won't we have a hap - py time, In the New Je - ru - sa - lem?
 Yes, we'll have a hap - py time, In the New Je - ru - sa - lem.

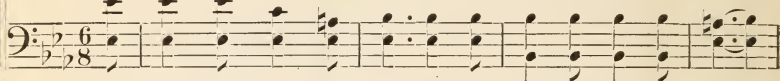
- 2 Children won't you come along? etc.
- 3 There our blessed Saviour reigns, etc.
- 4 There we shall our loved ones meet, etc.
- 5 There we'll sit at Jesus' feet, etc.
- 6 There his name we'll ever praise, etc.

REV. M. J. BALLANTYNE.

REV. J. BERG ESENWEIN. By per.



1. Oh, love of God the Father, So full, so rich, so free,
 2. Oh, grace of Christ the Saviour, Who died up - on the tree,
 3. Oh, com - fort of the Spir - it, Who sweet-ly dwells with - in,
 4. Oh, mys - ter - y un - fathomed! The God-head, three in one,



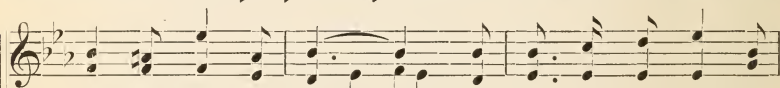
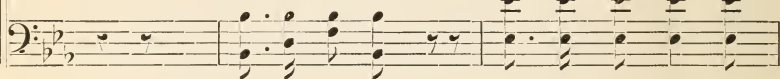
Which gave the Son be - lov - ed, To save a wretch like me!
 To pur - chase my re - demp-tion, From death to set me free!
 To wit - ness my a - dop - tion, And purge me from all sin!
 Is pledged to the com - ple - tion Of work which grace be - gun.



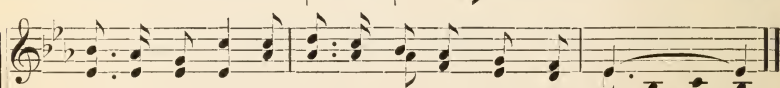
CHORUS.



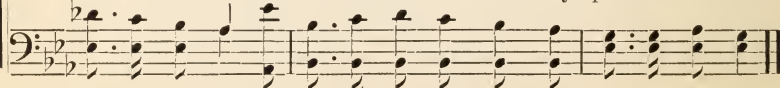
Won - der - ful love! . . . Oh, won - der - ful love! Oh,
 Won - der - ful love!



grace so full, so free! . . . Oh, com - fort di - vine, Blest
 full and free!



Trin - i - ty mine, How precious thy presence, to me!
 thy presence to me!



258

- 1 O Jesus, thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er;
- 2 O Jesus, thou art knocking;
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns thy brow encircle,
And tears thy face have marred.
- 3 O love, that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
O sin, that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate.
- 4 O Jesus, thou art pleading,
In accents meek and low—
“I die for you, my children,
And will you treat me so?”
- 5 O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door;
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore!

—W. W. HOW.

259

- 1 O Jesus, ever present,
O Shepherd, ever kind,
Thy very name is music
To ear, and heart, and mind.
- 2 It woke my wondering childhood
To muse on things above;
It drew my harder manhood
With cords of mighty love.
- 3 How oft to sure destruction
My feet had gone astray,
Wast thou not, patient Shepherd,
The Guardian of my way?
- 4 How oft, in darkness fallen,
And wounded sore by sin,
Thy hand has gently raised me,
And healing balm poured in.
- 5 O Shepherd good, I follow
Wherever thou wilt lead;
No matter where the pasture,
With thee at hand to feed.
- 6 Thy voice in life so mighty,
In death shall make me bold,
Oh, bring my ransomed spirit
To thine eternal fold.

—L. TUTTRET.

260

- 1 To-day thy mercy calls us
To wash away our sins,
However great our trespass,
Whatever we have been.
- 2 However long from mercy
Our hearts have turned away,
Thy precious blood can cleanse us,
And make us white to-day.
- 3 To-day thy gate is open,
And all who enter in
Shall find a Father's welcome,
And pardon for their sin.
- 4 No question will be asked us,
How often we have come;
Although we oft have wandered,
It is our Father's home.
- 5 Oh, all-embracing mercy!
Oh, ever-open door!
What should we do without thee
When heart and eye run o'er?
- 6 When all things seem against us,
To drive us to despair,
We know one gate is open,
One ear will hear our prayer!

—O. ALLEN.

261

- 1 O Jesus, Friend unfailing,
How dear thou art to me!
Are cares or fears assailing?
I find my strength in thee.
- 2 What fills my soul with gladness?
'Tis thine abounding grace;
Where can I look in sadness,
But, Jesus, on thy face?
- 3 My all is thy providing;
Thy love can ne'er grow cold;
In thee, my Refuge, hiding,
No good wilt thou withhold
- 4 If I my cross have taken,
'Tis but to follow thee;
If scorned, despised, forsaken,
Naught severs thee from me
- 5 For every tribulation,
For every sore distress,
In Christ I've full salvation,
Sure help and quiet rest.
- 6 No fear of foes prevailing,
I triumph, Lord, in thee;
O Jesus, Friend unfailing,
How dear art thou to me!

—H. K. BROWNE.

J. M. W.

(Dedicated to Prof. W. O. Forsyth.)

J. M. WHYTE.

1. Tho' down in the paths of dis-honor and shame, And bringing disgrace
 2. Tho' dwelling at ease in a palace of state, Tho' feasted and sung
 3. When stretched on a couch of be-wil-der-ing pain, He longed for the days
 4. Tho' whitened his locks with the frost of the years, He'll nev-er for-get
 5. Some day he will stand by a grass-covered mound, Where true-hearted moth-

on his mother's fair name, The moments will come in the midst of his glee,
 in the halls of the great, A voice of the past calls away from the throng,
 of his childhood a-gain, And mother to come from the heav-en-ly land,
 the soft plash of her tears That fell on his face as she rocked him to sleep,—
 er lies un-der the ground, And gaze past the sun-set of jas-per and gold,

CHORUS.

When he will remember the prayer at her knee. Oh, hearts that are broken! oh,
 His mother's sweet voice in a lul-la-by song.
 To soothe him to rest with the touch of her hand.
 Oh, hearts that are broken, oh, mothers that weep!
 To catch but a glimpse of her face as of old.

mothers that weep! What billows of sorrow must over them sweep! O wandering

boy, far away from thy God, Come back to the path that thy mother hath trod.

263

- 1 To whom can you go for the pardon of sin? [within?
Oh, who can enlighten the darkness
Haste, sinner, to Jesus, the mighty to save, [gave.
To save you from sin, he his life freely

CHORUS.

Then hasten to Jesus, the night is at hand,
You'll soon have to give up your houses and land;
And what's it all worth when you count up the cost,
To gain the whole world if thy soul should be lost?

- 2 Haste, sinner, to Jesus, and make him your choice,
He'll bless and enrich you, and make you rejoice; [store,
Oh, hasten to Jesus, there's mercy in
A crown of rejoicing for you evermore.

- 3 Take warning, my brother, the night is at hand,
You'll soon have to give up your houses and land;
Then hasten to Jesus, oh, why do you wait? [so late?
Oh, why have you lingered until it's

- 4 So swiftly they're passing! the days of thy life [strife;
Will soon be all over, and ended the
Oh, hasten to Jesus, confess all to him,
There's no one but Jesus can save you from sin.

—J. M. WHYTE.

264

- 1 Somewhere, ah! yes, somewhere, in anguish and tears,
A mother looks back o'er the flight of the years,
When bright as the morning, and pure as the dew, [grew.
The child of her love in his innocence
Somewhere, ah! yes, somewhere, fast hastening on,
In ways that are sinful, her loved one has gone;
Her wandering boy going farther astray; [to-day.
Despising the prayers of his mother

- 2 Somewhere, ah! yes, somewhere, a pale mother stands,
And pleads with her boy, as she clasps her thin hands:
"Oh, go not, my boy, in the ways that are wrong,

Remember, I pray for you all the night long."
Somewhere, ah! yes, somewhere, a mother in prayer,
Is crying to heaven her darling to spare:
"Oh, may my lost boy listen, Lord, to thy voice, [rejoice."
And o'er his return let my poor heart

- 3 Somewhere, ah! yes, somewhere, a mother to-night,
Will pray for her boy till the dawn of the light;
Then fold her pale hands on her slow-heaving breast— [rest.
The morning will find her forever at
Somewhere, ah! yes, somewhere, out under the sod, [God;
A mother lies sleeping who trusted in
Oh, where is the boy that received her last kiss, [in bliss?
And promised his mother to meet her

—J. M. WHYTE.

265

- 1 Away from thee, Lord, no real pleasure I find; [behind;
To dwell in thy presence, I leave all
Such grand inspiration, to me thou dost bring,
Enlarging my heart, then my spirit must sing.

CHORUS.

Draw me, O my Saviour, still nearer to thee; [thee!
My soul it exults in communion with
Thou fountain of pleasure, thou life-giving spring; [sing.
Alone in thy presence, my spirit will

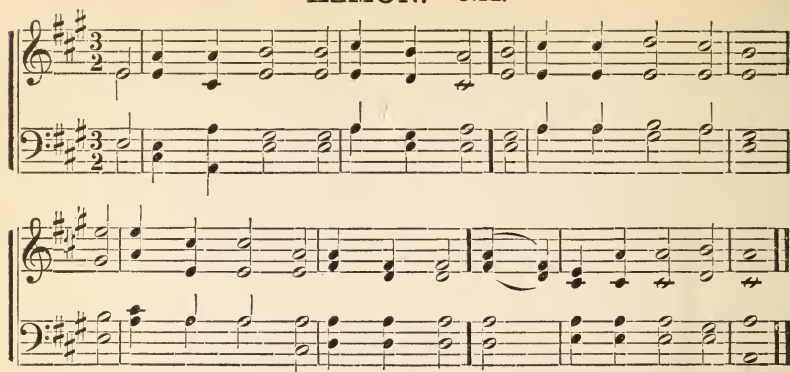
- 2 I'll sing of thy wisdom, thy love and thy power,
That will ne'er forsake me till life's latest hour;
And then will enfold me beneath thine own wing, [sing.
And, rising to glory, my spirit will

- 3 In sweet songs of triumph my soul will delight, [flight;
And sing them again and again in its
When earth it recedes and is lost to my view, [renew.
Mine eyes fixed on Jesus, my song I'll

- 4 And rising still higher, what visions appear!
The sight of my Saviour my spirit will cheer;
When seated in glory, and bathing in light, [delight.
To praise my Redeemer will be my

—WM. CALVERT.

AZMON.—C.M.



266

- 1 Low at thy feet, O Lord, we bow,
Renew our hearts, we pray;
Oh, send the Holy Spirit now,
To wash our guilt away.
- 2 Oh, drive out ev'ry evil thought,—
All tendency to sin;
This temple, which thy blood hath
bought,
Oh, make it pure within.
- 3 We undertake thy work in vain,
To act we know not how;
Come, Holy Spirit, come again,
And move upon us now.
- 4 Oh, may that strange, celestial fire
Begin to burn this hour;
Oh, may the Holy Ghost inspire
Our hearts with mighty pow'r.
- 5 O Lord, we give ourselves to thee,
Forever to be thine;
Uphold us with thy Spirit free—
Fill us with love divine.

—J. M. WHYTE.

267

- 1 Jesus, thine all victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad;
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fixed in God.
- 2 Oh, that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow;
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountain flow.
- 3 Oh, that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume!

Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call,
Spirit of burning, come!

- 4 Refining fire, go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

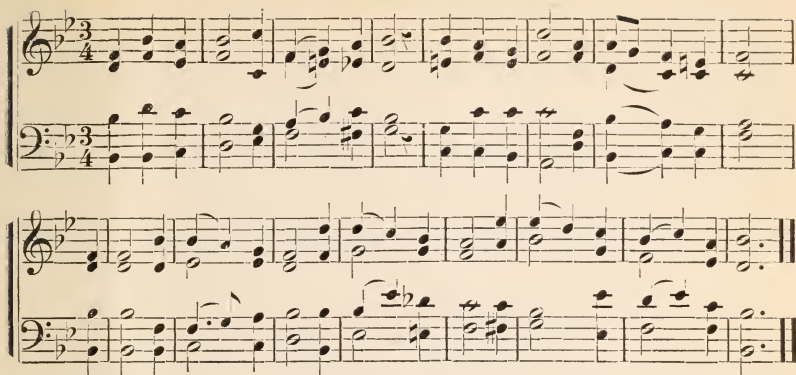
—C. WESLEY.

268

- 1 Oh, for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light, to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is that soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I then enjoyed,
How sweet their memory still!
But now I find an aching void,
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
That drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

—W. COWPER.

GERMANY.



269

- 1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.
- 2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 Peoples and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their young hosannas to his name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 Where he displays his healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more;
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.
- 6 Let every creature rise, and bring
Its grateful honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth prolong the joyful strain.

—I. WATTS.

270

- 1 Go labor on; spend, and be spent,
Thy joy to do the Father's will;
It is the way the Master went,
Should not the servant tread it still?
- 2 Go labor on; 'tis not for naught,
Thy earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee
not;
The Master praises; what are men?

- 3 Go labor on, while it is day, [on;
The world's dark night is hastening
Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away;
It is not thus that souls are won.
- 4 Men die in darkness at thy side
Without a hope to cheer the tomb;
Take up the torch, and wave it wide,
The torch that lights time's thickest
gloom.
- 5 Toil on, faint not, keep watch, and pray;
Be wise, the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway,
Compel the wanderer to come in.
- 6 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's
voice,
The midnight peal, "Behold I come!"

—H. BONAR.

271

- 1 Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and
sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares disturb my breast;
Oh, may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!
- 3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they
shine!
How deep thy counsels, how divine!
- 4 Soon shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired and wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

—I. WATTS.

H. K. WHITE.

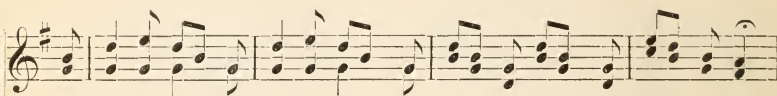
J. MILLAR.



1. When marshall'd on the night - ly plain, The glitt'ring host be - stud the sky,
2. Once on the raging seas I rode; The storm was loud, the night was dark;
3. It was my guide, my light, my all; It bade my dark fore - bod-ings cease;



One star alone, of all the train, Can fix the sinner's wand'ring eye.
 The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed The wind that tossed my found'ring bark.
 And thro' the storm and danger's thrall, It led me to the port of peace.



Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks, From ev' - ry host, from ev' - ry gem;
 Deep horror then my vi - tals froze; Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
 Now, safely moored, my per - il o'er, I'll sing, first in night's di - a-dem,



But one alone, the Saviour, speaks:—"It is the Star of Beth - lehem."
 When sud-den-ly a star a - rose,—It was the Star of Beth - lehem.
 For - ev - er, and for - ev - er more,—The Star, the Star of Beth - lehem.



273

- 1 "We've no abiding city here":
This may distress the worldling's mind;
But should not cost the saint a tear,
Who hopes a better rest to find.
"We've no abiding city here":
Sad truth, were this to be our home;
But let this thought our spirits cheer,
"We seek a city yet to come."
- 2 "We've no abiding city here":
Then let us live as pilgrims do:
Let not the world our rest appear,
But let us haste from all below.
"We've no abiding city here";
We seek a city out of sight;
Zion its name—the Lord is there,
It shines with everlasting light.
- 3 Oh, sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims freed from toil are
Had I the pinions of the dove, [blest!
I'd fly to thee, and be at rest.
But hush, my soul, nor dare repine!
The time my God appoints is best
While here, to do his will be mine;
And his to fix my time of rest.

—T. KELLY.

274

- 1 Why should we start, and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate to endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.
The pains, the groans, the dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
And we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.
- 2 Oh, would my Lord his servant meet,
My soul would stretch her wings in
haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.
Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

—I. WATTS.

275

- 1 God of my life, through all my days,
My grateful powers shall sound thy praise;
My songs shall wake with opening light,
And cheer the dark and silent night.
When anxious cares would break my rest,
And grief would tear my throbbing
breast,
Thy tuneful praises raised on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.
- 2 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all the powers of language fail,
Joy thro' my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

But, oh, when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chained to earth no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise
To join the music of the skies!

- 3 Soon shall I learn the exalted strains
Which echo thro' the heavenly plains;
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round the throne.
The cheerful tribute will I give,
Long as a deathless soul shall live;
A work so sweet, a theme so high,
Demands and crowns eternity.

—DODDRIDGE.

276

- 1 How vain is all beneath the skies!
How transient every earthly bliss!
How slender all the fondest ties
That bind us to a world like this!
The evening cloud, the morning dew,
The withering grass, the fading flower,
Of earthly hopes are emblems true,—
The glory of a passing hour.
- 2 But though earth's fairest blossoms die,
And all beneath the skies is vain,
There is a land whose confines lie
Beyond the reach of care and pain.
Then let the hope of joy to come
Dispel our cares and chase our fears:
If God be ours, we're travelling home,
Tho' passing through a vale of tears.

—D. E. FORD.

277

- 1 At even, ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around thee lay;
Oh, in what divers pains they met!
Oh, with what joy they went away!
O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel!
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved thee well,
And some have lost the love they had;
- 2 And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free;
And some have friends who give them
pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in thee;
And all, O Lord, crave perfect rest,
And to be wholly free from sin;
And they who fain would serve thee best
Are conscious most of wrong within.
- 3 O Saviour Christ, thou too art man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would
hide;
Thy touch has still its ancient power:
No word from thee can fruitless fall;
Hear in this solemn evening hour,
And in thy mercy heal us all.

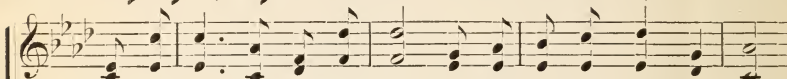
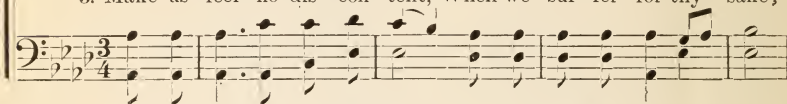
—H. TWELLS.

J. M. W.

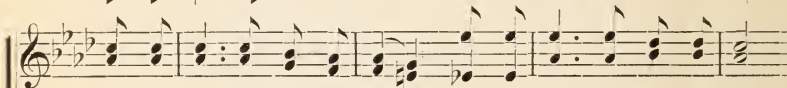
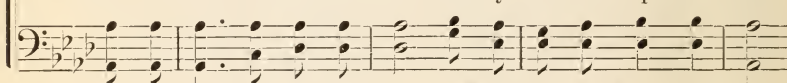
J. M. WHYTE.



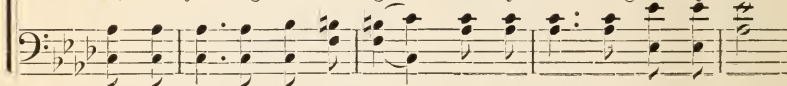
1. Je - sus, thou art still the same; All thy prom - is - es are sure;
 2. Wake us from our heav - y sleep; Why should we so careless grow?
 3. Make us feel no dis - con - tent, When we suf - fer for thy sake;



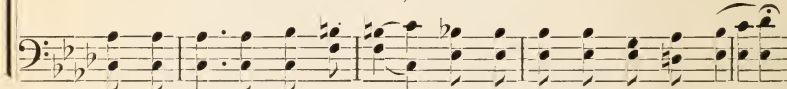
Thro' thine all - pre - vail - ing name, Our sal - va - tion is se - cure.
 Let us, too, for sin - ners weep; Love for sin - ners, let us show.
 Let us nev - er - more la - ment Ev' - ry bit - ter cup we take.



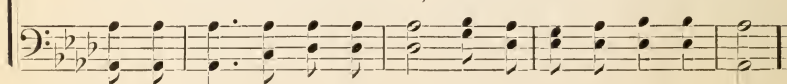
Ad - vo - cate be - fore the throne, For the sin - ner in de - spair,
 Thro' the lanes to find our way, Tell - ing souls, by sin oppressed,
 But, re - joic - ing let us go, Ev' - ry cross to glad - ly take;



God hath made his mer - cy known Thro' thine in - ter - ces - sion there.
 What we've of - ten heard thee say: "Come to me, I'll give you rest."
 Thou hast suffered all the woe, Thou hast borne it for our sake.



God hath made his mer - cy known Thro' thine in - ter - ces - sion there.
 What we've of - ten heard thee say: "Come to me, I'll give you rest."
 Thou hast suf - fered all the woe, Thou hast borne it for our sake.



279

1 In thy presence we appear:
 Lord, we love to worship here,
 When, within the veil, we meet
 Thee upon thy mercy-seat.
 While thy glorious name is sung,
 Touch our lips, unloose our tongue:
 ¶:Then our joyful souls shall bless
 Thee, the Lord, our Righteousness.:

2 While to thee our prayers ascend,
 Let thine ear in love attend.
 Hear us, for thy Spirit pleads:
 Hear, for Jesus intercedes.
 While thy word is heard with awe,
 And we tremble at thy law,
 ¶:Let thy Gospel's wondrous love
 Every doubt and fear remove.:

3 While thy ministers proclaim
 Peace and pardon through thy name,
 In their voices let us own
 Jesus speaking from the throne.
 From thy house when we return,
 Let our hearts within us burn;
 ¶:That at evening we may say,
 "We have walked with God to-day.":

—J. MONTGOMERY.

280

1 When the dark waves round us roll,
 And we look in vain for aid,
 Speak, Lord, to the trembling soul:
 "It is I; be not afraid."
 When we dimly trace thy form
 In mysterious clouds arrayed,
 ¶:Be the echo of the storm:
 "It is I; be not afraid.":

2 When our brightest hopes depart,
 When our fairest visions fade.
 Whisper to the fainting heart:
 "It is I; be not afraid."
 When we weep beside the bier
 Where some well-loved form is laid,
 ¶:Oh! may then the mourner hear:
 "It is I; be not afraid.":

3 When with wearing hopeless pain
 Sinks the spirit sore dismayed,
 Breathe thou then the comfort-strain:
 "It is I; be not afraid."
 When we feel the end is near,
 Passing into death's dark shade,
 ¶:May the voice be strong and clear
 "It is I; be not afraid.":

—W. W. HOW.

281

1 Come, ye weary sinners, come,
 All who groan beneath your load,
 Jesus calls his wanderers home;
 Hasten to your pardoning God!
 Come, ye guilty souls, oppressed,
 Answer to the Saviour's call:
 ¶:"Come, and I will give you rest;
 Come, and I will save you all.":

2 Jesus, full of truth and love,
 We thy kindest word obey;
 Faithful let thy mercies prove;
 Take our load of guilt away.
 Fain we would on thee rely,
 Cast on thee our every care;
 ¶:To thine arms of mercy fly,
 Find our lasting quiet there.:

3 Burdened with a world of grief,
 Burdened with our sinful load,
 Burdened with this unbelief,
 Burdened with the wrath of God.
 Lo! we come to thee for ease,
 True and gracious as thou art;
 ¶:Now our groaning souls release,
 Write forgiveness on our heart.:

—C. WESLEY.

282

1 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
 God, your Maker, asks you why?
 God, who did your being give,
 Made you with himself to live;
 He the fatal cause demands,
 Asks the work of his own hands,
 ¶:Why, ye thankless creatures, why
 Will ye cross his love and die?:

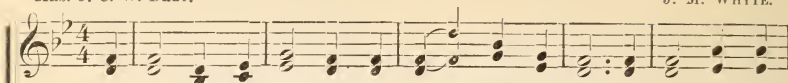
2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
 God, your Saviour, asks you why?
 God, who did your souls retrieve,
 Died himself that ye might live;
 Will you let him die in vain?
 Crucify your Lord again?
 ¶:Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
 Will ye slight his grace, and die?:

3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
 God, the Spirit, asks you why?
 He who all your lives hath strove,
 Wooed you to embrace his love:
 Will you not his grace receive?
 Will you still refuse to live?
 ¶:Why, ye long-sought sinners, why
 Will ye grieve your God, and die?:

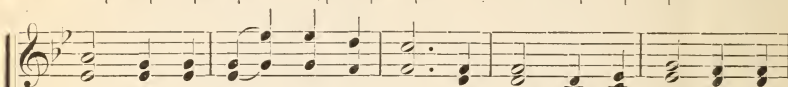
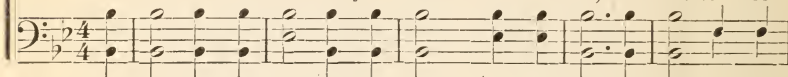
—C. WESLEY.

MRS. J. C. W. DALY.

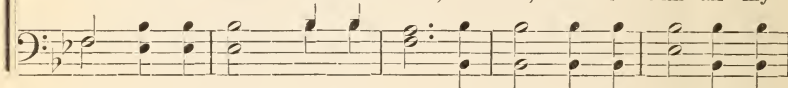
J. M. WHYTE.



1. I want him for par - don, I want him for peace; I want him to
 2. I'm blind and I want him to give me my sight; I want him to
 3. I want to be clothed in his right - eous-ness pure, — A beau - ti - ful
 4. I want him to take me just now as I am; I want to be



give me from bond - age re - lease; I'm sick and I want him for
 shine on my soul with his light; I'm thirs - ty, I'm hun - gry, I
 dress that shall ev - er en - dure; I want him for wis - dom, I
 washed in the blood of the Lamb; I want, — and in him all my

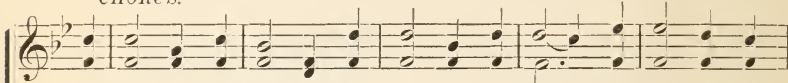


heal - ing and health; I'm wretchedly poor and I want him for wealth.
 want to be fed The wa - ter of life and the life - giv - ing bread.
 want him for strength; I want him to bring me to glo - ry at length.
 wants are supplied; For Je - sus has giv - en him - self when he died.

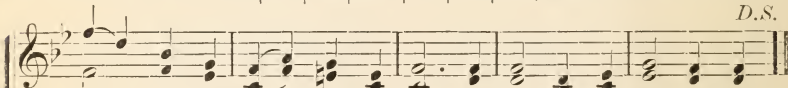
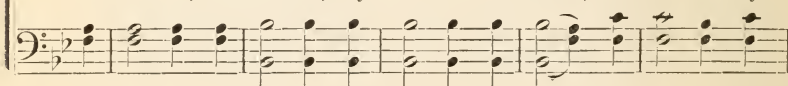


D.S.—bless - ings pro-ceed; O let me have Je - sus, He's all that I need.

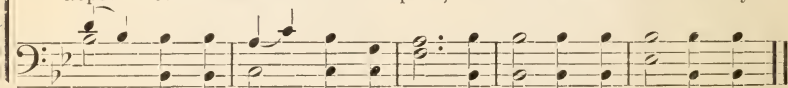
CHORUS.



I want him, I want him, my Sav - iour and Friend; On him all my



hopes of sal - va - tion de - pend, I want him from whom all my



- 1 All glory and praise be to Jesus our Lord,
So plenteous in grace, and so true to his word;
To us he hath given the gift from above,— [love.
The earnest of heaven, the Spirit of
- 2 The truth of our God we may boldly assert;
His love shed abroad, and his power in our heart,
Ye all may inherit, on Jesus who call;
The gift of his Spirit is proffered to all.
- 3 His witness within us, by faith we receive,
And, ransomed from sin, in his righteousness live;
Through our Saviour's passion we gladly possess
A present salvation,—a kingdom of peace.
- 4 The peace and the power, ye sinners, embrace,
And look for the shower,—the Spirit of grace; [ceive,
The gift and the Giver we all may receive
For ever and ever within us to live.

—C. WESLEY.

- 1 My Jesus, I love thee, I know thou art mine! [resign;
For thee all the pleasures of sin I
My gracious Redeemer, my Saviour art thou! [now!
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis
- 2 I love thee because thou hast first loved me,
And purchased my pardon on Calvary's tree;
I love thee for wearing the thorns on thy brow; [now!
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis
- 3 I will love thee in life, I will love thee in death,
And praise thee as long as thou lendest me breath;
And say when the death-dew lies cold on my brow— [now!
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis
- 4 In mansions of glory and endless delight,
I'll ever adore thee in heaven so bright:
I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow—
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now!

- 1 All ye that pass by, unto Jesus draw nigh; [die?
To you is it nothing that Jesus should
Your ransom and peace, and your Saviour he is; [his.
Come, see if there ever was sorrow like
- 2 He suffered for all; sinner, come at his call, [fall.
And low at his cross with astonishment
But lift up your eyes unto him as he cries; [dies.
Impassive, he suffers; immortal, he
- 3 For you and for me Jesus prayed on the tree; [free.
The prayer is accepted, the sinner is
That sinner am I, who on Jesus rely,
And come for the pardon God will not deny.
- 4 My pardon I claim, for a sinner I am,
A sinner believing in my Saviour's name.
He purchased the grace which I gladly embrace;
O Father, thou know'st he hath died in my place.

—C. WESLEY.

- 1 The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know; [I rest;
I feed in green pastures, safe folded
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppress'd.
- 2 Through valley and shadow of death though I stray,
Since thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear:
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall, with my Comforter near.
- 3 In midst of affliction my table is spread:
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With oil and perfume thou anointest my head;
Oh, what shall I ask of thy providence more?
- 4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God, [above;
Still follow my steps till I meet thee
I seek—by the path which my forefathers trod, [of love.
In blessed assurance—thy kingdom

—MONTGOMERY.

1. There's naught on earth to rest on, All things are chang-ing here;
 2. The sweet - est flow'r that blooms here, And sheds its fragrance round,
 3. Clouds oft o'er - cast our sun - shine, So beau - ti - ful, so bright,
 4. And friend - ship's smile a - vails not To cheer us here be - low,
 5. And while stern time moves on - ward, And nears e - ter - ni - ty,

The smiles of joy we gaze on; The friends we hold so dear.
 Ere ev' - ning comes, has withered, And lies up - on the ground.
 And while we still ad - mire it, It dark - ens in - to night.
 For smiles are oft de - ceit - ful, And lure to ov - er - throw.
 The hand of death brings chang-es In ev' - ry thing we see.

One Friend a - lone is changeless, The One too oft for - got,
 The dark and drear - y des - ert, That hath not one green spot,
 One sky a - lone is cloudless, Where dark - ness com - eth not;
 One smile a - lone can glad - den, Whate'er the pil - grim's lot;
 But faith - has found a Sav - iour Whose prom - ise fail - eth not;

Whose love hath stood for a - ges— For Je - sus chang - eth not.
 A - bounds in liv - ing pastures— With him who chang - eth not.
 'Tis found a - lone with Je - sus, For Je - sus chang - eth not.
 It is the smile of Je - sus, For Je - sus chang - eth not.
 Our life is hid with Je - sus, And Je - sus chang - eth not.

1 O Lamb of God! still keep me
Near to thy wounded side;
'Tis only there in safety
And peace I can abide.
What foes and snares surround me!
What lusts and fears within!
The grace that sought and found me
Alone can keep me clean.

2 'Tis only in thee hiding,
I know my life secure;
Only in thee abiding,
The conflict can endure;
Thine arm the victory gaineth
O'er every hurtful foe;
Thy love my heart sustaineth
In all its cares and woe.

3 Soon shall my eye behold thee,
With rapture, face to face;
One half hath not been told me
Of all thy power and grace;
Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,
The wonders of thy love,
Shall be the endless story
Of all thy saints above.

—C. WESLEY.

290

1 I need thee, precious Jesus!
For I am full of sin;
My soul is dark and guilty,
My heart is dead within:
I need the cleansing fountain,
Where I can always flee—
The blood of Christ most precious,
The sinner's perfect plea.

2 I need thee, blessed Jesus!
For I am very poor;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store:
I need the love of Jesus
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.

3 I need thee, blessed Jesus!
I need a friend like thee;
A friend to soothe and sympathize,
A friend to care for me:
A need the heart of Jesus
To feel each anxious care,
To tell my every trouble,
And all my sorrows share.

4 I need thee, blessed Jesus!
And hope to see thee soon,
Encircled with the rainbow,
And seated on thy throne;

There, with the blood-bought children,
My joy shall ever be,
To sing thy praises, Jesus,
To gaze, my Lord, on thee.

—H. BONAR.

291

1 Jerusalem the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppress;
I know not, oh, I know not
What social joys are there!
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare.

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng;
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene:
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David,
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast;
And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white.

—DR. NEALE.

292

1 The morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears:
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears:
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

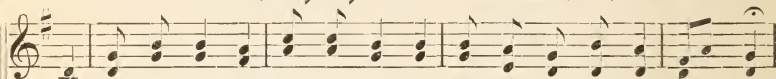
—S. F. SMITH.

J. M. W.

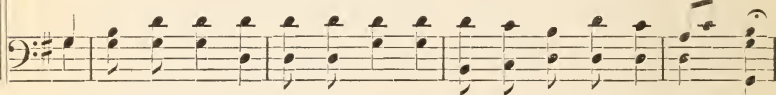
J. M. WHYTE.



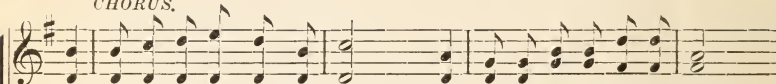
1. My bless-ed Lord, 'tis my de-light To speak the wonders of thy name;
2. Whatam I, Je-sus, but for thee? What would I be, hadst thou not died?
3. Let me de-ny my-self and take My cross and fol-low af-ter thee;
4. It was by thee my debt was paid, When thou didst give thy life for me;



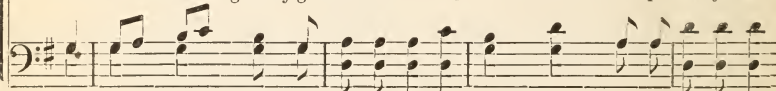
And ev'-ry day from morn till night, Thy love, to all the world, pro-claim.
 For time, and for e-ter-ni-ty, I trust in thee, thou cru-ci-fied.
 And glad-ly bear, for thy dear sake, The bur-den thou shalt give to me.
 A-tonement for my sins was made When flowed thy blood on Cal-va-ry.



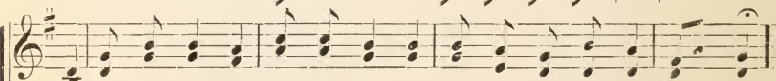
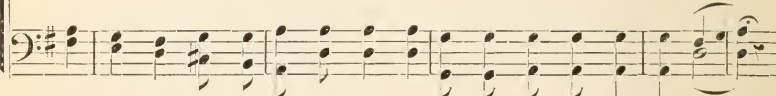
CHORUS.



Can I forget thy grief and shame? Can I refuse to speak thy name?
 Can I for-get thy grief and shame? Can I re-fuse to speak thy name?



And shall I ev-er be a-fraid To own the debt that thou hast paid?



O Je-sus, let me nev-er be Found guilt-y of de-ny-ing thee.



294

- 1 How do thy mercies close me round!
Forever be thy name adored;
I blush in all things to abound:
The servant is above his Lord.
- 2 Inured to poverty and pain,
A suffering life my Master led;
The Son of God, the Son of Man,
He had not where to lay his head.
- 3 But lo! a place he hath prepared
For me, whom watchful angels keep;
Yea, he himself becomes my guard;
Hesmooths my bed, and gives me sleep.
- 4 Jesus protects; my fears, be gone;
What can the Rock of ages move?
Safe in thy arms I lay me down,
Thine everlasting arms of love.

—C. WESLEY.

295

- 1 My gracious Lord, I own thy right
To every service I can pay,
And call it my supreme delight
To hear thy counsels and obey.
- 2 What is my being but for thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end?
'Tis my delight thy face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend.
- 3 I would not sigh for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good;
Nor future days nor powers employ
To spread a sounding name abroad.
- 4 To Christ, my Saviour, I would live,
To him who for my ransom died;
Nor could all worldly honor give
Such bliss as crowns me at his side.
- 5 His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigor is no more;
And my last hour of life confess
His dying love, his saving power.

—DODDRIDGE.

296

- 1 The love of Christ doth me constrain
To seek the wandering souls of men;
With cries, entreaties, tears, to save,
To snatch them from the gaping grave.
- 2 For this let men revile thy name,
No cross I shun, I fear no shame;
All hail, reproach, and welcome, pain!
Only thy terrors, Lord, restrain.
- 3 My life, my blood, I here present,
If for thy truth they may be spent;
Fulfil thy sovereign counsel, Lord!
Thy will be done, thy name adored!

—J. J. WINKLER.

297

- 1 Shall I, for fear of feeble man,
The Spirit's course in me restrain?
Or, undismayed, in deed and word
Be a true witness for my Lord?
- 2 Awed by a mortal's frown, shall I
Conceal the word of God most high?
How then before thee shall I dare
To stand, or how thine anger bear?
- 3 Shall I, to soothe the unholy throng,
Soften thy truths and smooth my tongue
To gain earth's gilded toys; or flee
The cross endured, my God, by thee?
- 4 What then is he whose scorn I dread,
Whose wrath or hate makes me afraid?
A man! an heir of death! a slave
To sin! a bubble on the wave!

—J. WESLEY.

298

- 1 Jesus, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee.
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine thro' endless days!
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 5 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain;
And oh! may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

—GRIGG.

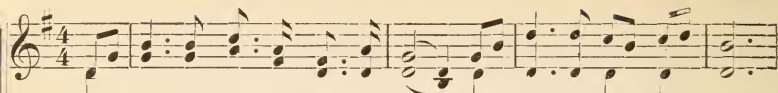
299

- 1 When, O my Saviour, shall it be,
That I no more shall break with thee?
When will this war of passion cease,
And I enjoy a lasting peace?
- 2 Now I repent; now sin again:
Now I revive; and now am slain:
Slain with the same malignant dart,
Which, oh! too often wounds thy heart.
- 3 When, gracious Lord, when shall it be,
That I shall find my all in thee,—
The fulness of thy promise prove,
And feast on thine eternal love?

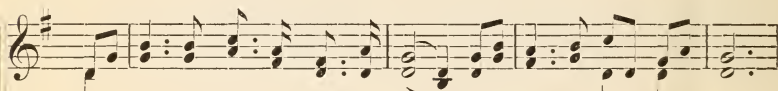
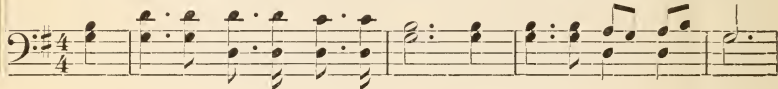
—DORRINGTON.

J. M. W.

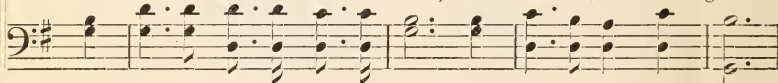
JOHN M. WHYTE.



1. He stood within the crowded hall, He heard the speak-er say :
2. The years turned backward in their flight, And now be-fore his gaze
3. He saw where he had dwelt a - while With wife and chil-dren dear,
4. He heard the call, but all too late, The ev - er length'n'ing chain



There yet is hope and joy for all Who turn from sin a - way.
 Stood his own moth-er fair and bright, His joy in form-er days ;
 He saw them greet him with a smile, And slow-ly dis - ap - pear.
 That bound his soul in dark-est hate, Went round him once a - gain.

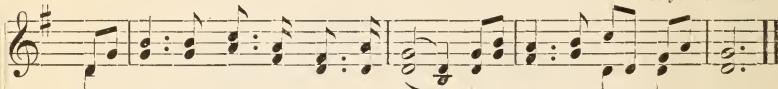


Is there a soul by sin enslaved? Fell soft-ly on his ear,
 That voice seemed like an ec - ho soft, A - way back in the past—
 Thro' years of grief, which now had flown, They linger'd on the brink,
 Out on the wild and bar-ren sands Heaped up by waves of sin,

CHO.—The mighty millions cry "How long, O Lord, wilt thou de - lay?"

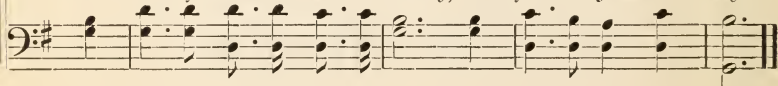


D. S. for Chorus.



"Come un - to Me and be ye saved," The gracious day is near.
 The voice of moth-er pleading oft, Till she went home at last.
 And then, with all their hopes, went down, Killed thro' the de-mon drink.
 With - out a hope, a - lone he stands, The slave of rum and gin.

The blood of millions in that throng, Cries from the ground to - day.



301

- 1 When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.
- 2 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.
Thro' hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently cleared my way;
And thro' the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be feared than they.
- 3 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The pleasing theme renew.
Through all eternity, to thee
A grateful song I'll raise;
But, oh, eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise!

—O. ADDISON.

302

- 1 Thou Son of God, whose flaming eyes
Our inmost thoughts perceive,
Accept the evening sacrifice
Which now to thee we give.
We bow before thy gracious throne,
And think ourselves sincere;
But show us, Lord, is every one
Thy real worshipper.
- 2 Is here a soul that knows thee not,
Nor feels his want of thee,
A stranger to the blood which bought
His pardon on the tree?
Convince him now of unbelief,
His desperate state explain;
And fill his heart with sacred grief,
And penitential pain.
- 3 Speak with that voice which wakes the
And bid the sleeper rise! [dead,
And bid his guilty conscience dread
The death that never dies.
Extort the cry, "What must be done
To save a wretch like me?
How shall a trembling sinner shun
That endless misery?
- 4 "I must this instant now begin
Out of my sleep to wake,
And turn to God, and every sin
Continually forsake:

I must for faith incessant cry,
And wrestle, Lord, with thee:
I must be born again, or die
To all eternity."

—C. WESLEY.

303

- 1 Come, O thou all-victorious Lord,
Thy power to us make known;
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break these hearts of stone!
Oh, that we all might now begin
Our foolishness to mourn;
And turn at once from every sin,
And to our Saviour turn!
- 2 Give us ourselves and thee to know,
In this our gracious day:
Repentance unto life bestow,
And take our sins away.
Convince us first of unbelief,
And freely then release;
Fill every soul with sacred grief,
And then with sacred peace.
- 3 Impoverish, Lord, and then relieve,
And then enrich the poor;
A knowledge of our sickness give,
A knowledge of our cure.
That blessed sense of guilt impart,
And then remove the load;
Trouble, and wash the troubled heart
In the atoning blood.

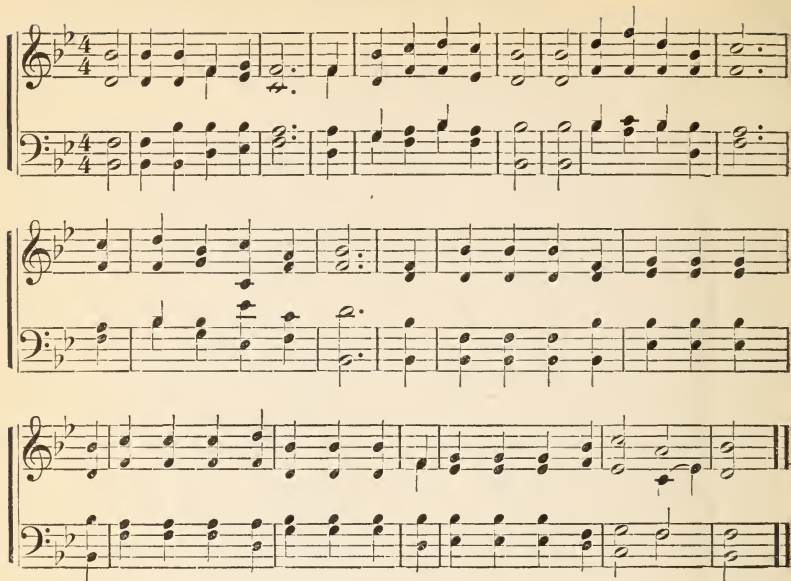
—C. WESLEY.

304

- 1 Father, I stretch my hands to thee,
No other help I know:
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah! whither shall I go?
What did thy only Son endure
Before I drew my breath;
What pain, what labor, to secure
My soul from endless death!
- 2 O Jesus, could I this believe,
I now should feel thy power;
Now all my wants thou wouldst relieve
In this the accepted hour.
Author of faith, to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes;
Oh, let me now receive that gift!
My soul without it dies.
- 3 Surely thou canst not let me die;
Oh, speak, and I shall live!
For here I will unwearied lie,
Till thou thy Spirit give.
How would my fainting soul rejoice,
Could I but see thy face!
Now let me hear thy quickening voice,
And taste thy pardoning grace.

—ANON.

LENNOX.—H.M.



305

- 1 Arise, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding sacrifice
In my behalf appears.
Before the throne my surety stands;
My name is written on his hands.
- 2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead.
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
- 3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly speak for me:
"Forgive him, oh, forgive," they cry,
"Nor let that ransomed sinner die!"
- 4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed One;
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son.
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.
- 5 My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear.
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And, "Father, Abba, Father," cry.

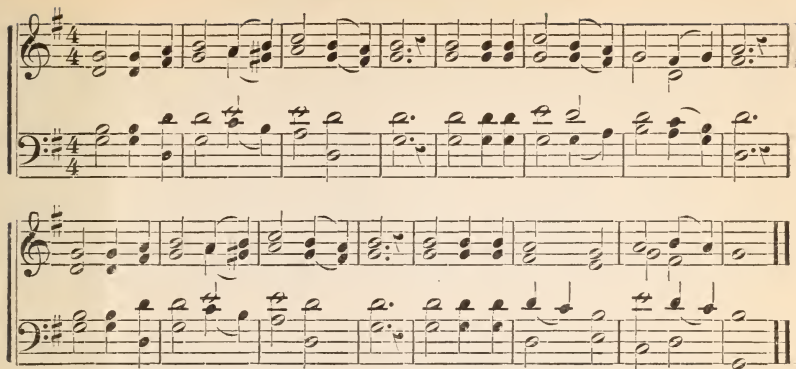
—C. WESLEY.

306

- 1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of Jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad;
The year of Jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption through his blood
Throughout the world proclaim;
The year of Jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live;
The year of Jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 5 Ye who have sold for naught
Your heritage above,
Receive it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love;
The year of Jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

—C. WESLEY.

HAMBURG.—L.M.



307

- 1 When, gracious Lord, when shall it be
That I shall find my all in thee?
The fulness of thy promise prove,
The seal of thine eternal love?
- 2 A poor, blind child I wander here,
If haply I may feel thee near;
O dark! dark! dark! I still must say,
Amidst the blaze of gospel day.
- 3 Thee, only thee, I fain would find,
And cast the world and flesh behind;
Thou, only thou, to me be given,
Of all thou hast in earth and heaven.
- 4 When from the arm of flesh set free,
Jesus, my soul shall fly to thee;
Jesus, when I have lost my all,
I shall upon thy bosom fall.
- 5 Lord, I am blind,—be thou my sight;
Lord, I am weak,—be thou my might;
A helper of the helpless be,
And let me find my all in thee.
- 4 Lord, I believe thy precious blood,
Which, at the mercy-seat of God,
For ever doth for sinners plead,
For me, even for my soul, was shed.
- 5 Lord, I believe, were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,
Thou hast for all a ransom paid,
For all a full atonement made.
- 6 When from the dust of death I rise,
To claim my mansion in the skies,
Even then, shall this be all my plea,
Jesus hath lived, hath died, for me.

—ZINZENDORF.

309

- 1 While life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found, and peace is given;
But soon, ah, soon, approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.
- 2 While God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the Gospel's charming
sound!
Come, sinner, haste, oh, haste away,
While yet a pard'ning God is found.
- 3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the
grave;
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.
- 4 Now, God invites; how blest the day!
How sweet the Gospel's charming
sound!
Come, sinner, haste, oh, haste away,
While yet a pard'ning God is found.

—DWIGHT.

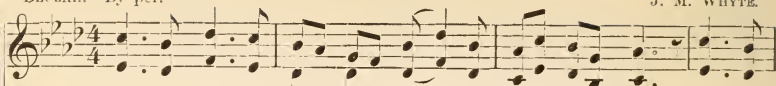
308

- 1 Jesus, thy Blood and Righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 Bold shall I stand in thy great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully absolved through these I am,
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.
- 3 The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,
Who from the Father's bosom came;
Who died for me, even me, to atone,
Now for my Lord and God I own.

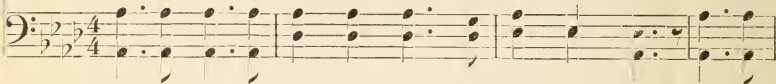
—C. WESLEY.

BEULAH. By per.

J. M. WHYTE.



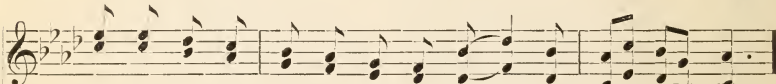
1. God has giv - en me a song, a song of trust, And I
 2. Oh, I sing it on the mountain, in the light, Where the
 3. Oh, I sing it in the val - ley, dark and low, When my
 4. When I sing it in the des - ert, parch'd and dry, Liv - ing
 5. For I've cross'd the riv - er Jor - dan, and I stand In the



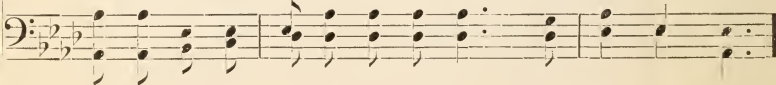
sing it all day long, for sing I must; Ev' - ry hour it
 ra - diance of God's sun - shine makes all bright; All my path seems
 heart is crushed with sor - row, pain and woe; Then the sha - dows
 streams be - gin to flow a rich sup - ply; Verdure in a -
 bless - ed land of prom - ise, Beu - lah Land; Trusting is like



sweet - er grows, Keeps my soul in blest re - pose, Just how
 bright and clear, Heav'nly land seems ver - y near, And I
 flee a - way, Like the night when dawns the day, Trust in
 bun - dance grows, Des - erts blos - som like the rose, And my
 breath - ing here, Just so eas - y - doubt and fear Van - ish

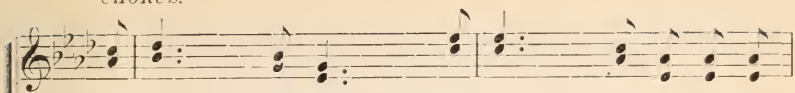


rest - ful no one knows But those who trust, but those who trust.
 al - most do ap - pear To walk by sight, to walk by sight.
 God brings light al - way, —I find it so, I find it so
 heart with gladness glows At God's re - ply, at God's re - ply.
 in this at - mosphere, And life is grand, and life is grand.




A SONG OF TRUST—*Continued.*


CHORUS.



I sing a song, a song, a song of trust,
a song of trust, of trust, song of trust,



for sing I must, And soon I'll stand at thy right hand, My Sav - iour



dear, my ran - som price, And sing the song of Par - a - dise.
The song of Paradise.

311

1 Son of God, if thy free grace hath
raised me up.—
Called me still to seek thy face, and
gives me hope;
Still thy timely help afford,
All thy loving-kindness show:
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
Nor let me go, nor let me go!

2 By me, O my Saviour, stand, in my
dark hour;
Save me with thine outstretched hand,
and show thy power;
Oh, be mindful of thy word,
All-sufficient grace bestow:
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
Nor let me go, nor let me go!

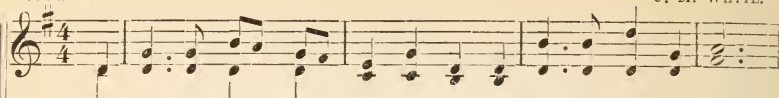
3 Give me, Lord, a holy fear within my
heart,
That I may from evil near, in haste
depart;
Sin be more than hell abhorred;
Till destroyed is every foe,
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
Nor let me go, nor let me go!

4 Never let me leave thy breast, from
thee to stray;
Thou art my support and rest, my
living way;
My exceeding great reward,
In the heaven and earth below:
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
Nor let me go, nor let me go!

312 FOR GOD AND HOME AND NATIVE LAND.

J. M. W.

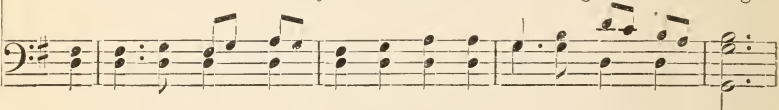
J. M. WHYTE.



1. Who are the ones that wait and weep, And tremble in their fear ;
2. Our eyes have seen the ru - ined home, The cof - fin and the hearse,
3. The power of rum would fain con - trol Our country's des - ti - ny,
4. And must the wo - men of our land, Who've suffered on so long,



That all night long their vi - gils keep For steps they dread to hear ?
The lit - tle feet turned out to roam—Caused by this aw - ful curse ;
Would fet - ter ev - 'ry pre - cious soul In chains and sla - ver - y ;
Be still de - nied their just de - mand To vote a - gainst the wrong ?



They are the daugh - ters and the wives Of men to drink made slaves ;
A mo - ther finds a rest - ing place, And children wail for bread
Be - neath its i - ron heel is pressed The nation's tear - ful face ;
Let hon - est men and wo - men true, Go marching to the polls,

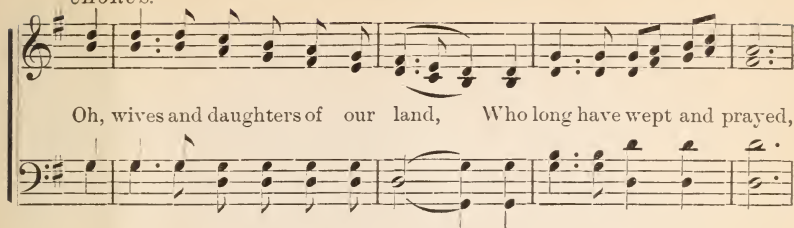


They bear its curse through all their lives, They weep o'er drunkards' graves.
As eve - ning sha - dows fall a - pace And hide a - way their dead.
All hail the day that brings the test Of freedom to our race !
And vote this boon of free - dom to A hundred mil - lion souls.

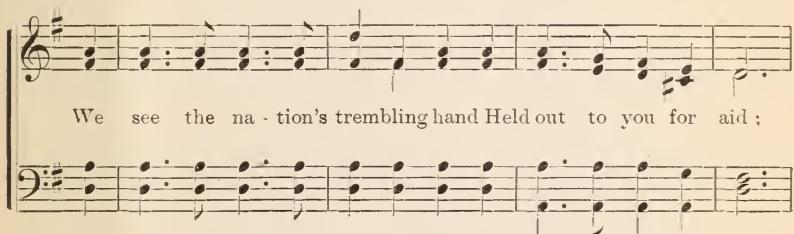


FOR GOD AND HOME AND NATIVE LAND.

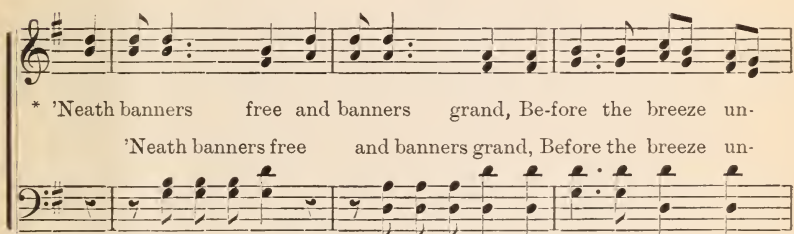
CHORUS.



Oh, wives and daughters of our land, Who long have wept and prayed,



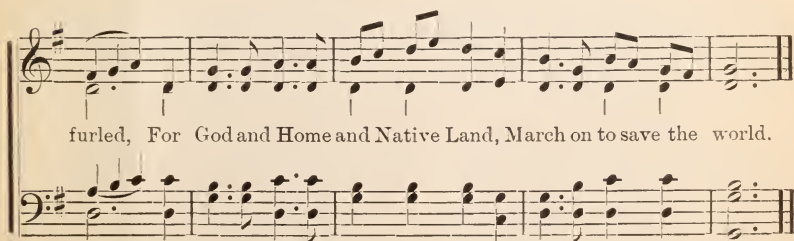
We see the na - tion's trembling hand Held out to you for aid ;



* 'Neath banners free and banners grand, Be-fore the breeze un-
'Neath banners free and banners grand, Before the breeze un-

* Or these words :—

With banners east and banners west, Be-fore the breeze un-
With banners east and banners west,



furled, For God and Home and Native Land, March on to save the world.

furled, The Cross of Je-sus on each breast, March on to save the world.

J. H. HALL. By per.

1. As on the path of life we tread, We come to many-a place,
 2. Some i - dle hab - it, word or thought, Some sin, how - ev - er small,
 3. Our fel - low-travell'rs on the road, We'll watch with anxious care,

Where, if not care - ful, we may fall And sink in - to dis - grace.
 May make us stum - ble in the path, And stumbling we may fall.
 And when they reach some dangerous spot, We'll warn them, "Don't step there!"

CHORUS.

Don't step there! Don't step there! Don't step there!
 Don't step there!

314

- 1 Hosanna! be the children's song
 To Christ, the children's King;
 His praise, to whom our souls belong,
 Let all the children sing.

CHORUS.

Come to him, come to him,
 Come . . . just . . . now.

- 2 From little ones to Jesus brought,
 Hosanna may be heard;
 Let the children now be taught
 To lip that lovely word.

- 3 Hosanna! sound from hill to hill,
 And spread from plain to plain,
 While louder, sweeter, clearer still,
 Woods echo to the strain.

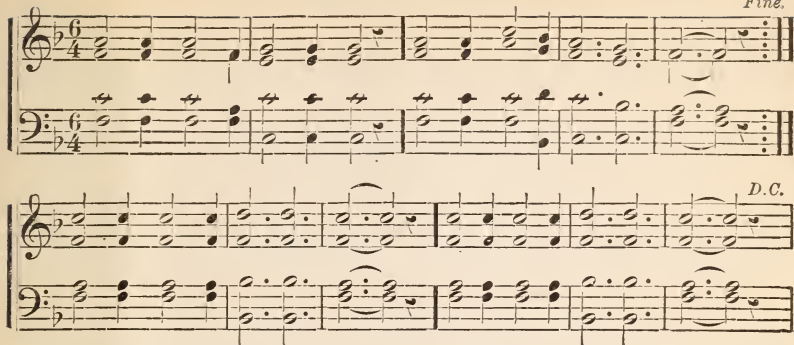
- 4 Hosanna! on the wings of light,
 O'er earth and ocean fly,
 Till morn to eve, and noon to night,
 And heaven to earth, reply.

- 5 Hosanna! then, our song shall be;
 Hosanna to our King!
 This is the children's jubilee;
 Let all the children sing.

—MONTGOMERY.

MARTYN—7.D.

Fine.



315

- 1 Spirit, leave thy house of clay;
Ling'ring dust, resign thy breath;
Spirit, cast thy chains away;
Dust, be thou dissolved in death.
Thus the mighty Saviour speaks,
While the faithful Christian dies;
Thus the bonds of life he breaks,
And the ransomed captive flies.
- 2 Pris'n'er, long detained below,
Pris'n'er, now with freedom blest,
Welcome from a world of woe—
Welcome to a land of rest.
Thus the choir of angels sing,
As they bear the soul on high,
While with hallelujahs ring
All the regions of the sky.

- 3 Grave, the guardian of our dust,
Grave, the treasury of the skies,
Every atom of thy trust
Rests in hope again to rise:
Hark! the judgment trumpet calls—
Soul, rebuild thy house of clay;
Immortality thy walls,
And eternity thy day.

—MONTGOMERY.

316

- 1 Jesus, Lord, we look to thee,
Let us in thy name agree;
Show thyself the Prince of Peace;
Bid our jars for ever cease.
By thy reconciling love,
Every stumbling-block remove;
Each to each unite, endear;
Come, and spread thy banner here.
- 2 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitying, and kind,
Lowly, meek, in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.

Let us for each other care,
Each the other's burden bear;
To thy Church the pattern give,
Show how true believers live.

- 3 Free from anger and from pride,
Let us thus in God abide,
All the depths of love express,
All the heights of holiness.
Let us then with joy remove
To the family above;
On the wings of angels fly;—
Show how true believers die.

—C. WESLEY.

317

- 1 Earth is beautiful and fair,
Yet how soon its beauties fade!
Summer's flowers, so sweet and rare,
All in the cold grave are laid;
But this earth is not my home,
Here we cannot always stay;
Swiftly we are passing on
To our home so far away.
- 2 Far away, where angels dwell,
We will meet to part no more,
And in joyous anthems tell
How we gained that peaceful shore.
There the pure ones live and love,
There no cloud can shroud the day,
In our happy home above,
In our home so far away.
- 3 Judah's Prince is gathering there
All his ransomed ones, his own;
Free from want, from vexing care,
Sin and death will not be known.
There long-parted friends may meet,
There all tears be wiped away,
Welcome home, sweet strains repeat,
To our home so far away.

Danbury, Conn.

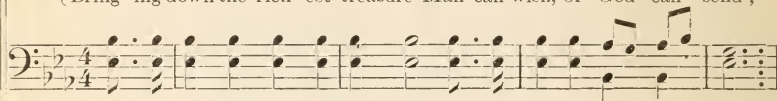
CECELIA PHILLIPS..

JAY.

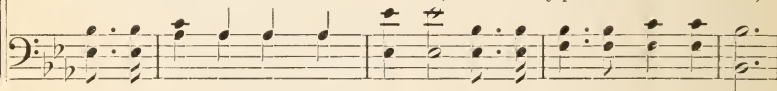
J. M. WHYTE.



- 1 { Ho - ly Ghost! dis - pel our sadness; Pierce the clouds of na - ture's night;
Come, thou Source of joy and gladness, Breathe thy life, and spread thy light;
2 { From the height which knows no measure, As a gracious shower de - scend,
Bring - ing down the rich - est treasure Man can wish, or God can send;



Hear, oh, hear our sup - pli - ca - tion, Bless - ed Spir - it! God of peace!
Source of sweet - est con - so - la - tion, Breathe thy peace on all be - low;



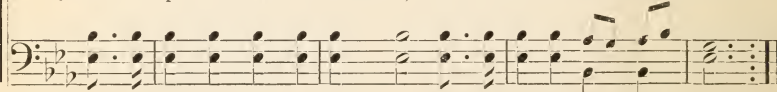
Rest up - on this con - gre - ga - tion With the ful - ness of thy grace.
Bless, oh, bless this con - gre - ga - tion; On each soul thy grace be - stow!



CHORUS.



- { Help us turn to Calv'ry's mountain; Help us trust in him who died;
{ Je - sus op - ened there a fountain; Life is in that crim - son tide.



- 1 Jesus spreads his banner o'er us,
Cheers our famished souls with food;
He the banquet spreads before us,
Of his mystic flesh and blood.
Precious banquet; bread of heaven;
Wine of gladness, flowing free;
May we taste it, kindly given,
In remembrance, Lord, of thee.

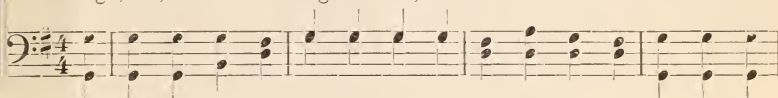
- 2 In thy holy incarnation,
When the angels sang thy birth;
In thy fasting and temptation;
In thy labors on the earth;
In thy trial and rejection;
In thy suff'rings on the tree;
In thy glorious resurrection;
May we, Lord, remember thee.

H. G. JACKSON, D.D.

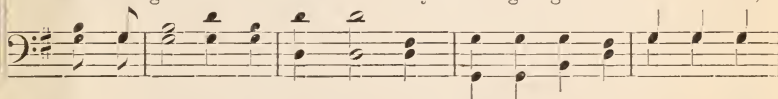
A. BEIRLY. By per.



1. My Saviour left his throne on high, And came to earth for me to die;
2. Be- neath the heav - y cross, low bent, Up Calv'ry's rugged steeps he went;
3. That all might know his pow'r to save, He rose in triumph from the grave;
4. Reign, too, O bless - ed King di - vine, For - ev - er in this heart of mine;



What a glorious Re-deem-er! At midnight in Geth-sem-a-ne,
 What a glorious Re-deem-er! From sin and death to set me free,
 What a glorious Re-deem-er! And now his cru-el suff'rings o'er,
 What a glorious Re-deem-er! Thy sov'reign right in me I own;



He drank the bit-ter cup for me; What a glorious Re-deem-er!
 There on the cross he died for me; What a glorious Re-deem-er!
 He reigns in bliss for ev-ermore; What a glorious Re-deem-er!
 In life or death I'm thine a-lone; What a glorious Re-deem-er!



CHORUS.



What a glorious Re-deem-er is Je-sus, my Saviour,

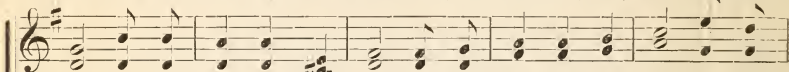


What a glorious Re-deem-er is Je-sus, my Lord!

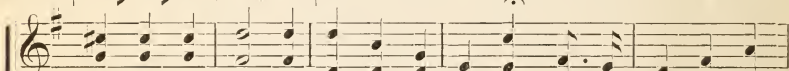




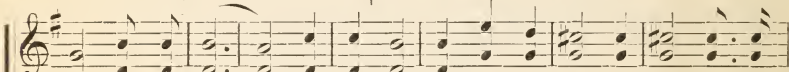
1. I re-mem-ber a voice which once guided my way, When toss'd on the
2. I re-mem-ber that voice, as it led our lone way 'Mid rocks and thro'
3. But that voice is now hush'd which once guided my way, The form I then
4. I re-mem-ber that voice in the oft lone-ly hour, It comes to my



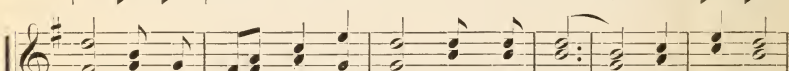
sea, fog en-shroud-ed I lay: 'Twas the voice of a child as he
breakers and high dash-ing spray; Oh, how sweet to my heart did it
press'd is now, mingling with clay; Yet the tones of my child still re-
heart with fresh beauty and pow'r, And still echoes far out ov-er



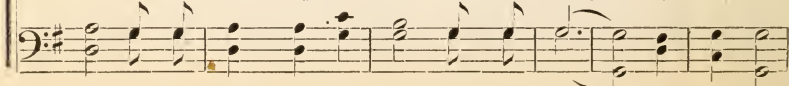
stood on the shore, It sound-ed like mu-sic o'er the dark bil-lows'
sound from the shore,-- It echoed so clear-ly o'er the dark bil-lows'
sound in my ear, The voice of my darling how dis-tinct-ly I
life's troubled wave, And sounds from the lov'd lips that now lie in the



roar: "Come this way, my fath-er! steer straight for me, Here safe on the
roar: "Come this way, my fath-er! steer straight for me, Here safe on the
hear: "I am call-ing you, fath-er! toss'd on life's sea, And on a bright
grave: "Come this way, my fath-er! steer straight for me, Here safe-ly in



shore I am wait-ing for thee." "Come this way, my fath-er!
shore I am wait-ing for thee." "Come this way, my fath-er!
shore I am wait-ing for thee." "Come this way, my fath-er!
heav'n I am wait-ing for thee." "Come this way, my fath-er!



COME THIS WAY, MY FATHER—*Continued.*

steer straight for me, Here safe on the shore I am wait-ing for thee."

322

THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.

COWPER.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood Drawn from Inmanuel's veins;
 CHO.—I do be-lieve, I now be-lieve, that Je-sus died for me,

And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains.
 That on the cross he shed his blood, From sin to set me free.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day;
 And there may I, though vile as he,
 Wash all my sins away.

3 O dying Lamb, thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransomed Church of God
 Be saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing thy power to save; [tongue
 When this poor lisping, stammering
 Lies silent in the grave.

323

1 For ever here my rest shall be,
 Close to thy bleeding side;
 This all my hope, and all my plea,—
 For me the Saviour died!

2 My dying Saviour, and my God,
 Fountain for guilt and sin,
 Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
 And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own;
 Wash me, and mine thou art,
 Wash me, but not my feet alone,—
 My hands, my head, my heart.

4 The atonement of thy blood apply,
 Till faith to sight improve,
 Till hope in full fruition die,
 And all my soul be love.

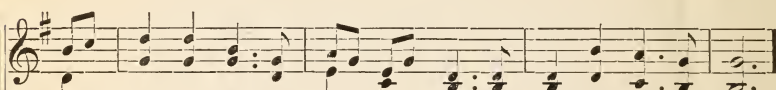
—C. WESLEY.

J. B. S.

JOHN B. SHAW. By per.



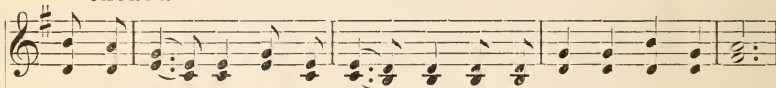
1. There's an anthem in my soul to - day: How sweetly I commune!
2. There is peace with-in my heart to - day, Which like a riv - er flows;
3. There is heav-en in my heart to - day: A song of praise I bring;



And my dear Saviour's love for me Will keep my heart in tune.
 And none but those who feel it know The sunshine of re - pose.
 For sav - ing grace that set me free In Je - sus, Lord and King.



CHORUS.



There is sunshine, there is sun - shine, There is sunshine in my soul;



There is sunshine, there is sunshine, Since the Lord has made me whole.



325

- 1 Jesus hath died that I might live,
Might live to God alone;
In him eternal life receive,
And be in spirit one.
- 2 Saviour, I thank thee for the grace,
The gift unspeakable!
And wait with arms of faith to embrace,
And all thy love to feel.
- 3 My soul breaks out in strong desire
The perfect bliss to prove;
My longing heart is all on fire
To be dissolved in love.

- 4 Give me thyself; from every boast,
From every wish set free:
Let all I am in thee be lost;
But give thyself to me.

- 5 Thy gifts, alone, cannot suffice;
Oh, let thyself be given!
Thy presence makes my paradise,
And where thou art is heaven.

—C. WESLEY.

326

- 1 My soul, how lovely is the place
To which thy God resorts!
'Tis heaven to see his smiling face,
Though in his earthly courts.
- 2 There the great Monarch of the skies
His saving power displays;
And light breaks in upon our eyes
With kind and quickening rays.
- 3 With his rich gifts the heavenly Dove
Descends and fills the place,
While Christ reveals his wondrous love,
And sheds abroad his grace.
- 4 There, mighty God, thy words declare
The secrets of thy will;
And still we seek thy mercy there,
And sing thy praises still.

—I. WATTS

327

- 1 Thou art my portion, O my God;
Soon as I know thy way,
My heart makes haste to obey thy word,
And suffers no delay.
- 2 I choose the path of heavenly truth,
And glory in my choice;
Not all the riches of the earth
Could make me so rejoice.

- 3 Thy precepts and thy heavenly grace
I set before my eyes;
Thence I derive my daily strength,
And there my comfort lies.

- 4 If once I wander from thy path,
I think upon my ways;
Then turn my feet to thy commands,
And trust thy pardoning grace.

- 5 Now I am thine, forever thine;
Oh, save thy servant, Lord!
Thou art my shield, my hiding-place;
My hope is in thy word.

—I. WATTS.

328

- 1 This world would be a wilderness,
If banished, Lord, from thee;
And heaven, without thy smiling face,
Would be no heaven for me.

- 2 My Friend art thou where'er I go,
The object of my love;
My kind protector here below,
And my reward above.

- 3 When foes intrude or tyrants frown,
Thou art my sure relief;
To thee I make my sorrows known,
And tell thee all my grief.

- 4 'Midst rising winds and beating storms,
Reclining on thy breast,
I find in thee a hiding-place,
And there securely rest.

—BEDDOME.

329

- 1 I love to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

- 2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead
Where none but God can hear.

- 3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

- 4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

- 5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

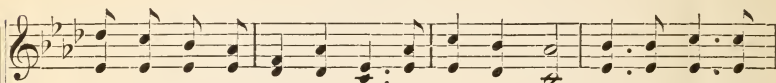
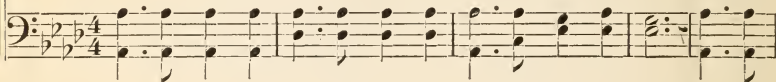
—PHOEBE H. BROWN.

T. N. TIPTON.

D. A. WHYTE.



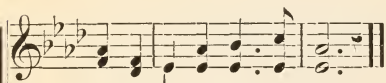
1. "Weary ones," a voice is calling, "Come, oh, come to me;" Heavy
 2. See, the tempter's halls are light-ed! 'Tis to lead a-stray; 'Tis to
 3. By mys-terious clouds of sor-row, Now he draws my heart; Whispers,



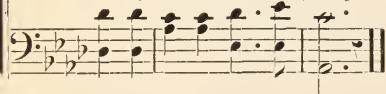
la - den, fainting, dy-ing; Thither let me flee. Per - ish-ing, there's
 lure some soul, be-night-ed, Far from Christ a - way. Bright they gleam, 'tis
 "In that hap - py morrow, Friends no more shall part." He would bring me,



no one nigh me, Can my pains al - lay; He can heal me, sat - is -
 to de - ceive me, Then to death betray; Christ would nev - er, nev - er
 he would lead me, To that per - fect day; There from liv - ing pastures



fy me, Yet I've said him, "nay."
 leave me, Yet I've said him, "nay."
 feed me, Yet I've said him, "nay."



Cheering hearts grown faint and weary,
 Bearing other's woes.

- 2 On the cross, his arms extended,
 There my Saviour dies;
 In a grave,—his life-work ended,—
 There my Saviour lies.
 From the tomb, death's fetters rending,
 See my Saviour rise,
 Back to heav'n,—to home ascending,—
 Lo! he mounts the skies.

- 3 Wide are flung the gates of brightness,
 List the heav'nly strains!
 On a throne of dazzling whiteness,
 Now my Saviour reigns.
 And to see him in his beauty,
 On the hills of God,
 I must tread the path of duty,
 That my Saviour trod.

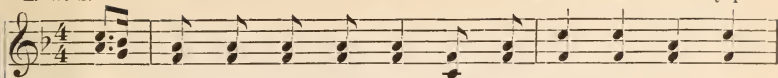
—JESSIE H. BAKER.

331

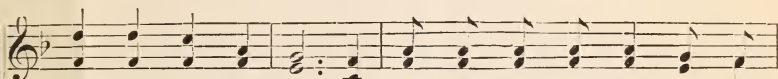
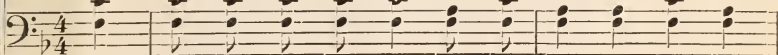
- 1 From a palace to a manger,
 Once the Saviour came;
 Poor, despised, and called a stranger;
 This my Saviour's fame.
 Down in pathways dark and dreary
 Still my Saviour goes,

L. W. S.

LANTA WILSON SMITH. By per.



1. In times of deep - est gloom, when the heart grows faint Be -
 2. When storms are rag - ing near, and no earth - ly hand Has
 3. If strick - en with dis - ease, I will let no fears An -
 4. For ev' - ry time of need there's a prom - ise giv'n So



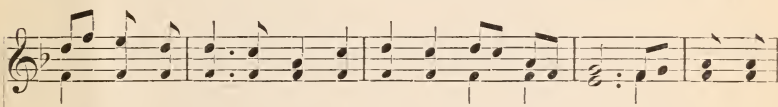
neath some threat'ning woe, I'll sing a song of trust, for the
 pow'r on land or sea; I'll trust in him a - lone, who could
 noy my wea - ry mind; The great Phy - si - cian still has the
 ten - der, sweet, and true; I'll ban - ish doubt and fear, for I



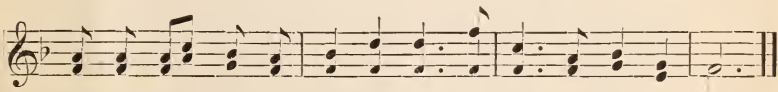
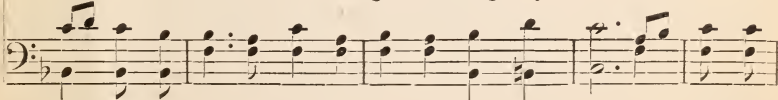
CHORUS.



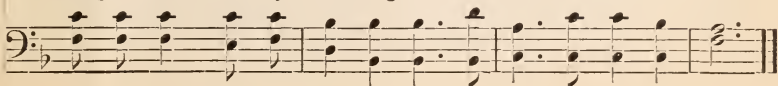
Lord will lead His chil - dren here be - low.
 hush to calm The waves of Gal - i - lee. What time I am a -
 pow'r di - vine, That healed the lame and blind.
 know His love Will lead me safe - ly thro'.



fraid I will trust in thee, Thou great and might - y One, Thine arm is



strong to save, and thy love to guide, Till life on earth is done.



MRS. KENDAL.

KENDAL. By per.

1. Oh, list - en to the sto - ry sweet, He's calling the wan - der - er
 2. He on the cross has shed his blood, He's calling the wan - der - er
 3. Now, sin - ner, heed his lov - ing voice, He's calling the wan - der - er

home; The love of Je - sus I'll re - peat; He's call - ing the
 home; To bring the lost ones back to God, He's call - ing the
 home; On him, thy Friend, oh, fix thy choice, He's call - ing the

He's call - ing, he's

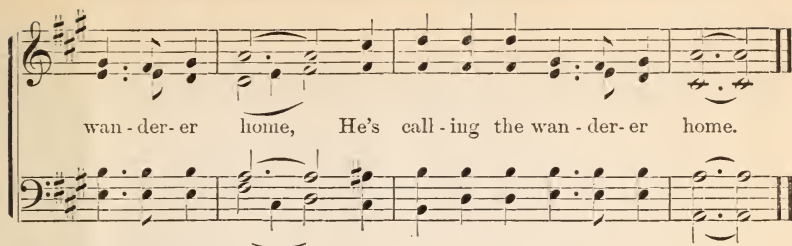
CHORUS.

wan - der - er home.
 wan - der - er home. He's call - ing, he's call - ing, O
 wan - der - er home.
 call - ing the wanderer home.

sin - ner, for thee, Tis Je - sus, thy Saviour, who died on the tree, He's

wait - ing this moment to set thy soul free, He's call - ing the

THE WANDERER'S WELCOME—*Continued.*



wan - der - er home, He's call - ing the wan - der - er home.

From Christian Life Songs.

334

- 1 Behold! behold the Lamb of God,
Who takes away our guilt;
Behold, th' atoning, precious blood
That for (that for) our sins he spilt.
- 2 O sinners, now to Christ draw near,
Invited by his word;
The chief of sinners need not fear:
Behold (behold) the Lamb of God!
- 3 Backsliders, too, the Saviour calls,
And washes in his blood:
Arise, return from grievous falls;
Behold (behold) the Lamb of God.
- 4 In every state, and time, and place,
Naught plead but Jesus' blood;
However wretched be your case,
Behold (behold) the Lamb of God.

—HOSKINS.

335

- 1 Come, sinner, to the Gospel feast;
Oh, come without delay;
For there is room in Jesus' breast
For all (for all) who will obey.
- 2 There's room in God's eternal love
To save thy precious soul;
Room in the Spirit's grace above
To heal (to heal) and make thee whole.
- 3 There's room within the Church, re-
deemed
With blood of Christ divine;
Room in the white-robed throng, con-
vened,
For that (for that) dear soul of thine.
- 4 There's room in heav'n among the choir,
And harps and crowns of gold,
And glorious palms of victory there,
And joys (and joys) that ne'er were
told.
- 5 There's room around thy Father's board
For thee and thousands more:
Oh, come and welcome to the Lord;
Yea, come (yea, come) this very hour.

—HUNTINGDON'S COL.

336

- 1 The Saviour calls; let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound;
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear;
Hope smiles (hope smiles) reviving
round.
- 2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow;
And life, and health, and bliss impart,
To banish (banish) mortal woe.
- 3 Ye sinners, come; 'tis mercy's voice;
That gracious voice obey;
'Tis Jesus calls to heavenly joys;
And can (and can) you yet delay?
- 4 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts;
To thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss thy love imparts,
And drink, (and drink), and never
die.

—STEELE.

337

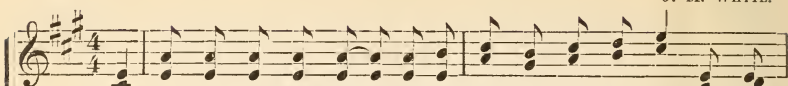
- 1 Ye wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast,
Where mercy spreads her bounteous
store
For every (every) humble guest.
- 2 There Jesus stands with open arms;
He calls—he bids you come:
Tho' guilt restrains, and fear alarms,
Behold (behold) there yet is room.
- 3 Oh, come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love;
While hope expects the sweet repast
Of nobler (nobler) joys above.
- 4 There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In songs (in songs) on earth unknown.
- 5 And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come!
Ye longing souls, the grace adore,
And enter (enter) while there's room.

—STEELE.

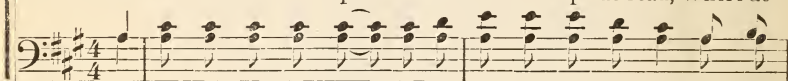
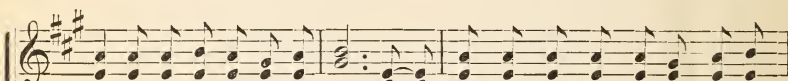
338 DE LIGHT AM A-SHININ' ON DE WAY.

J. M. W.


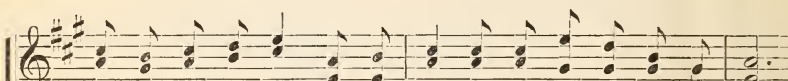
J. M. WHYTE.



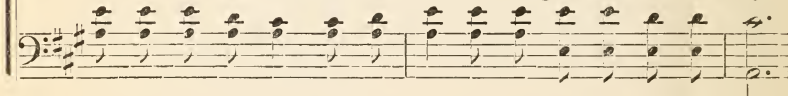

1. We love to go to meetin' where de Lord is suah to be, An' de
 2. We love to heah de preacher tellin' out de bless-ed news, Like a
 3. Who wants to hear a preacher, preachin' all a - bout him-self, When dars
 4. We'll nev - er miss de paf' if we fol - ler up de road, Where de


light am a-shinin' on de way; Where we doesn't go a - spec-ker-la-tin'
 bright light a-shinin' on de way; We's a-prayin' while he's preachin' that the
 no light a-shinin' on de way? He nev - er gits de cookies down up-
 light am a-shinin' on de way; We'll nev - er go a - starvin' if we're


'bout e - ter - ni - ty, But we heah what de Lord has got to say.
 peo - ple won't re-fuse, When they heah what de Lord has got to say.
 on de low - er shelf—Nev - er heahs what de Lord has got to say.
 liv - in' on de food Which de Lord am a - giv - in' all the day.


We love to be a jin - in' in de singin' ob de hymn, When de
 The call - in' in de message, like an an - gel on de wing, Sends a
 Dars a heap o' spec-ker - la - tin' 'bout de ret - ter - bu - tion place, Wha' dars
 Let us never git a - wea - ry when de preacher's talkin' truth, Let de



DE LIGHT AM A-SHININ' ON DE WAY—*Continued.*




light am a-shinin' on de way, And the tears ob joy fill up the
bright light a-shinin' on de way; And we trabble to de music, while the
no light a-shinin' on de way; Bet-ter talk about the grace that 'ill
light keep a-shinin' on de way; If he's heard what we's a-doin' an' has

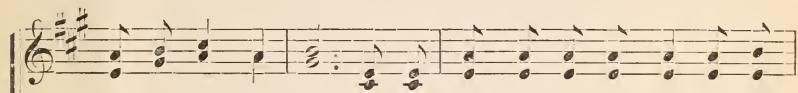


eyes an' make 'em dim, When we heah what de Lord has got to say.
bells o' heav-en ring, When we heah what de Lord has got to say.
save de hard-est case,—Let us heah what de Lord has got to say.
got de am-ple proof! Bet-ter heah what de Lord has got to say!

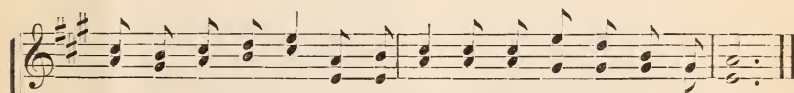
CHORUS.



I tell you, my bred'ren, we bet-ter be care-ful—Dars gwine to



be a judgment day, An' we'll reap what we hev sowed,—Bred'ren,



keep a-long de road Where de light am a shin-in' on de way.

FRANK HOGG.

J. M. WHYTE.

1. O Christ, how much to thee I owe! Redeemed by thee from sin!
 2. The bleeding spear-wound in thy side, The thorns up - on thy brow,
 3. Thy dy - ing cry has rent the veil, I feel thy conq'ring word,
 4. And when on glo - ry's mount I stand, In thy bright home a - bove,

Oh, help me now thy - self to know, And feel my debt with - in.
 The nail-prints in thy hands and feet, Seem priceless to me now.
 I need no In - ter - ces - sor now, But thee, my lov - ing Lord!
 'Twill be of grace; I've noth - ing done To win thy precious love.

D.S.—Help me to give my all to thee, Since thou hast loved me so.

CHORUS.

How much, my Sav - iour, oh, how much, My Lord, to thee I owe!

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1 Majestic sweetness sits enthroned
 Upon the Saviour's brow;
 His head with radiant glories crowned,
 His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 No mortal can with him compare
 Among the sons of men;
 Fairer is he than all the fair
 Who fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
 And flew to my relief;
 For me he bore the shameful cross,
 And carried all my grief.

4 To him I owe my life and breath,
 And all the joys I have;
 He makes me triumph over death,
 And saves me from the grave.

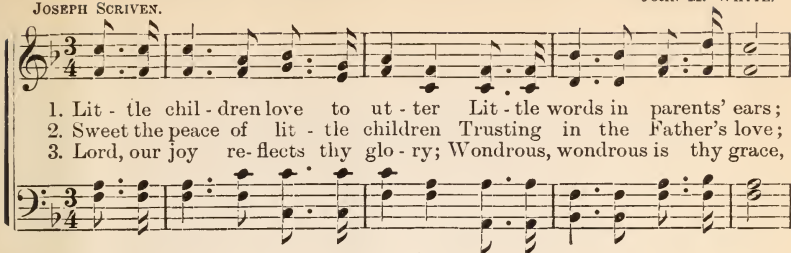
5 To heaven, the place of his abode,
 He brings my weary feet,
 Shows me the glories of my God,
 And makes my joys complete.

6 Since from his bounty I receive
 Such proofs of love divine,
 Had I a thousand hearts to give,
 Lord, they should all be thine.

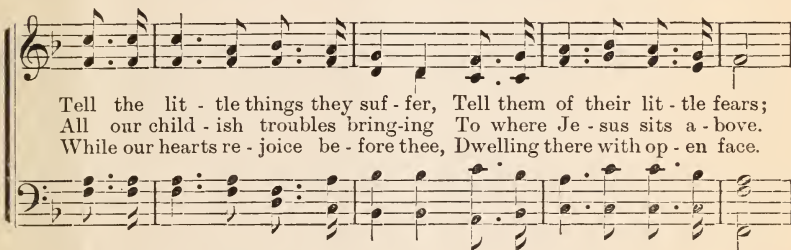
—S. STENNETT.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN.

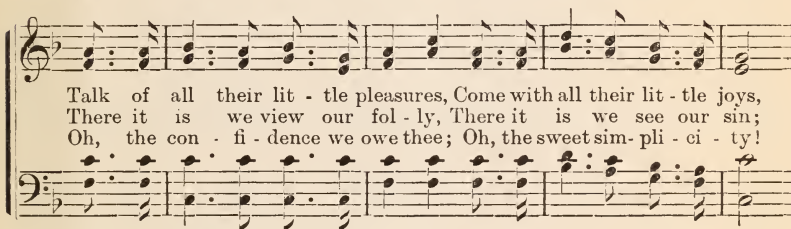
JOHN M. WHITE.



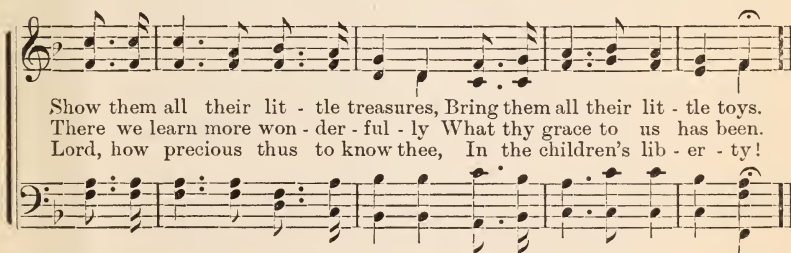
1. Lit - tle chil - dren love to ut - ter Lit - tle words in parents' ears;
 2. Sweet the peace of lit - tle children Trusting in the Father's love;
 3. Lord, our joy re - flects thy glo - ry; Wondrous, wondrous is thy grace,



Tell the lit - tle things they suf - fer, Tell them of their lit - tle fears;
 All our child - ish troubles bring - ing To where Je - sus sits a - bove.
 While our hearts re - joice be - fore thee, Dwelling there with op - en face.



Talk of all their lit - tle pleasures, Come with all their lit - tle joys,
 There it is we view our fol - ly, There it is we see our sin;
 Oh, the con - fi - dence we owe thee; Oh, the sweet sim - pli - ci - ty!



Show them all their lit - tle treasures, Bring them all their lit - tle toys.
 There we learn more won - der - ful - ly What thy grace to us has been.
 Lord, how precious thus to know thee, In the children's lib - er - ty!

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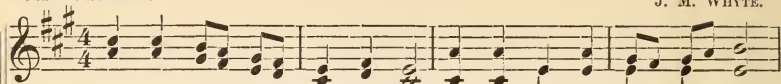
1 All-absorbing theme of wonder,
 Saviour, beaming in thy face:
 Let the saints awake and ponder,
 Lord, the glory of thy grace.
 When no human being sought thee,
 Glorious in thy mighty power,
 Tender loving-kindness brought thee
 Here, for us, becoming poor.

2 Poverty that made us wealthy;
 Death that gave eternal life!
 Saviour, let the Church adore thee;
 We have naught but praise to give.
 Oh, the glory of our rapture,
 When we see thee face to face,
 With thee, gracious Lord, forever
 Praising thine eternal grace.

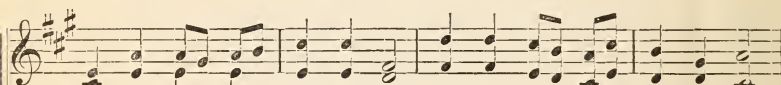
—JOSEPH SCRIVEN.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN.

J. M. WHYTE.



1. Tell these won-drous things abroad, Free-ly giv-en us of God,—
 2. Son-ship, heir-ship, priesthood too: Brethren, these be-long to you,—
 3. Thro' the a - ges yet to come, God will make his glo - ry known,
 4. In the Church will then be shown All that now to faith is known;



Life e - ter - nal now secured, By the ris - ing of our Lord.
 Ho - ly breth-ren sanc - ti - fied, For He tru - ly lives, Who died.
 In the rich - es of his grace, Beaming forth in righteous-ness.
 Love will then un - hindered reign; Glo - ry to our Lord, a - men!

CHORUS.



Je - sus, Je - sus cru - ci - fied; Je - sus, ris - en, glo - ri - fied!
 Je - - sus cru - ci - fied; Je - - sus glo - ri - fied!



Ransomed sin - ners jus - ti - fied; Ransomed sin - ners glo - ri - fied!

344

1 Hail to thee, our risen King!
 Joyfully thy praise we sing;
 For, the mighty conflict o'er,
 Now thou livest evermore.

2 Thou within the tomb hast slept,
 Angel guards thy vigil kept;
 'Twas their word to Mary brought
 Tidings of the Lord she sought.

3 "Seek him not among the dead,
 He is risen, as he said;"
 Gladdened by th' angelic word,
 Turning, she beheld her Lord.

4 Fain, like Mary, Lord, would we
 In thy glorious presence be;
 Hear thy voice and see thy face,
 Praise thee for thy wondrous grace.

—ANON.

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